

# LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, Art, & Society.

No. 87.—VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

[PRICE 6d.  
Unstamped.]

## PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE FRENCH SENATE.

THERE are some wild elephants which it is impossible to keep in order, even by tying them to tame ones. For the second time since the parliamentary privilege of reciprocal malediction has been restored to French assemblies, Prince Napoleon has fallen pell-mell on the Catholics and cardinals of the Senate. It is no use to send him down to the House carefully lashed to a couple of terrified cabinet ministers. Little can be done with an Imperial Prince who has a passion for *les indiscretions énormes*. M. Baroche and M. Billaut are unable to hold him, though they do their best to drown his voice by ranging themselves carefully in to debate—one on either side. M. de Morny rings his bell in vain. In vain the Catholic tocsin sounds, and a storm of interruption is poured upon the princely orator. The *enfant terrible* of the empire refuses to be ruled. Last year we had a similar scene. M. Heckeren, M. La Rochejacquelein, and the Count de Boissy, all assisted at the ceremony of the flashing of the prince's parliamentary sword. In a speech of great power and impetuosity he attacked the Papal Government and discussed from first to last the whole Italian question. This time the priests again supply him with materials for invective. Between his Highness and the clergy there exists a natural and perhaps a pardonable dislike. The Imperial Prince is generally thought to be more profoundly sensible of the mortality of the body than of the immortality of the soul. Besides this, he is a democrat, and democracy has ceased to be fashionable with religious Catholics since the days in which Lacordaire preached democracy at Avignon. An incident of a curious kind increased the Catholic agitation in the Senate while the prince was speaking on the 22nd. "Shall I tell you," said he, "amid what cries Napoleon, on his return from Elba, traversed France towards the Tuileries? 'A bas les émigrés! à bas les nobles! à bas les traîtres!'" The majority of his audience imagined, by mistake, that the Prince had used the expression "A bas les prêtres." A hurricane of disapprobation broke out from all the benches round, which was not easily appeased. Later in the sitting he discovered the interpretation which had been put on his language, and attempted to correct the error. The correction came too late, for the Catholic party accepted his explanation with marked incredulity. It was unsatisfactorily plain that his Imperial Highness considered the distinction between the two terms to be at best one of a shadowy and impalpable kind.

Prince Napoleon plays, it must be allowed, an important part in the Second Empire. Two spirits contend unceasingly for mastery in the Imperial Cabinet,—the spirit of despotism, and the spirit of revolution. Napoleonism has two sides, and represents two principles. It is the embodiment of the cause of military grandeur, and, consequently, of a strong and armed Government at home. It is the embodiment also of those more plebeian passions from which it sprang into existence, armed, like Minerva, *cap-a-pie*. M. de Persigny sees but the golden side of the bilateral shield. In his eyes Napoleonism represents the military glory of his country. If France herself is not free, it is a sufficient answer, in his opinion, to reply that France has taken, at last, her proper place at the Council Board of Europe. A Government that would be strong abroad must also be strong at home. The Emperor, by his policy, brings honour and dignity to the French people. "Il a relevé notre drapeau." This is one side of the golden shield, and it is a side which finds plenty of advocates near the footsteps of the

Emperor's throne. The pride of Prince Napoleon, on the contrary, is to proclaim loudly that the Napoleons are earth's giant sons, and that their shield is not golden, but earthen through and through. "I do not always agree," he is reported to have said in his last speech, "with M. le Comte de Persigny. I love liberty better than he does; or rather no—he loves her as dearly as I, but I have in her more confidence than he, and I hail from afar with greater eagerness the completion of the political edifice." The Prince is the champion, and the proud champion, of the revolution. Napoleonism, he believes, to be justified at all, must be revolution crowned. The spirit of the great founder of the dynasty will no longer be with his posterity when they cease to merit the confidence and love of France. Evidently Philippe Egalité has returned to life, and has been transformed into a Bonaparte.

Seated impassively between the champions of repression and of strong government, and his more turbulent kinsman—who, whatever his faults, has at least this merit, that he is not a sycophant,—the master of a hundred legions sways, now in this, now in that direction. The pedantic discussions of his Senate he views, perhaps, with natural contempt. But Prince Napoleon, in all probability, exercises a considerable influence on his mind. The Emperor, if he is moving in the direction of liberal institutions, is inclined, at all events, to move with the gingerly caution of an elephant who is stepping upon a rotten plank. Every now and then he takes a decided step, which in all probability will be immediately retracted. His cousin has more of the genuine blood of the Napoleons. He has, at least, the passions of his kind. He flings himself heart and soul into the sentiments of the populace about him. The tentative, cautious movements of the Emperor perplex, no doubt, and irritate a temper which is arrogant, hasty, and impetuous. The wind that blows from the Tuileries is not the firm, hot blast that issues from the Palais Royal. The responsibilities of power may do much to shackle the most imprudent of revolutionary enthusiasts. But the prince is not sobered by his proximity to a great throne. The truth is, that the temperaments of the two men differ widely. When the prince looks towards the palace of his Imperial kinsman, he chafes, no doubt, at the hesitating character, which, like the tide, advances and retreats at once, and balances action so often with reaction—

Σφιγγ' ἄρρεν' οὐ τῦραννον ἐν δόμοις ἔχω.

He finds that he is governed by a sphinx, and not by an ordinary mortal. The Ministers of the Imperial Cabinet have their orders, if possible, to check, and, if necessary, to disavow him. M. de Persigny, impassive to all manifestations of disapproval, continues to lay his heavy hand on French journalism, in spite of the marked repugnance of the Prince to all reactionary measures. The *Opinion Nationale* itself, the organ of the Palais Royal, is not safe from the censure of the rigorous Minister. The gods, if they mix in human fray, must take their chance of receiving human buffets; and the Monarch of Olympus grants but little redress to the sons of Heaven who are wounded by M. de Persigny's spear. Nor is Napoleon III. altogether unwilling that the *égalité* of his dynasty should suffer some slight mortifications, in order to remind him that from the steps of the throne to the throne itself there is an immeasurable interval of space. It is a good thing that his Imperial Highness should avenge the wrongs of his family upon the Ultramontanists and Pietists who are not above receiving Imperial wages while they oppose the Imperial





projects; but it is a good thing, also, that the encounter should be carried on with equal ardour on both sides, and that unpleasant truths should be told with reciprocal freedom by the combatants all round. The necessities of his position oblige Napoleon III. to display more prudence than is necessary for his unattached and independent cousin. True it is that in all probability the Emperor is less reactionary than his Ministers. "I was never altogether a Wilkite, please your Majesty," said Wilkes. But the Prince is an awkward brother to have near the throne; and it is unpleasant to be pushed in the direction in which one means to go. A spectre agitates the soul of Prince Napoleon,—the phantom of reaction and of the Bourbons in league with Austria and the priests. "Ce système, savez-vous ce que c'est, messieurs? C'est la terreur blanche appuyée sur les baïonnettes étrangères." But there is a spectral phantom of another kind which may well be supposed to agitate the mind of a greater than Prince Napoleon. It is the spectre called up from the shades of the past by the men who would now place "the Empire at their head, and say to it, March, march on in progress!" We will tell the Prince the name of the apparition after his own fashion:—"Ce système, savez-vous ce que c'est? C'est la terreur rouge."

While the Prince is displaying on the parliamentary stage his controversial and oratorical abilities, the Emperor, from his cabinet by a moral *coup d'état*, has given a significant proof of his contempt for Parliaments in general. An Imperial letter to Count Palikao, published in the *Moniteur*, has created a profound sensation in the capital. The committee appointed to consider the subject in the Corps Législatif, have exhibited a disposition to refuse the salary designed for that successful general, as a dotation of his senatorial rank. When the soldiers are on one side, and the talkers on another, the Emperor well knows which cause to espouse. His epistle contains a vigorous rebuke to the reluctant legislative body, which is likely to be popular in the army, unpopular with the Opposition, but not, we think, altogether distasteful to France. *La France veille partout sur ses soldats*. Count de Palikao, who has conducted to a happy termination the Chinese war, is probably more deserving of an annual salary than most of his brother senators, and in the person of a victorious and able general France respects herself. The French Opposition are extremely unwise to select such an occasion for putting economical principles in force. What ruined the Orleanists was that they starved the French eagle. The Emperor has had the opportunity of representing himself to the nation as the protector of a portion of the army engaged on foreign service. M. de Boissy, with characteristic ignorance and insolence, considers that the Chinese expedition was not as honourable, and was more expensive, than a descent on England would have been. But the mass of the French people are not so absurd. They will sympathise most likely with Count de Palikao; and if the French assembly is dissolved, it will have to thank its own prodigious folly.

#### THE INDIAN COTTON TARIFF.

A WEEK ago a crowd of gentlemen of various shades of politics assembled at an hotel in St. James's-street, for the purpose of making a combined attack on Cambridge House. That stronghold was held by a wily and powerful enemy, and it was therefore thought more prudent to muster their forces at a safe distance from the scene of action, that they might have the opportunity of appointing a leader and arranging the order of battle. Seldom has a more formidable force presented itself before the gates of a Minister. It was strong from the individual weight of some of its members, but it was stronger collectively from the powerful interests which it represented. In its ranks were men of high repute on Indian questions and on the cotton trade; there, too, were the mayors and deputies of all the leading manufacturing towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland; and with these marched a body of members of Parliament, exceeding in number the half of all that the northern part of this kingdom sends to the House of Commons. They represented themselves to be, and were, in fact, the exponents of the unanimous opinion of all the towns from which they were deputed. As the Mayor of Manchester, who was appointed their leader, reviewed his forces before they marched to the attack, it is not surprising that his heart waxed proud when he saw before him the representatives of so many millions of spindles, and that he threatened somewhat loudly when he spoke of the injustice to which the cotton manufacturers had been subjected, that "to a continuance of that injustice they would not submit from any Government whatever."

Cotton was, of course, the subject of their demands. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the present grievance consists, not in a dearth of cotton, but in an excess of cotton goods. The spinners have ceased to inquire where they are to buy the raw material, and are only asking where they are to sell the manufactured articles. Their demand now is that the Government shall break the blockade—not the blockade of the American ports which prevents cotton from coming out, but the blockade of the Indian ports which prevents cotton cloths and yarns from going in. The latter blockade is at present maintained by an import duty of 10 per cent. on cloths,

and 5 per cent. on yarns; and whatever doubts may exist as to the effective nature of the force which watches over the Southern ports, there is none at all, say the manufacturers, as to that which keeps guard at Calcutta and Bombay. They say also that these duties, besides being an injury to the natives of India, are a gross injustice to themselves; and they insist that they shall forthwith be totally abolished.

It must be admitted that these duties are in principle quite indefensible. There is no corresponding excise tax on the cloths and yarns of native manufacture, and it would not be practicable to impose such a tax. The present duties are therefore protective, and it is no defence of them to say, as Sir Charles Wood did, that they were not specially imposed with that view. Whether intended or not, they act, in fact, as a protection to native manufactures, and, like all such duties, they have the evil effect of turning native labour and capital from the channels they would naturally take into others less advantageous. So far we are entirely with our own manufacturers, and admit that, except the necessity that exists for the half-million of money that the tax produces, there is not a word to be said in its favour. The very earliest opportunity should be taken to remove these duties, and there is this additional reason for immediate action, that in the mean time cotton-mills are said to be springing up in Bombay and elsewhere in India under the protection of these duties, which will not be able to maintain themselves without this aid, and loss and distress will ensue from their removal.

At the same time it is clear that the manufacturers magnify the evils which they suffer from these duties. The 10 per cent. does not, in fact, make an effective blockade. If it did, no English goods would enter, and the tax would produce nothing. It produces, in fact, close on half a million. And Sir Charles Wood showed by figures, which were admitted by the manufacturers, that the export of cotton goods from this country to India had been, for the last seven years, rapidly and steadily increasing. These goods were no doubt partly, especially during the last year, sent out on speculation, without waiting for orders, and therefore these figures may give too favourable a view; but it must at the same time be remembered, that the 10 per cent. duty on cotton cloths has existed for three years, and these speculative sales cannot have been carried on to so great an extent as the manufacturers represent, as it is impossible to conceive a continuance of such consignments in face of a constantly increasing accumulation of unsold goods. Under present circumstances, however, this exaggeration by the manufacturers of the evils caused by these duties is very natural. Of the two great markets for cotton goods, America and India, one is closed by war, and there being in consequence more goods ready to be thrown on the other, any obstruction is more felt than under ordinary circumstances. Temple Bar never seems so narrow as when Holborn is closed, and a double stream of traffic flows along the Strand. The present distress of the manufacturers, as Lord Palmerston pointed out, arises from several causes, while they appear to have agreed that it is due mainly to these obnoxious duties.

The manufacturers not only set down too much of the present distress to the account of these duties, but they altogether exaggerate the injustice thereby caused to themselves. Who have most right to complain of a protective duty? Is it the natives of India who pay a higher price for their garments, or the English manufacturers, who, if the duty were removed, are ready to supply them? When the Corn Laws existed in this country, who were the greater sufferers—our own population, or the growers of corn on the banks of the Danube and in the Western States of America? Both suffered, no doubt, and both were benefited by their abolition, but the former had the right to make the loudest complaint. And the position of the English manufacturers with reference to the Indian cotton tariff is precisely the same as regards the injury they receive as that of the farmers of the Danubian principalities or Ohio with reference to our former corn laws. We say precisely the same, except in so far as injury may have been caused by the sudden imposition of the present duties. When capital has been invested in cotton-mills to supply a certain market, and that market is suddenly closed by the effect of legislation, there is good ground for complaint. But these duties have now been in operation for three years. When Mr. Wilson brought forward his first budget in the beginning of 1860, he found these taxes in existence, and the only alteration which he made was to raise the duty on yarns to the level of that on cloths, that is to say, from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. In the following year Mr. Laing reduced the duty on yarns to its original amount, for the very sufficient reason that the increase in the tax made very little increase in the total amount produced by it. These duties are therefore now in the exact position in which they stood in 1859, when they were imposed. It will readily appear from the returns, that during the three years immediately preceding 1859 the average yearly export of cotton goods from this country to India was 679,000,000 yards, while for the three years since the imposition of the tax it has amounted to 863,000,000 yards. These figures tend to abate something from our idea of the injury inflicted on our manufacturers by this tariff.

It is just to observe that the manufacturers do not base their case

Ma  
wholly  
memori  
native o  
inhabit  
ten wh  
turers a  
of peopl  
This uni  
ning of  
appears  
they say  
of every  
of all th  
years thi  
to spare  
the end o  
subject, i  
the tax.  
poorer an  
almost th  
the whole  
those who  
per day."  
sorrows o  
or even to  
but we ca  
If, for ins  
the native  
price recei  
the price r  
the tax fal  
mediate a  
manufactu  
notable sch  
duces to th  
more." But  
own case,  
tariff, ther  
earliest pos  
made pract  
vigorously  
the adminis

WE hear  
of hi  
virtual acqu  
him of dish  
did not begin  
published, w  
Southampton  
can be no d  
was in his  
accordingly,  
full knowle  
Mr. Digby S  
principle, pe  
a noble cons  
creditable to  
satisfied and  
a gentleman  
frowned upon  
him like a c  
attempts wer  
the Northern  
competitor.  
was commen  
trial itself w  
ciples; with  
lated evidenc  
the one brig  
were many  
honour, imbu  
generosity;  
monstrous w  
verdict which  
my favour."  
since been gi  
highest hono  
feelings of g  
which such r  
We have  
Seymour's po  
to be over-th  
imbued with



wholly on the loss sustained by themselves. At the tail of their memorial they refer to its effects on the people of India and the native capitalists. It appears that of the 180 millions of people that inhabit India, and who all wear cotton, there is not more than one in ten whose garments are made of English goods; and our manufacturers are very rightly distressed at the spectacle of so many millions of people paying 10 per cent. for their dress more than they need. This unfortunate tax is thus made to do double duty. In the beginning of the memorial, when the injury to themselves is the topic, it appears that the tax is wholly levied on them. "It is very unjust," they say, "that they should have been compelled to give one bale out of every ten of all the cotton goods, and one bale out of every twenty of all the cotton yarns, they have exported to India during the three years this tariff has been in operation, for the exclusive benefit, and to spare the pockets of one portion only of the British public." At the end of the same document, when the injury to the natives is the subject, it appears that they, out of their poverty, pay the whole of the tax. "It" (that is, the tax) "is most unjust," they say, "to the poorer and lower classes of the Hindoos, because cotton clothing is almost the only kind they wear, and 10 per cent., or more, on nearly the whole of the cotton goods consumed in India is thus paid by those who can only earn two or three annas, or threepence to sixpence per day." Now, this is a little too bad. We are ready to pity the sorrows of the manufacturers, or to give our sympathy to the natives, or even to share it (to the extent of the tax once told) between both; but we cannot credit each with a payment which is only made once. If, for instance, cotton goods rise in India to the extent of the duty, the natives pay the whole, and the manufacturers nothing, for the extra price received by them exactly pays the duty. If, on the contrary, the price remains the same, the natives pay nothing, and the whole of the tax falls on the manufacturers. If the price rises by some intermediate amount, the tax is shared between them. If, indeed, the manufacturers be correct, the Indian financiers must have hit upon a notable scheme of taxation; a tax of 10 per cent., which really produces to the exchequer 20 per cent., or, as the memorial says, "even more." But while we think that the manufacturers have overstated their own case, and greatly exaggerated the evils of the Indian cotton tariff, there are enough of solid grounds for its abolition at the earliest possible period; and we hope that its removal will soon be made practicable, not by supplying its place with a new tax, but by vigorously carrying out the system of economy so happily begun in the administration of India.

#### MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR'S DEFENCE.

WE heard at length, last week, Mr. Digby Seymour's own account of his innocence, his abilities, his persecution, his trial, and his virtual acquittal. The benchers—the honourable jury who absolved him of dishonour—this week have taken up the tale both where he did not begin it and where he left it off. Their judgment having been published, we learn what kind of verdict the honourable Member for Southampton considers to be equivalent to an acquittal; for there can be no doubt, after his own admissions, that this identical verdict was in his pocket at the time of his oration. Whatever language, accordingly, was used by him about it, was used deliberately, and in full knowledge of its details. Some people are easily contented. Mr. Digby Seymour does not seem to ask for a great deal; on the principle, perhaps, that "man wants but little here below," and that a noble conscience can do without popular approbation. It is highly creditable to his moderation and good sense that he should have been satisfied and pleased with a sentence at first sight so unsatisfactory to a gentleman and a member of Parliament. Professional jealousy had frowned upon his humble birth. The "curse of Swift" had clung to him like a clog while he was scaling the Hill of Difficulty. Deadly attempts were made to vilify his personal honour. A few members of the Northern Circuit whispered scandal against their too successful competitor. An investigation—or let us rather say a persecution—was commenced in the presence of the Benchers of his Inn. The trial itself which followed was conducted on the most unfair principles; with closed doors, a shifting body of inquisitors, and mutilated evidence. But the sentence Mr. Digby Seymour represented as the one bright spot in a series of reprehensible proceedings. "There were many among those benchers who were men of the highest honour, imbued with the spirit of justice, and actuated by feelings of generosity; and to them mainly, and to their indignation at the monstrous wrongs I was enduring, I believe I owe, at least, the verdict which even my interrogator will not deny has been given in my favour." First, then, we may infer that the verdict which has since been given to the world expresses the feelings of men of the highest honour, imbued with the spirit of justice, and actuated by feelings of generosity; secondly, it is the result of the indignation which such men felt at the monstrous wrongs he was enduring.

We have got the verdict itself this week out of Mr. Digby Seymour's pocket. It really would seem almost as if he was inclined to be over-thankful for little mercies. "Men of the highest honour, imbued with the spirit of justice, and actuated by feelings of generosity,"

appear to think that though three of the charges against the honourable gentleman are not proved, there is much in his conduct "that is worthy of condemnation, even on the most favourable construction of his actions." They further characterize a "settlement" of a suit, in which Mr. Digby Seymour was charged with fraud, as an "arrangement to which a right-minded man, even in the hour of heavy pecuniary distress, would not have submitted." They also feel themselves "compelled to add that no solid ground presents itself on the evidence in justification of one of Mr. Digby Seymour's affidavits." They also find in his statements at various times "a want of consistency, indicating some recklessness of assertion." One charge,—that of working out an attorney's debt by briefs received from him,—is pronounced by these men of high honour and generosity to have been proved. Their indignation at the monstrous wrongs Mr. Digby Seymour has received does not prevent them from remarking that if such a practice were tolerated, it would lower the character and honour of both branches of the profession, and would tend to introduce into it men distinguished chiefly by "the pliancy of their principles." Such is the nature of the acquittal on which Mr. Digby Seymour plumes himself in a style of self-congratulation which we hope may long remain peculiarly his own.

His honour having been thus triumphantly vindicated, Mr. Digby Seymour, contrary to all the precedents of the courts, turns round with an air of injured innocence upon his judges. It is not often that a prisoner who has been found "not guilty," deliberately takes off his boots and flings them at the foreman of the jury. While Mr. Digby Seymour had the verdict in his all-receptive coat-tail pocket, he laid his hand on his heart and boasted of the issue of the investigation. The verdict having been printed and published, he protests against any inferences to be drawn from it. He also declares that the benchers are treating him unfairly in not "screening" his protest, at the same time that they "screen" their decision: a lamentation as unreasonable as if a victim to the sensitiveness of society were to complain that his last dying speech and confession had not been entered on the record. A good deal may possibly be said as to the constitution of the tribunal before which Mr. Seymour appeared. But we cannot help remarking, that if he meant to take this line, he ought to have taken it at Southampton. He had no business to accept the decision of the bench so long as it could be kept dark; and to fling it back in their faces when it could no longer be hidden. Last week we tried to arrive at the truth about the verdict by a simple analytical examination of his speech. It remains to be discovered by a similar process of analysis, what Mr. Digby Seymour considers himself that he has done to bring down on his head such an adjudication.

First, as to Mr. Parker. The benchers intimate that a Mr. Parker—whoever he may be—gave Mr. Digby Seymour money for a particular purpose; that Mr. Seymour undertook to add money of his own to it; and that he substituted his *credit* for the *money* in a manner inconsistent even with his own version of his agreement with Mr. Parker. We suppose that this does not mean that the benchers thought Mr. Seymour had embezzled Mr. Parker's money, because if they had thought so, we can hardly see why they should not have said so in plainer language. But the distinction is so very refined between embezzlement and the "substitution" of "credit" for "money," that we turn eagerly to Mr. Seymour's protest to have all the matter explained. It appears that the distinction, refined as it is, is one which Mr. Seymour accepts. He admits that Mr. Parker paid him £500 in consideration of becoming partner with him in one-half of his interest, under an agreement with a certain Captain Green. He admits that, in virtue of this contract with Captain Green, the duty devolved on him of spending a sum of £1,000 in forming a certain company. He says that he honestly set about doing so, but did not succeed in performing all his promise. He was defeated by Mr. Parker's change of mind, and by the estrangement Mr. Parker's clerk succeeded in producing between Captain Green and himself. Mr. Parker, then, has lost his money, owing partly to the impetuous conduct of his clerk, and partly to a delicate legal nicety, which may be thus explained. If he had given £500 to Mr. Seymour to spend in forming a company, Mr. Seymour's high sense of honour would have led him to return it, the Company having fallen through. Unfortunately for himself, and fortunately for Mr. Digby Seymour, Mr. Parker did nothing of the kind. The operation he performed was a mere circuitous one, and strikes us as being the most round-about way of lending money of which we have ever heard. He gave Mr. Seymour £500, not conditionally,—let us not use a word so distasteful, or so inappropriate. He gave it to purchase from Mr. Seymour an interest which only vested in him in case Mr. Seymour kept his word, and performed the condition in question. Perhaps Mr. Seymour will explain this ingenious mode of lending which has been invented for Mr. Parker's use, and which is so decidedly in favour of debtors. The only difference we can detect between it and the more homely operation of advancing for partnership purposes is, that in Mr. Seymour's plan, if the agent misapplies the money deposited with him, the creditors cheerfully volunteer to relinquish all means of redress.



We do not think that the illustrious accused is particularly happy in justifying the settlement of a suit in which he was charged with fraud by the fact that he did so with the approbation of his legal adviser, of his father-in-law, and of his wife. The prudence of a step recommended by such professional and domestic advice is unquestionable. His best excuse, however, is that he understood all imputation on his honour to have been withdrawn. On this point he begs the Bench to observe that he has evidence in his favour which he only was prevented from adducing because he felt confident it would not be required for his acquittal. As a question of assertion, we have no doubt that he is right. As a matter of practice, we must remark that evidence is not generally considered valuable which is never brought forward; and that, in order to convince a critical tribunal, it would be necessary that the proofs should emerge from that very capacious place which seems to hold so much that is in Mr. Seymour's favour, namely, Mr. Seymour's pocket. The same remark applies to the evidence of Mr. Mercer Murray, who declines to return from Vichy to England to give testimony in Mr. Seymour's behalf, but who writes to him to say that he deserves "a crown of martyrdom." Mr. Murray's first feeling, on receiving a communication from Mr. Seymour at the "Hôtel de Rome, Vichy," after a lapse of nine years, like the last feeling of the majority of Mr. Seymour's judges, was "indignation at the falseness of the accusations against you." Nothing but the most important reasons can possibly detain abroad a gentleman who by returning to this country might, on his own showing, have proved the accusations against his friend to be a calumny. But all that the Benchers can be supposed to know of Mr. Murray is that he has been mixed up in Mr. Seymour's proceedings; and that circumstances over which he had no control prevent him from flying to vindicate Mr. Seymour's honour. This being the case, the honourable gentleman must waive appealing to Mr. Murray's letter, and be content with his martyr's crown. To the last charge he pleads guilty of indiscretion. The martyr confesses to an error. "Honesty pointed one way, and etiquette the other." We shall be uncommonly obliged to Mr. Digby Seymour if he will mention which of these two excellent guides on the occasion in question he supposes himself to have followed. Meanwhile, we may briefly remark that for most men of Mr. Seymour's position the choice between the two, if any emergency requiring such choice arise, would be made without the difficulty on which he lays such stress.

The court which has tried and acquitted Mr. Digby Seymour seems, indeed, to have been somewhat irregular in its proceedings. If it be true that the tribunal was never composed of the same members two nights running, and that some pronounced judgment who had not heard all the evidence in person, we can only say that we are very much concerned to hear it. The benchers of the Middle Temple are a court of honour, no doubt. But a court of honour is bound to be punctilious as to the evidence it receives, and the manner in which it weighs it. Court-martials are frequently in the habit of acting improperly, not because the code they administer is too strict, but because they administer it irregularly. The benchers of an Inn ought to be above displaying the laxity and indiscretion of an irregular court-martial. But at the same time it must be remembered that Mr. Seymour has had it in his own power to publish the evidence on which his case was decided, and the benchers can have had no reason but pity for Mr. Seymour in withholding, for ever so short a time, the publication of their sentence on him. There is nothing like shifting one's position from the defensive to the offensive. He has dared and defied them to let the whole truth be known. It is a bold defiance. The event will prove whether he has been unjustly treated, or whether he is attempting to carry public opinion by a burst of well-timed bravado. It must not be forgotten that there are two issues which should be kept totally distinct. The one is as to the fairness of the recent trial; the second as to the truth of the allegations brought against him. We must not be induced to disregard the latter while we turn our attention to the former. Fortunately there is a tribunal to which appeal can be made and which is above suspicion. Mr. Digby Seymour is a member of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. Surely the House of Commons is concerned to investigate all that touches the honour of its members, and is bound to give Mr. Digby Seymour the benefit of its most serious consideration.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY MISTAKES.

WHEN men, even good men, have been fighting all their lives, in the holiest cause, *for* a victim, and *against* an oppressor, they sometimes grow to hate the oppressor whom they battle, more than they love the victim whom they rescue. By mere dint of antagonism, and amid the passions excited by the conflict, they are apt to lose sight of the object in the antagonist; the strife is continued after the victory is won; and philanthropy begins to degenerate into vindictiveness. As English soldiers are said never to know when they are beaten, so English humanitarians do not always know when they are victorious; and they not unfrequently endanger the purpose and stain the purity of their conquest by pushing their successes too far and belabouring their enemy too hard. The anti-

slavery party—and the British nation under their guidance—made a mistake of this sort after their great achievement in 1834,—a mistake which was very mischievous for a time, and which might have been altogether fatal to their cause. After a long and severe struggle, carried on with a zeal and pertinacity which did them the greatest honour, they had succeeded in emancipating the negro. But in the course of this struggle they had so often been thwarted, defeated, and slandered by the planter; they had fought against him so hard; they had learned so much ill of him, and had believed so much more; they had been for so many years intent upon raking up and exposing to public view every cruelty he had ever inflicted and every wrong his slave had ever suffered,—that they had come, in all sincerity, to regard him and his class as incarnate fiends, whom it was incumbent on them to *crush* as well as to conquer—to punish as well as to disarm. They conceived their work was incomplete unless not only the negro was free, but his master was ruined and made helpless. The sentiment was eminently natural; but it was just one of those natural sentiments against which wise and good men should be ever on their guard. The emancipated negro would not work on the sugar plantations, or, at least, he would not give that continuous and *reliable* labour which the nature of the crop made essential. The planter would be ruined unless labour could in some way be obtained; and if the planter was ruined and the sugar cultivation was abandoned, the experiment of emancipation would have been proclaimed a failure, the assertions of the anti-slavery prophets would have proved false, the deplorable condition of our islands would effectually have deterred other countries from following our example, and the benevolent aim of the negro's friend would thus have been ultimately frustrated. But these considerations were all lost sight of in the animosity with which the unhappy West Indian proprietor had come to be regarded. The Abolitionists had freed their *protégé* from the shameful compulsion of the lash. They resolved to guard him also from the salutary compulsion of competition. They determined that, as they had deprived the planter of the labour of his former slaves, he should not be permitted to obtain labour from any other quarter. Not content with unbinding the slaves, they insisted on binding the master. In vain did the planter protest that his land must lie untilld, and his sugar-mills unworked, unless he were allowed to procure immigrants from other countries, and that to prevent his doing so was both foolish and unjust. In vain did economists and statesmen show that there were hundreds of thousands of half-starved labourers in India and elsewhere who would be thankful to come and work for half the wages which the exulting negroes saucily rejected, and who could be imported under the most absolute security from oppression or misuse. The Anti-Slavery party, then in the plenitude of their popularity, and in the insolence of their recent victory, forbade, and persuaded the Legislature for a time to forbid, the operation; and out of pure jealousy and dislike of the planters, all but turned their own success into a failure. Fortunately justice and good sense at length prevailed: the present admirable and profitable system of coolie immigration was organised, and the sugar island of Great Britain and the cause of universal emancipation were saved together. In Demerara, Guiana, and Trinidad, it is coolie labour only which has enabled the cultivators to keep their heads above water, and even to obtain some fair degree of prosperity; while in Mauritius, which now supplies us with nearly one-third of our entire consumption of sugar, *not a single negro is at work on the plantations*. The very system of immigration, which the passions and prejudices of the Abolitionists endeavoured to prevent, is the very influence which has saved their noble cause from shipwreck and discredit. For it is certain that if the result of negro emancipation in our colonies had been to destroy or largely to reduce the sugar cultivation, so as to render us dependent on the far worse slavery of Cuba and Brazil for our supplies, African philanthropists would soon have found themselves at a lamentable discount.

There is considerable danger lest similar sentiments to those on which we have been animadverting, should again lead us into error at the present time. The war between the two sections of the American Republic has once more brought the slavery question prominently on the stage; and if we are not careful, it may now, as heretofore, obscure our perception of the real issues, and misguide us as to the line which our sympathies and our action ought to take. It is a question on which Great Britain has long since made up its mind, and as to which it will listen to no renewed discussion. The cause of slavery has been heard and condemned. No appeal can be permitted, and the decision given will never be reversed. Any advocates or palliators of slavery—if such exist among us—may spare their breath. The irreversible national sentiment is that negro slavery is detestable and criminal—to be sustained nowhere, to be discouraged everywhere. We have wiped ourselves clear of the accursed thing; we preach against it wherever we go; and though we disclaim all right of dictating to other nations, yet we proclaim distinctly enough that those who wish to stand well with us—who are really anxious for our cordial alliance and regard—can find no surer way to their end than by following our example,—by mitigating at once the evils of slavery, and preparing honestly for its ultimate extinction. This is the object which, as a people, we have at heart.

PEACE and  
for ever  
bers, in the p  
absurdly contr



more earnestly and unanimously than any other foreign one, and than most domestic ones. It is well that this sentiment should be fully and widely made known; but it is also well that we should not allow its strength to confuse us as to the best means of obtaining its own gratification, or to prevent us looking keenly into the shortest way to its own object. Hitherto our sympathies have gone with the Northern Federation, though all our material interests, and some of our moral ones, tend the other way. Because the North, for our behoof, inscribed "Non-extension of the Slave Area" on their banner, we believed that they were verily negophiles like ourselves, and tried to wish them success in spite of their Morrill tariff, in spite of their diplomatic wrongs, in spite of their vulgar abusiveness, in spite of their Canadian designs. Because the South was slave-holding, and for that reason alone, we held aloof,—refused them our good wishes, and blamed ourselves for any "proclivities" in their direction which secretly we could not help feeling; though they were free-traders like ourselves; though conscious that we were their natural allies, though we needed their cotton and tobacco, and they needed our cloth and our cutlery; though, as men fighting for independence, they were entitled to our sympathies; and though *personally* we felt them to be far less antipathetic to us than the Northerners. Nay, further, there were not a few to be found among us who were more than half inclined to compromise the *Trent* affair, because to resent it as we ought (and did) would have brought us into virtual and incidental alliance with a slave-owning people.

Now, the sentiment is perfectly right; but the extent to which we have pushed it, and the inference we have drawn from it, are altogether wrong, since, if the sentiment be honest and genuine—if it be really compassion for the negro and simple desire to terminate his servitude, and not mere unreasoning detestation of his master,—it ought to lead us to wish for the separation and independence of the South, and not for its subjugation and re-annexation by the North. It is in the dissolution, and not in the restoration of the Union, that the surest and speediest cause of the negro lies.

This view of the case is a new one, and will startle many of our readers. But we shall have no difficulty in making it clear before we take our leave of the subject. At present, however, our space is limited, and we can only pave the way by reiterating a truth at which we have more than once hinted, viz., that the North, both as to government and as to people, is *not* "anti-slavery," in any sense such as we affix to that word. Let us, once for all, clear our minds of all delusion on this head, and sweep away all the false misrepresentations which have been so unblushingly and pertinaciously put forward to deceive us. The Northerners hate the planters, indeed, because they have seceded from them and because they are at war with them—not at all because they are slaveholders. They emancipate the slaves as they advance, *but only the slaves of rebels*. They proclaim freedom, not as an act of mercy to the negro, but as an act of vengeance against his master. They are, indeed, pledged against any extension of the area of slavery—that is, *against the creation of any fresh slave states*,—and are in one sense in arms to prevent it; but it is because the creation of such states would endanger the recently-established political preponderance of the North. It is purely a political, not a philanthropic movement. They love the Union immeasurably more than they love the negro, and would gladly sacrifice the latter to preserve the former. It is notorious that they would even now, as they offered to do at the outset of the strife—if they could only induce the Confederates to compromise the quarrel and once more to re-enter the Union,—consent to make *any* terms as to slavery which should stop short of enabling the Southern States ever again to rival them in the Senate. They would consecrate "the institution" afresh in the most solemn manner; they would prohibit and forswear any interference, however slight; they would discourage all congressional discussion; they would confirm the Fugitive Slave Laws; they would go despotic lengths in crushing Abolitionism and the Abolitionists; in a word, if they could secure a protective tariff and political preponderance, they would add any rivet to the fetters of the slave and any solemnity to the claims and the power of his master which the South might dictate. We say "they," because those who would act thus are five-sixths of the nation; and the anti-slavery men, who would oppose such surrender, are a small, though a noble minority.

Now, a people of whom these things can be truly said, must not, uncontradicted, be allowed to claim the sympathies of a common cause from those who are as fanatical for negro emancipation as we are. If they ever become emancipators in the course of their conflict, it will be as an act of war, not as an act of justice, and the right thing will have been done from the worst motives, and in the most noxious way.

#### THE BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

PEACE and happiness have, by an unfortunate arrangement, been for ever coupled together, to the extreme disgust of Irish members, in the prayer for the High Court of Parliament. Terms so absurdly contradictory could not, of course, have been associated in

one clause by a divine who foresaw the Irish Union; but at the time of their composition the O'Donoghues and Gavins of the day were not in St. Stephen's to be insulted. They were, no doubt, pursuing the innocent joys of a free people in their native wilds, wielding the untutored shillelagh and encountering each other in the healthful strife. Without cares, possibly without clothes, they quarrelled, and fought, and were happy. Those days have gone by. The trammels and trousers of an effete civilization have fettered free limbs and ardent hearts alike. Fighting is so ridiculously unfashionable, that Repeal agitators cannot find a single Saxon among all the representatives of Great Britain to fire a quiet shot at on Wormwood Scrubs. A few generations ago, a chieftain who united strong sentiments on politics to a proud monopoly of the definite article, would have seized his enemy and adorned his castle with his head. Two generations ago, he would have made himself perfect in pistol-shooting, and then fired at him at fifteen paces. Now he knows he has no chance of this, and sends a gentlemanly major with an intimation that he wishes to be considered as an enemy. The next generation of fire-eaters will probably be content with clenching its fist, turning round three times, and reciting a Celtic poem. It will not, it seems to us, have made any advance on the present system, either in absurdity or in harmlessness.

It is interesting to consider what must have been the aim and motives of this Irish gentleman in sending so very silly a message. Did he really think that he was going to have the excitement of a duel of the old school? Did he fancy that he would have the giddy pleasure of being hereafter pointed out in drawing-rooms as the man who was not afraid to do a thing extremely unusual and rather wicked? Did he picture to himself the sensation paragraph in the newspapers, with the "minutes of a difference" in big type; or did his imagination rather dwell on that happy moment when, after shots fired in the air, the challenger would declare his honour satisfied, and his thirst for blood abated? How the scene would be pointed out by nursery-maids in after ages! With what a thrill of horror picnics would for years be conducted to the spot where the mortal foes met in the deadly arbitrament of battle! Here stood, it would be told, the guilty Secretary, pale and trembling, confessing, too late, how true it was that he had travelled through all Galway in three days, and bitterly regretting the hour when he first taught his tongue to indulge in the fatal passion for diminutives. There waited the seconds; the major in the attitude of a man who has done his duty, and the senior clerk of the Irish office in that of a man who would give worlds to know how to load a duelling pistol. On the other side, calm, but without levity, the representative of outraged honour took his allotted place. Here waited the Hansom that had brought him; in that corner were the surgical instruments; in this the refreshments. So would the tale be told; so would the youth of England be roused to deeds of daring. Is this what the member for Tipperary really contemplated as the issue of his antique chivalry? We cannot say that we think it was. It is quite impossible to believe that the O'Donoghue looked forward to a hostile meeting in sober earnest. The manners and customs of civilized society must be known in the general outline even to a Tipperary gentleman who has been removed from the commission of the peace; and they do not include duelling in Ireland any more than in England. We do not now take wine with each other at dinner when we are friends; and we do not fire bullets at each other when we are enemies. We used to do it once; but the opinion of society has been quite made up upon the question, and the practice has been universally discontinued. The O'Donoghue has a perfect right to his views about it; and if he will make a speech or write a pamphlet in favour of the old custom, we shall congratulate ourselves on his having found so extremely harmless an employment; but he can hardly have seriously supposed that Sir Robert Peel, who is a man of the world, and not in other respects behind the age, would assist him in carrying out his eccentricities. The explanation of his conduct is simply this. Being a man of few ideas, he did not in the least know what to do when angry; he had heard that the Irish senators of 1799 used to fight duels; he embraced the notion of a challenge as a bright idea, the execution of which would relieve his feelings, and could not possibly do much harm; and he probably felt, at the same time, whether consciously or not, that notoriety is a satisfactory thing, and an easily procurable substitute for fame.

The scene on Monday in the House of Commons, when the question of Breach of Privilege was brought forward by Lord Palmerston, was at once amusing and suggestive. No one could help remarking the spirit with which every member at once thoroughly entered into the humour of the affair, and at the same time left no doubt as to his feelings on the merits of the dispute. Nothing could have been more happy than the keen relish with which the Prime Minister told the House how Major Gavin had been referred to him as "friend" of Sir Robert Peel, and at the same time the dignity with which he insisted on the breach of propriety which had been committed. In both humours he completely carried the House with him. The joke was very perfect, and the outrage was one of real importance. It is one of the most remarkable features of the temper of the House of Commons, that it never fails to appreciate an appeal to its collective



dignity. Mr. Disraeli gained many friends, when in office, by his uniform deference to its laws and traditions; and even now he rarely speaks without angling for a ready cheer by some allusion to the topic. On no occasion is a mention of the dignity of the House treated with ridicule, or even with indifference. But on Monday, while determined to insist on an apology, members showed very clearly that they knew who the first offender was. Major Gavin spoke simply, and to the point: when he said that he proceeded to vindicate his friend's honour "in the only way he understood," it was evident that he was speaking the truth; but the sympathy with which his speech was received implied, not an approval of his conduct, but a very distinct censure of the Secretary for Ireland. It was clearly felt, that ministers are not appointed for the sake of calling names; and that an unguarded and rollicking tone is objectionable when it is personally aggressive, and proceeds from the Treasury benches. Sir Robert Peel was appointed to his post on the chance of his acquiring a sudden popularity with a nation which pardons a want of self-respect where it finds energy to admire. But those who are careless of giving offence are not generally the most successful of administrators. The O'Donoghue may have behaved seditiously at Dublin, and his political stature is most insignificant; but a Parliament is very likely to have its privileges attacked who allow Secretaries of State to talk from their place of "mannikin traitors."

Not very long ago it happened at a garrison town in France that two corporals quarrelled, and, as is the nature of uncultivated minds, used strong language towards each other. By ill-luck the fact came to the ears of the authorities. Duelling is more than sanctioned in some regiments, at all events, of the French army; and the commanding officer declared that the men must fight. In vain they declared that it did not matter, that they forgave each other, that their honour was not aggrieved; the laws of military etiquette were inviolable, and if their honour was not aggrieved it ought to be. The soldiers were simply locked up till they should feel sufficiently alive to the indignity of the insults they had received. Accordingly they met, stripped, and fought; till at last, after a surprising display of agility on both sides, a slight flesh-wound was inflicted, and the combatants were allowed to declare themselves satisfied. It was remarked that, for some time, the soldiers were very careful how they insulted one another. The O'Donoghue and Sir Robert Peel have now been let off still more easily; and if a similar effect is produced in future discussions on Ireland, it will, perhaps, be from the reflection that nothing but the advance of civilization has prevented one of them from being shot. In this case even the belligerence of the member for Tipperary will not have been thrown away. *Cedant arma togæ*; but Secretaries for Ireland will have learnt that reckless language attracts, if no worse evil, at any rate the displeasure of the House. It would be equally satisfactory if the Irish nation, which is keenly alive to an absurdity, would cease to elect as their representatives men who fancy they are adding to their reputation by the suggestion of such anachronisms as that proposed by the O'Donoghue and his friend on Saturday.

#### CONSCIENCE.

"THE rights of conscience" is one of the most venerable and universally accepted phrases of the day; but certain significant exceptions occur in the language used about it, and they are numerous enough to deserve attention. For example, a most popular novelist introduces into his book a grim Anabaptist of the sixteenth century, who, on being asked to take his oath to the truth of his words, observes that he is not free in conscience to do so. "Conscience," exclaims the Christian hero who interrogates him, "whenever I hear a man talk of his conscience, I know he means to commit some villainy." So, too, the following dialogue lately took place:—"A. What a shame it is that—should not be able to get a fellowship after taking such a good degree.—B. If a man who has brains enough to take such a degree is such a fool as to be a Dissenter, I think it serves him right." Canning's well-known tribute of sympathy, if not admiration, to the wholesome indifference of the Turks to international morality is in the same vein:—

"The consul quoted Puffendorf,  
And Wicquefort and Grotius,  
And proved from Vattel exceedingly well,  
That such conduct was quite atrocious.

"Would have moved a Christian's bowels  
To have heard the doubts he stated;  
But the Turks they did as they were bid,  
And they strangled him while he prated."

At first sight such language as this appears like the very perfection of cynical scepticism, and no doubt we must allow for a good deal of humour before we can even begin to estimate the degree of truth which it points at or contains. It is, however, a general rule that humorous remarks are worth serious attention. The sort of speech that makes one class chuckle with satisfaction and another exclaim against its dreadful immorality is usually produced by the outcropping of a vein of sentiment which it is worth a little trouble to explore. This is eminently true of such lines of Canning's. Their jovial contempt for the first principles of justice appeals to something deeper in human nature than the national dislike and exultation

which led men to triumph over the fate of the great Jean Bon St. André, who fled full soon on the first of June, though he bade the rest keep fighting. It is, however, necessary to go a little way back in order to see precisely what the origin of the feeling in question really is.

Most persons would say that, since the time of Bishop Butler, the nature of conscience cannot be considered as an open question. It is, they would contend, the lawful and constitutional sovereign of human nature, which, if the whole man were in a perfect state of moral health, would guide him in all the affairs of life, just as the brain guides the limbs by the help of the spinal marrow and the nervous system. Hence they constantly conclude in general terms that it is every one's duty at all times to follow the dictates of his conscience; and it has even been argued by zealous disciples of this school that, though a man who acts as his conscience bids him may do wrong, a man who acts against his conscience cannot do right. This maxim, if justifiable at all, must be defended as a roundabout and paradoxical way of saying that men are responsible for having their consciences in good order, so that if their consciences misdirect them, they must either obey them, and so do wrong; or disobey them in order to do right, which disobedience is either a substantive offence of another kind, or else is evidence that such an offence was committed when the conscience was allowed to get into such a condition as to issue the wrong order.

When followed out to its consequences, this observation will be found to show the foundation of the sentiment which dictates the mode of speaking just illustrated. The common notion of conscience is far from being accurate. It is almost invariably assumed, and that not merely in popular language, but by the gravest moralists, that the admission of the existence of such a faculty implies the further admission that its dictates are uniform, infallible, and the same, as far as they go, at all times, places, and periods of life. Thus it would be asserted that the impulse by which a child is deterred from telling a lie is identical with the impulse which prompts the same person, when he is grown up, and has become an eminent statesman, to take this or that line of policy, notwithstanding personal or political temptations to do otherwise; that the impulse in each case is *sui generis*, and independent of reflection, like the power of the eye to see or the power of the ear to hear; and that the fact that the conscience points in the particular case to a specific course of action arises, not from the circumstances of the individual, but from the fact that the conduct itself is right or wrong. The stronghold of those who take this view of the matter is the clearness and precision with which in particular cases conscience speaks. The pain of doing a wrong act is to some persons, under some circumstances, a perception as distinct and immediate as the pain of a toothache; and the argument from this is that the perception of the difference between right and wrong is also direct, excludes all interference of the reason, and is itself the datum from which reason starts. If this were true, it would follow that every one's conscience would always prescribe the same conduct under the same circumstances; but in fact it is not true, and people think that it is, only because they confound together two things which, in fact, are perfectly distinct, namely, the process by which we form our judgments, and the application which we make of them when they are formed. If the whole course of a man's education, every association of his life, and the concurrent opinion of all those whom he respects or cares for, lead him to think lying a bad and disgraceful habit, the pain and shame of telling a lie will be felt as acutely and instantaneously as if he had some quality by virtue of which he recognised particular acts as being lies, independently of all instruction and education; and the state of mind which produced that pain might equally be described as conscience, whether it was the result of education or the gift of nature. Hence the characteristic mark of conscience is that whatever may be its nature and origin, it does, in point of fact, distinguish between the acts which its owner would, on his own principles, consider right, and those which he would consider wrong, and that it affixes satisfaction to the one, and remorse to the other. It results from this that each man's conscience is a sort of moral ready-reckoner, which saves him the trouble of determining on the morality of particular actions by referring them specifically to the ultimate test of morality which he may accept, whatever that test may be; and the explanation and justification of the sort of remarks illustrated at the beginning of this article (so far as they are justifiable at all) is to be found in the fact that though men in general are disposed to pay too little attention to the results given by their own private ready-reckoner, there is a considerable and rather conspicuous class who are disposed to err in the opposite direction, and to exalt their consciences into minor deities, whom they not only idolize themselves, but expect other people to idolize also.

In the whole range of morality there is no more delicate and difficult problem than that which consists in knowing where a man ought to act against the dictates of his conscience, and to overrule and, if possible, reform it. Many, perhaps most, men might easily be placed in positions in which, if they were honest, they would say to themselves, "According to the best judgment that I can form, such and such a course of conduct is right, or wrong, but I feel so great an inward abhorrence of it, or such an inward prompting to it, that nothing shall induce me to do, or to omit, it,—no prospect of consequences either good or bad to myself, my neighbours, or my country." The question when a man ought to overrule this feeling, and when he ought to give way to it, is, perhaps, the most difficult moral question that can possibly be asked. It would require a treatise to solve it completely, but as the cases in which it ought to be consulted and submitted to are the most common and best known, it may be interesting to give a few instances

of the sor  
which for

If it be  
evidence,  
course wh  
other kin  
attention,  
Men, the  
especially  
in order to  
their conse  
in excess  
stantly pr  
who is put  
own infirm  
to rules wh  
Thus his r  
roughly th  
is hardly  
hand, a boy  
are taken t  
and constan  
taught by p  
wiser than  
own consci  
deserves.

The same  
tion. If a l  
more power  
opinions wh  
imagination,  
mind, and o  
maxims will  
arbitrary rul  
one-sided wa  
precisely the  
even to unde  
after life, a s  
eminently hi  
scientiousnes  
respect. The  
conscience, as  
quality went,  
temptation or  
it is also true  
struck him th  
degree dimini  
the bar, to wh  
his conduct to  
and State, wh  
lived, nor with

Mr. Gladsto  
most instructi  
Perhaps it is  
tion which cou  
may sometime  
and enthusias  
under the influ  
in getting hold  
consequence is  
is in fact a sort  
so conducts him  
under the powe  
any time, and p  
mands to use h  
the established  
superstitions w  
whole public li  
ever English s  
views, which it  
some day or oth  
hold them to b  
formidable is th  
is almost alway

When fully e  
more than one  
longing for an  
once for all, "I  
me to do or to  
it is and shall b  
tells me to do  
of persons so co  
ance on an inf  
conscience of a



of the sort of cases in which it ought to be resisted, for they are the cases which form the foundation of the sentiment already referred to.

If it be true that the dictates of the consciences of individuals are only evidence, not conclusive, but to be taken for what they are worth of the course which men ought to pursue, it will follow that there are or may be other kinds of evidence upon the same point which are also entitled to attention, and these will strike persons with different degrees of weight. Men, therefore, require a considerable knowledge of the character and more especially of the defects and weaknesses of their own mental constitutions, in order to be able when occasion arises to discharge the task of overruling their consciences judiciously. This temper may and often does exist both in excess and in defect. Our system of public school education constantly produces illustrations of characters of the former class. A boy who is put through the mill of a great public school at an early age has his own infirmities continually pressed upon his notice, and is constantly referred to rules which he is forced to obey in an altogether unreasoning manner. Thus his reliance on his own instincts is constantly shaken, and that so roughly that unless by a sort of revulsion he flies into the other extreme he is hardly ever chargeable with excessive scrupulosity. If, on the other hand, a boy is brought up at home on the strictest principles, if great pains are taken to develop his moral feelings, if they are continually referred to and constantly respected, if he is never thrown amongst his equals and taught by practical experience that many of them are both stronger and wiser than himself, he is almost sure to learn by degrees to idolize his own conscience, and to care infinitely more for its approbation than it deserves.

The same result may be produced by any high pressure system of education. If a lad is brought at an early age under the influence of a mind much more powerful and mature than his own, or within the range of a set of opinions which exercise a strong influence over his mind through his imagination, marvellous effects may be produced on the whole cast of his mind, and on the whole tone of his future life. A set of principles and maxims will be, as it were, printed on his conscience, which will exercise an arbitrary rule over the whole of his subsequent conduct, often in a strange one-sided way, which it is impossible for any one who did not pass through precisely the same experience in early life either to sympathize with, or even to understand. Most of Dr. Arnold's favourite pupils showed, in their after life, a strange twist of this kind. Most of them have been and are eminently highminded and conscientious men; but somehow their conscientiousness is not of the kind which the rest of the world can cordially respect. They are apt to reflect the crotchets of their master. Dr. Arnold's conscience, as far as its quantity went, was the strong point, and, as far as quality went, was the weak point, of his character. It is quite true that no temptation on earth would have induced him to do a dishonourable act; but it is also true that his mind was so constructed that it never seems to have struck him that the value of the evidence of his conscience was in the least degree diminished by the fact that it led him to proscribe the profession of the bar, to which some of his most intimate friends belonged; and to allow his conduct to be influenced by theories about the relations between Church and State, which neither squared with the time and country in which he lived, nor with any other time or country which ever did or could exist.

Mr. Gladstone has a conscience of a somewhat similar kind, and it is most instructive to observe its workings in all his public and literary life. Perhaps it is not unjust to say that his career affords the strongest illustration which could be given of the disadvantages which a man's conscience may sometimes inflict upon him. As a young man, he, like many other able and enthusiastic youths (and he was far the most able of the party), fell under the influence of the High Church party at Oxford. They succeeded in getting hold of his conscience, probably through his imagination, and the consequence is, that the man who ought to have been our greatest statesman is in fact a sort of Jesuit, whose talents are no doubt extraordinary, but who so conducts himself as always to give the impression that his whole soul is under the power of an invisible and most capricious sovereign, who may at any time, and probably will at some time, compel the giant whom it commands to use his strength for the purpose of wreaking its grudges against the established order of things. This sovereign is a conscience wedded to superstitions which English society somewhat roughly overruled, and the whole public life of its subject is a sort of standing protest that, whatever English society may think, its ablest member does cling to these views, which it regards as superstitious; and a continual menace that he will, some day or other, find an opportunity of making it rue its determination to hold them to be so. The feature which makes the High Church Radical formidable is that he is apt to be very conscientious, and that his conscience is almost always very ill-informed.

When fully examined, it will appear that the worship of conscience is no more than one of the innumerable forms which is assumed by the universal longing for an infallible guide. Men seek refuge from inquiry in saying once for all, "I will or I will not do this, because something within me tells me to do or to forbear. I alone can hear that voice, but over my conduct it is and shall be supreme, and so long as I obey it I am safe, especially if it tells me to do something unpleasant." There are a considerable number of persons so constituted, that the deep inward feeling of safety and dependence on an infallible authority, brought out into strong relief by the consciousness of a sacrifice made to the dictates of conscience, is a satisfaction

great enough to overbalance any external suffering. Such persons would do well to learn that the sacrifice which they make is not enough. Conscience is only evidence that a particular thing is right; and what they are bound to do is to act right and not to act conscientiously, and cases very often arise in which the sacrifice really demanded of an honest man is not that of money, nor position, nor reputation, but that of taking the responsibility of overruling his conscience, seriously disturbing his peace of mind, and submitting to what he regards as the intolerable agony of doubt and suspense. If he makes up his mind to it, he will find that, after all, it is not as bad as he thinks.

#### SOME FEATURES OF GERMAN SOCIETY.

THOSE English who remain long enough in Germany to go into society at all, are generally persons who have access, through our missions, to the upper strata of social life in that country. Unfortunately, they are for the most part satisfied with the somewhat superficial acquaintance with the natives which is to be obtained at large parties, and all their really social hours are reserved for their own countrymen. Now, what is called, in some respects with justice, "the best society," is, it must be admitted, by no means the most characteristic. A ball in Belgravia is wonderfully like a ball in the Champs Elysées; and a ball in the Champs Elysées is not so very different from a ball at a well-to-do house in Germany.

Minor differences of course there are. In "Klein-Deutschland," that is, Germany without Austria, to which alone this paper refers, there is unquestionably remarkably little beauty to be seen, even in the best-born and best-bred circles, and there is that preponderance of the military element which we associate in England with the festivities of country towns. There the hours, at least the hours of assembling, are rather earlier, and the waltzing is better. On the whole, however, a ball here is a ball there, and the same holds true of that marvellous form of entertainment which we call an evening party, and which our Teutonic cousins call a *rout*, struggling with the letter *r* in a most remarkable manner.

It is when we leave the great world behind us, and get amongst the *bourgeoisie*, that we begin to find something new and valuable. The sharp lines of distinction have been more or less effaced of late years, but still they are sufficiently clearly drawn to influence all the relations of life. At Weimar, up to 1848, the *bourgeois* sat on one side of the theatre and the *gentilhomme* at the other. That has ceased; but still it would not be advisable to presume too much upon the extent of the fusion.

It must be remembered that whole professions, which in England push numerous outposts into the highest regions of society, belong in Germany exclusively to the *bourgeoisie*. There is nothing there which in the slightest degree corresponds to the bars of London or Paris, with their immense privileges and grand traditions. Again, the administration of justice is carried on by functionaries who, however respectable, are in a quite different position, as well from the *magistrature* of France, as from the judges of the superior courts in this country. This, too, is the case with the clergy through the whole of Protestant Germany. The result of the prejudices prevailing with respect to all these professions is, that for the highest class there is really nothing left except to enter the army, to obtain some of the numerous small offices which exist in connection with all the courts, great or little, or to find a place in certain branches of the Government service. Of these diplomacy is of course the most coveted, but at the same time it is the least accessible to those countless German families who have rank without fortune.

One of the branches of the administration into which persons of the higher ranks sometimes enter is one for which no equivalent exists in England. This is the Forstchinst, or care of the extensive forests on which Germany is to a great extent dependent, not only for its timber, but for its fuel. Before entering this department a long and most elaborate course of special instruction must be followed, in which not only the most approved method of the management of woods is taught, but, amongst other things, also botany, mensuration, and a very minute system of book-keeping.

The public offices in the capitals of each State absorb a certain percentage of the young men of good family; nevertheless, when all deductions are made, it will be found that the great bulk of persons who are in what is technically called "society" have neither sufficient leisure and means to cultivate themselves very highly, nor are the occupations by which they live sufficiently intellectual to give them real occupation for their minds.

To the *bourgeoisie* belongs the whole of the most characteristic, and in many respects the most important section of German society, we mean the professionally learned class. The *Gelchrten* are settled for the most part in the university towns, but many of them are scattered about in other places. Much is said in this country about their extreme unfitness for politics and their want of common sense. People who know very little of the difficulties by which almost every liberal minister in Germany is hampered persist in seeing nothing but incapacity for affairs in the abortive efforts of such men when they have been from time to time placed in a position of acting directly on the destinies of their country. The real causes of their failure lie far deeper, and although it would be easy enough for any one who was well acquainted with the leading personages of this order in Germany to point to some who were utterly unfitted to form a sound judgment on the ordinary concerns of life, it is quite otherwise with the great majority of its members. Undoubtedly, it is not at all unusual to find rather remarkable ignorance of matters



which lie out of the track of their studies and interests. We were asked, for example, not long ago, by one of the most eminent of living German divines, whether the Highlanders of the Rob Roy time were not much like the Mecklenburghers now; but it has not often been our lot to find German professors who were willing to talk about politics at all who did not express themselves with great good sense and full knowledge. When the celebrated David Strauss was a candidate for the honour of a seat in the Wirtemberg Chamber, many worthy but timid people were excessively alarmed, and moved heaven and earth against him. This man, said they, whose opinions on religion are so destructive, will be satisfied with nothing but the overthrow of civil society if he be once permitted to take part in politics. The expected lion turned out, however, a lamb of most constitutional principles, and those who opposed him soon cried "*peccavimus*."

The artists are too numerous a body to be left without some allusion. In Munich, for example, they number some eight hundred, and in most of the capitals, they are largely represented. In general they stand aloof from politics, and live very much amongst themselves. At Munich they are celebrated for the beauty of the fêtes, which they arrange after the fashion of their brethren in Rome. Their second most important colony is Dresden, for in Berlin they are lost in the stirring life of a real capital. An attempt has recently been made by the Grand Duke of Weimar to form a school of art in his little territory, but the want of an important gallery will probably prove fatal to the success of this experiment. On the whole, we may say that it will be well for German art if it is now left to stand on its own merits, and is no longer exceptionally petted by princes. Great men like Schnorr or Cornelius or Rauch will appear not less often, and a great deal of unprofitable imitation may as well be let alone.

Of late years the mercantile and manufacturing importance of Germany has been steadily increasing, and the merchants and manufacturers form now a very influential section of the middle class. It will be well for German politics when more men of the type of Schultze-Deitrich find their way into high places. It is strange how in Radowitz's "*Gespräche ans die Gegenwart*," the manufacturer, Crusins, talks, in spite of the obvious intention of the author, so very much better sense than any of the other interlocutors.

The *Beamter*, or official, is another figure which essentially belongs to the middle class, although the highest grades of the hierarchy to which he belongs stand very near the throne. This order is one of the real misfortunes of Germany, as it is of France. To weaken its power and to subordinate its influence to parliamentary action is one of the most important duties of liberal German statesmen.

If now we take all these sections of the *bourgeoisie* together, and compare them with people of similar rank in England, we shall find many differences.

The comparative poverty of Germany influences in a hundred ways the lives and characters of its middle class. Despite the large place which art fills in German literature, the whole apparatus, so to speak, of existence, is incomparably less graceful than in England. The furniture is without beauty, either in the form or the material. Dress is but little regarded; ornaments are few; rooms are small, and ill arranged.

The broad line of demarcation which is drawn between the "*vornehme welt*" and ordinary mortals gives to the manners of these last a greater homeliness than is to be found amongst their equals in this country, so that men who in every respect have the education, sentiments, and all the real characteristics of gentlemen, want that exterior polish, or retain a certain grotesqueness of manner and appearance, oftener than could reasonably be expected.

There is a want likewise of that superficial, but extensive knowledge of the state of the world which Englishmen insensibly acquire by belonging to an empire which has interests to protect in all the ends of the earth, and by the continual education which our incomparably better conducted press supplies us with.

The women are less cultivated than their sisters of the upper middle class in England, but, at the same time, much less apt to occupy their time with the superstitious twaddle which forms the staple reading of the wives and daughters of the English trader.

In some parts of Germany the *bourgeois* is far less domestic than he is in England. At Munich, for example, he spends his evening, nearly always, smoking and drinking beer at some favourite haunt. This detestable custom does not prevail in Prussia nor in the North generally.

The relations of the middle class to the Church throughout Protestant Germany are totally different from what we see amongst ourselves. Making allowance for many exceptions, this enormously powerful section of society, to which at least the near future of Germany belongs, is either indifferent or hostile to all authority in religious matters. When people speak of what one school of theologians calls the "*recent revival*," and their opponents call the "*recent re-action*" in Germany, they must be understood to refer to a "*re-action*" or "*revival*" respectively amongst the clergy and a section of the higher class. There has been no approach either to "*revival*" or "*re-action*" amongst the *bourgeoisie*. Its general attitude is that of indifference, except when there is a mixture of political interest in any religious question. In such cases the middle class shows itself so quickly decided that prudent statesmen do not like to face it. It was in deference to an opposition of this kind that the Saxon Government, at the height of the political re-action, changed its plan of summoning to Dresden the Lutheran High Churchman Kliefath, and brought in his stead Dr. Liebner, who, although by no means a

*persona grata* to the middle class, was at least a gentle and amiable man, who was sure not to do anything dangerous. It would lead us too far away from our subject to enter further into this interesting question, but we have, perhaps, said enough to give a hint useful to persons who write about German theology, without keeping in mind the circumstances of Germany.

It is from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, indeed, that have arisen the "*Innere Mission*," and other similar movements, of which the most curious is the "*Brotherhood of the Rauhe Haus*," a sort of Recondite Order of Jesus, which has of late been exciting some interest and more indignation in Prussia; but the whole importance of such enterprises lies in the powerful support which is given to them by influential persons amongst the high officials. They have, except in so far as their objects are simply charitable, little assistance to look for from the middle classes. Politically, this class is essentially constitutional. With us politics have, in the absence of great wrongs to amend, or great decisions to take, become very much an affair of local intrigue and management. In Germany there are still wrongs and injustices enough to sweep away, and great decisions to take, involving the national happiness. Politics are, therefore, in the German middle class much more a matter of principle. There was a time when it appeared that French ideas had spread rather widely through its ranks, but all fears on this head may be laid at rest. The wants and aspirations of Germany are not those of France, and the discussions of the much-abused Frankfort Parliament put this in a sufficiently clear light.

#### THE DEFENCES OF PORTSMOUTH.

It has been said by a great authority that "*preventive measures are always obnoxious, for when most successful their necessity is the least apparent*;" and the truth of this maxim was never better illustrated than in the case of the national defences. It is easy to predict that the soil of England will never be desecrated by the foot of an invader, and it is still easier, after every precaution has been taken to prevent such a catastrophe, to point to the fact that no attempt at invasion is made, in proof of the truth of the prediction. But sensible men will naturally consider the danger to which the country is exposed by neglecting to take measures for its protection; the feasibility of making a hostile descent; the chances of succeeding in such an enterprise; and the nature of the plan proposed to avert so serious a calamity.

It may be assumed that, in these days of steam men-of-war and steam transports, it is impossible to prevent an enemy landing upon these shores. In making this assumption it is, no doubt, implied that the British fleet in the Channel is less powerful than that of the enemy, or has suffered a temporary defeat, or has been misled for a few days. But these are contingencies which require to be met; nor should the dignity and the safety of the heart of this great nation be allowed to hang on probabilities. In estimating, moreover, the amount of danger to which England is now exposed, it should be observed, as was pointed out originally by Sir James Shaw Kennedy, that under present circumstances an effective blockade is almost impossible,—and the exploits of the *Sumter* and the *Nashville* prove the sagacity of the prediction. In the old sailing days the same tempest which dispersed the blockading squadron prevented the blockaded ships from putting to sea, whilst in these days of steam it is practically impossible, from the want of coal, to keep steamers in constant readiness to pursue an enemy who leaves a blockaded or a neutral port. The necessary result of this condition of things is that, in case of war, it would not only be more difficult to keep an effectual watch over the enemy in his own harbours, but it would be almost impossible to protect ordinary merchantmen and transports from the depredations of hostile cruisers.

It is clear, therefore, that any future contest between Great Britain and any continental power, but especially France, must be carried on under very novel conditions. Hitherto an invasion of this country has been regarded as practically impossible. Now the possibility of such an attempt is not only admitted, but active measures are in progress to render the success of any such attempt practically hopeless. The object of these measures is not to prevent the hostile landing of a few hundred or even a few thousand armed men. Such a thing must always be possible. But as it would at once be crushed, and might entail severe retaliation, it is not to be supposed that any wise Government will sanction an enterprise so fruitlessly barbarous. But it is possible that some ambitious ruler might entertain the design of striking a great blow at this country, which, although it might not lay her prostrate for ever, would permanently lower her in the scale of nations. If any such design were entertained, it could only be carried into effect by destroying the British fleet, and the docks and arsenals from which that fleet, if disabled, must be recruited; and it is tolerably clear that this could only be effected by landing a great army to assail Portsmouth, Plymouth, or the other dockyards, and then to march upon London. It would be an exaggeration to say that the National Defence Commissioners and Lord Palmerston's Government were the first who seriously contemplated this danger. The old lines which still surround portions of the dockyards bear witness to the anxiety of former Ministers on this subject. But the changes in mechanical science, to which allusion has been made, the improved artillery, and the enormously increased size and value of modern naval establishments, have rendered a reconstruction of the national defences inevitable. At present we confine ourselves to Portsmouth.

Portsmouth  
Wight.  
and by I  
stands t  
still west  
yard a  
between  
observe t  
been cons  
only "fr  
war and  
central po  
the reach  
The pla  
by the Na  
diameter c  
was comp  
for the in  
defences a  
the naval c  
desultory a  
consists of  
there are f  
what are c  
connects P  
the island i  
to the west  
were desig  
Solent. Th  
circle betw  
Solent on t  
rampart alo  
pleted; and  
design into  
forts to the  
ever, it is al  
and that tho  
instability.  
newly-built  
whole struct  
War Ministe  
But the in  
works useless  
commissioner  
an area, and  
dockyard, car  
tance of 8,00  
line or circle  
fishments in  
struction of  
between Port  
command the  
position from  
silencing two  
the sea, have  
throwing up  
cylinders like  
Turning to  
are to be stren  
east no more  
is amply defe  
ridge of Ports  
to Crookhorn  
According to  
Langston Har  
Nelson's Mon  
and the forts  
will be absolu  
damage to th  
yet nothing h  
extensive exc  
It is presumed  
will have bee  
not completed  
obstacle to an

THE LA  
Most nove  
Disraeli intro  
excellence of  
"bored" with  
have been, we



Portsmouth harbour lies directly north of the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. The harbour is formed by the main land on the west and north and by Portsea island on the east. On the western side of this island stands the town of Portsmouth and the dockyard. Gosport, which stands still westward on the opposite side of the water, contains the victualling-yard and other naval establishments. The roadstead of Spithead lies between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the security of the capacious anchorage of Spithead has always been considered a matter of the first importance, and that the dockyard, not only "from its capability for building, repairing, and refitting ships of war and the vast amount of stores accumulated there, but also from its central position on the south coast," ought to be placed, if possible, beyond the reach of attack.

The plan which is now in course of execution is that which was recommended by the National Defence Commissioners. It consists of three circles—the diameter of the largest being about nine miles. The innermost line which was completed at the end of the last century was simply constructed for the immediate protection of the dockyard and town. Though these defences are now useless for the purpose of preventing a bombardment of the naval establishment, they might prevent any serious consequences from a desultory attack, and are therefore to be retained. The second circle of defence consists of certain detached forts. Along the south coast of Portsea island, there are four of such forts. The northern coast of that island is defended by what are called the Hilsea lines, constructed along the Hilsea Channel, which connects Portsmouth harbour with Langston harbour. The eastern side of the island is protected by the shoal water of that harbour. Some two miles to the westward of Gosport and Portsmouth a series of five detached forts were designed to connect the waters of Portsmouth harbour with the Solent. This closed the approach from the west; whilst that part of the circle between the point where the line of these forts touched the Solent on the west to Gosport on the east was to be defended by a ditch and rampart along Stokes Bay. This second circle of defence is still to be completed; and since Parliament granted money for the purpose of carrying the design into execution the works have been actively prosecuted, and the five forts to the westward are to be finished by August. In the meantime, however, it is alleged that serious difficulties have occurred in their construction, and that those which have already been finished show alarming symptoms of instability. According to these accounts great rents are visible in the newly-built walls, and it is said that a salvo of artillery would bring the whole structure to the earth. This is a matter upon which it behoves the War Minister to furnish adequate information to the country.

But the improvements in artillery have rendered even those extensive works useless for the purpose of protecting the dockyard and anchorage. The commissioners satisfied themselves that "a mass of buildings occupying such an area, and containing such combustible materials as abound in Portsmouth dockyard, can be set on fire and almost destroyed by rifled ordnance at a distance of 8,000 yards." They therefore came to the conclusion that a third line or circle of defence was necessary, in order to place the naval establishments in perfect security. With this object they recommended the construction of three forts, placed in a triangle, besides two others in the sea between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight,—the object being effectually to command the anchorage, and to prevent an enemy's fleet from occupying any position from whence a bombardment could be attempted without previously silencing two or more of the principal works. These forts, thus planted in the sea, have already been commenced. The foundations are to be formed by throwing upon certain shoals masses of concrete, strengthened by cast-iron cylinders like those used in constructing new Hungerford bridge.

Turning to the land defences of this third circle, the five forts west of Gosport are to be strengthened by three others two miles nearer Southampton. On the east no more defences will be required, because Portsea Island in that quarter is amply defended by the water of Langston Harbour. But on the north, the ridge of Portsdown, which extends for seven miles, from Nelson's Monument to Crookhorn, near Havant, eastward, is to be occupied by six detached forts. According to the original design, the eastern end was to be connected with Langston Harbour by a line of ditch and ramparts, and the western end, from Nelson's Monument, was to be connected in the same way. If this be done, and the forts are properly armed and garrisoned by militia or volunteers, it will be absolutely impossible for any enemy, however powerful, to do any damage to the dockyard, which lies some miles below, to the south. As yet nothing has been done towards the construction of the six forts; but extensive excavations have been made, and the materials have been collected. It is presumed, however, that before the summer closes considerable advances will have been made, so that within the year, although the whole design is not completed, the defences of Portsmouth will present a very formidable obstacle to any invading force.

#### THE LADIES' MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

Most novel readers are familiar with a very amusing scene, in which Mr. Disraeli introduces a young gentleman so extremely *blasé* that the very excellence of his comforts had become a source of weariness, and that, fairly "bored" with first-rate wine, he began to long impatiently for bad. It must have been, we should imagine, in a somewhat similar frame of mind that a

number of fine ladies, towards the close of last season, fatigued no doubt by such common-place pleasures as an admirable Queen and a free Government could afford them, indulged themselves in a little sentimental politeness towards a lady who has the misfortune to represent the cause of one of the most detestable of modern despotisms. The kingdom of Naples had been for many years the opprobrium of Europe; evidence of the most convincing kind had driven all but the most infatuated sceptics to the belief that the terrible picture of perfidy, cruelty, and corruption with which Mr. Gladstone had years before startled and horrified his countrymen, had not done more than justice to the shocking realities of the case. The decease of a sovereign, hopelessly committed to the basest and most corrupting system of kingcraft, had seemed to let in a gleam of light upon the dreary scene, and raised all the hope of improvement which the youth of his successor, untried as yet in state affairs, seemed not unreasonably to justify. Everybody remembers how miserably these hopes were disappointed; King Francis II. seemed blinded from the very first moment of his reign by the madness which the proverb tells us is but the earliest symptom of Divine displeasure. The promptings of a nature still in tender youth and hardly yet familiarized with the cruel mysteries of oppression, the crying examples of his father's reign, the solemn warnings and expostulations of friendly courts—all sounded vainly in ears preoccupied by the whispers of a court clique, and the specious encouragement of Jesuit advisers. The young sovereign, or those who guided him a helpless puppet in their hands, determined that there should be no change of policy, and no remission of grievances which every class of Neapolitan society was beginning to acknowledge as intolerable. The expostulations of our Government were repulsed with an insulting rudeness, which not even the good nature of unquestioned superiority could condone; the expectations of the too sanguine prophets of a new and happier *régime* were dashed to the ground, and the nation, vexed and tantalized by the brief interval of hopefulness, bent once in sullen submission beneath a yoke which now galled it worse than ever. Then came the end, which, happily for mankind, is reserved sooner or later for a guilty throne. The Garibaldian revolution, if it proved nothing else, showed beyond a doubt that no section of citizens, from the aristocrats to the lazzaroni, thought the old *régime* worth a moment's exertion or a drop of blood. An army melted disgracefully away before a handful of ill-equipped volunteers, and it was only behind the battlements of Capua that professional military sentiment burnt strongly enough to allow the fugitive monarch to attempt the faintest resistance. With difficulty and confusion, as was likely to be the case, the various elements of an Italian nation struggled towards each other, and formed themselves, under the guiding genius of a great statesman, into a compact and solid whole. Meanwhile the young king had fallen back upon the confines of his kingdom, and was defending the few rocks and walls which he could still call his own with an obstinate resolution which presented at any rate an agreeable contrast to the effortless submission which marked the earlier portion of the campaign. Driven at last from this, he sought refuge at a court which had the best of all reasons for welcoming a fugitive, and the Holy Father was no doubt happy to repay the hospitality which he had himself experienced within the walls of Gaeta. Since then both sovereigns have busied themselves with unremitting efforts to embarrass the newly-formed Government, to fan into a blaze the slumbering embers of a reactionary spirit, and without a scruple to sacrifice brave or reckless lives towards the attainment of an object which becomes day by day most palpably impossible. Despite all that King Francis and his patron can effect, the cause of constitutional government,—of order, freedom, justice, and enlightenment,—is steadily making way, and Italy may already be considered to have earned her place among the free nations of the world.

That any class of Englishmen should regard such a process with dislike implies a strange oblivion of all that is most honourably characteristic in their own national history; there is something infinitely petty in grudging to other nations the attainment of the constitutional advantages on which we most pride ourselves by the very means of which we ourselves set the example. It is but jealousy of our imitators which would lead us,—

"To view them with distrustful eyes,  
And hate for arts which taught ourselves to rise;"

and it is a foolish affectation, on the part of men who owe their national greatness to a successful revolution, to be ostentatiously ready with lamentations over a throne, which fell, if ever throne did, amid the execrations of its subjects and the contempt of every free government. A section of politicians, however, enlivened the tranquillity of last session by declarations of sympathy and regret for the thrones which have been emptied to make way for a sounder and more liberal power; and the sentiment, which shrank abashed before the invective of Mr. Gladstone and the general displeasure of Parliament, found probably a more congenial expression in the Memorial, to which we have already alluded. A "turret-shaped tiara" was presented to the ex-Queen, commemorative of "her heroic virtues during the siege of Gaeta;" and the names of a great many distinguished ladies are affixed, as participators in the offering. It would be needless and impertinent to suggest a doubt as to the personal merits of the royal lady who is the object of so much fashionable compassion. She is, no doubt, extremely high-spirited, more than ordinarily handsome, and perfectly innocent of the public delinquencies which cost her husband his throne. Sympathy would be perhaps easier if her misfortune had been endured in a more dignified retirement; and a state martyr, who has required more than one admonition



from her venerable host as to the eccentricities of her demeanour, cannot one would think, be entirely overpowered by the melancholy reflections to which her situation must naturally give rise. Nor again, are we at all more disposed to admire the martial achievements of this Southern Boadicea because they were performed in a cuirassier's cloak, and because a portrait of the fair warrior, booted and spurred, and ready for the field, reminds her admirers, from every shop window in Rome, that if the ancient queens of Spain had no ankles, no corresponding deprivation has befallen the rulers of modern Italy. But a casual indiscretion, or a caprice of dress, is certainly quite insufficient to make us feel anything but respectful sympathy for a young, beautiful, and courageous woman, precipitated, almost before she had tasted the pleasures of royalty, from a throne which offered so much splendour and such varied enjoyments. Such reverses of fortune at once arrest the attention and enlist a sentimental interest on behalf of their victim. No one could refuse pity; on the other hand, no one, as it seems to us, could fail, in the present instance, after a little thought, to question the advisability of a pity so unguardedly expressed and open to such grave misconstruction. The ladies whose zeal for fallen greatness prompted the present testimonial, may be sure that they are not alone in their honourable sentiments of commiseration. Other hearts besides theirs were, doubtless, touched by so great and undeserved a calamity. But there are other and graver considerations than even the sorrows of an uncrowned queen; and these, we think, ought to have precluded a gift which, however grateful, was sure to be misinterpreted, and which was likely, therefore, to do only harm alike to givers and receiver. The representatives of English aristocracy should remember the importance attached to their proceedings, and the hasty arguments which continental eagerness frames from their words. A week or two ago we had a forcible instance, in Count Cavour's letters, of the sort of expectation for which the casual expressions of English noblemen may be, with a too willing listener, a sufficient basis. What must not be thought by both parties to the struggle which still keeps the peninsula from definite consolidation, of such a gift coming from such a quarter? Will it not be considered as implying that the sympathies of England are at any rate divided, and that a dignified party in the state deplores the growth of the Italian constitution? Must it not strengthen the hands of those determined retrogradists, who already see everything in the distorting light of their own prejudices and desires? Must it not discourage those who with feeble hands, but with a genuine honesty and devotion, are endeavouring to build up the noble fabric which Cavour left incomplete? Must it not seem to half invalidate the sanction which England, through her foreign minister, was the first among European nations to accord to the new-born liberties of Italy? It is the fashion in foreign courts, we know, to exhibit an interesting tenderness for decrepit institutions and rotten thrones. The ladies of the Tuileries but follow their imperial mistress when they deplore the results of their master's diplomacy and the triumphs of his arms. Is it well for Englishwomen, bearing, many of them, names first illustrious in the annals of revolution, to catch up so maudlin a sentiment, and to wear it, like any other piece of Parisian finery, in defiance of every consideration of time, place, and circumstance? England is great, and English noblemen are powerful, because, from a very early period of her history, those very excesses have been struggled against, and those wrongs resisted, which, after flourishing with so unhealthy a growth, brought the kingdom of Naples at last to a deserved catastrophe. Reasonable freedom, an open career, unsuspected tribunals, and a ready removal of popular grievances, have preserved us from the convulsions which have shattered other communities, and have raised our nation to its present eminence. It is to these and to these alone that Englishmen must appeal, and on which they can with any show of consistency, ground a claim to the regard and admiration of other countries. Catholics may refuse to think of anything but an endangered Church; and a powerless and irritated noblesse may feel a melancholy satisfaction in maintaining once more the sacred cause of legitimacy; but Englishmen are false to their creed if sympathy for an individual, or the romance which surrounds a fallen dynasty suffice to turn their eyes from the great purposes of public good, justice, and humanity, which are the real ends of every reasonable government; and Englishwomen would do well to turn the ready stream of their compassion towards some worthier object than a ruined absolutism, and to refrain from exhibitions which, however innocently intended, may discourage those who are most in need of strength, and foster hopes which, for the peace of Europe, should be extinguished as speedily as possible.

#### SPIRIT RAPPING.

ABOUT every twenty years some new and startling delusion victimizes the credulous part of society, and, after a brief reign, during which a great deal of foolishly expended money is drawn from the pockets of the faithful, and our private lunatic asylums receive many additional patients, the juggler is exposed, and people wonder how they could have been so easily cheated and baffled;—also only to be cheated and baffled to a greater extent the very next time.

Such instances of delusion have existed from patriarchal times, and, under various guises, up to the present hour. Witches and magicians, alchemists, astrologers, Rosicrucians, and miracle-mongers, have been the ready agents of craft and supernatural deception on the vulgar. Perhaps it is necessary to humanity to have some means of disposing of the redundant force of

imagination and love of the marvellous! However, the trade in the forbidden arts has always been found a "well-paying concern," and so probably will remain *ad infinitum*. All, therefore, that we can do whenever a new Lilly, or Cagliostro, or Hume arises, is to endeavour to bring about an *exposé* of the facile manner by which these gentry humbug high and low; terrifying duchesses into presents of diamond rings, and old women, of the middle classes, into ridiculously wasting their own or husband's substance on such maudlin imposture as they exhibit.

One would have thought that with Mesmer and Alexis, the pseudo-science of spiritualism would have fled from these inhospitable shores; but it seems that either the bad and superficial education, which is supposed to render a young lady fit to enter upon the duties of life, has enabled the followers of this modern magic to get the ear of the public through our countrywomen, or else that the Anglo-Saxon mind is of so decrepit and easily-befooled a nature as has rendered this country a haven to Yankee tricksters, who trade on the weaknesses and follies of humanity. Be it how it may, the mania for *séances* with spirit mediums has passed like a disease from America to England, and it has become fashionable to attend *séances*. What Montaigne wrote 300 years ago, is accordingly less true than could be wished: "Although there yet remain among us some practices of divination from the stars or grim spirits, yet are they of much less authority than heretofore."

It is, unfortunately, now a matter of common notoriety that certain noble peers and philosophical members of Parliament, more than one eminent mathematician, and a very celebrated metaphysician, are almost slaves of these atrocious deceptions. What the natural consequence of this imposture is we will leave the medical faculty to explain: suffice it to say that in America it is an undeniable fact that madness and hypochondria have awfully increased within the last six years. Few people in this country have any idea how infected American society is with spirit-rappers, spirit-mediums, spirit-orators, spirit-newspapers, and spirit-humbugs generally.

Persons collecting statistics will perhaps be surprised to learn that there are three newspapers, with large circulation, in the States professing to be the "only accredited organs" of the immaterial world of restless literary ghosts; that in 1856, delegates from the already well-organized body of these spiritualists stated to Mr. Buchanan, in the presence of an Englishman, that they numbered already 2,000,000 members; and that throughout the States, but particularly in New York, some of the best and cleverest men are infatuated believers in incorporeal presences and visitations. Amongst them his friends will be grieved to hear mentioned the name of the able and amiable Judge Edmonds. If *fashion*, if prevailing superstition, if the idle mental habits of the upper ranks of English men and women are tending to drift us all into the same miserable immoral hallucination that overrides the common sense of American society, it becomes a general duty on the part of those who have been so fortunate as to have retained their senses at any spiritualistic exhibition, at least to guard others against the unutterable folly and recklessness of assertion which finds its way into print, wherever an account of a *séance* is given. First let us protest against the friends of any afflicted person allowing him to publish such narratives as disgraced the admirable Cornhill about September, 1860; or, at least, if the author did at the time in question enjoy sound bodily health, *sans* indigestion or corporation dinners, let him understand that superfluity of literary garnishment hardly becomes what professes to be an unvarnished tale.

A magician, the most potent in his baneful art, say Americans, has recently arrived from the United States, and will be happy, for a consideration, to summon up all "dear departed" with whom inquisitive survivors wish to renew their acquaintance. This gentleman asks the persons attending a *séance* to write the names of intimate deceased friends on slips of paper, which are folded up and then thrown into the centre of the table, and lastly, swept by the medium himself into a heap. Spirits then present themselves to the keen vision of the medium, and the usual dialogues take place, viz.: "Will you speak to this gentleman (or lady, as the case may be)?" "Are you male or female?" "What is your name?" &c., &c.—the simplest possible general queries. All at once a refractory spirit insists upon writing its name on the medium's arm, and after a great deal of puffing, and grasping of that arm, the sleeve of the medium being rolled up reveals the ghostly name Jones, or whatever it may be. This is the *feature* of the entertainment, and is remarkably well done. Then a nervous old lady is rapped for by most energetic friends in the nether world—it is unnecessary to say spirits of human subjects *only* are intended here—and a puerile conversation is called on, which usually ends by the medium remarking that he sees the spirit's hand descending on the lady's left shoulder. The frightened woman, of course, fancies she feels it also—her conversion to spirit-rapping is a *fait accompli*.

Now, there is nothing here of a kind which a clever conjurer cannot perform, and people who know how easily the eyes and mind are deluded are aware of the fact. Did any one ever see Ramoo Samee throw up that magic ball of his into the air? You are positive you saw it ascend, but it never comes down again, and has vanished somehow or other. The fact is, it never leaves the Hindoo's hand. With equal ingenuity the medium, as he sweeps the folded slips of paper into the centre of the table, finds it perfectly easy—in thimble-rig fashion—to take up two or three pieces unseen by the company. If the company is small, of course he does not take up more than one, and drops a false slip in its place. Thus some of the names of our dear

friends a sharp sig have bec the won hocus-po means of alphabet momenta pass over close upo will soon the arm, t a name o waiting o of our sea main, and on such o It may Hume? Cornhill a a man in a siastic ind They had tation that corner; th stands on l ceiling. " by a simple proper app exit throug course, ima while prob spiritual ac

THE almo day wants, the genera the subject its details, and working are acquaint the applicat special bran the mode of galvanic elec practice whic It is to A instrument r been behind which charac Before the times at whic ment, or othe the longitude to Professor and Baltimo previously rat at each place, each station; determined to were made th amount of err observers. It order to insur A different n of a solar and clock one sec coincident on been transmi difference of one place con to do so for se notes the time clock. When first station to server at the between the sufficient num The comparis mined, is con part of a seco been determin



friends are learnt. Next, while the names were being written, long practice, sharp sight, and a little manoeuvring, enable him to read what other persons have been writing. Involuntary exclamations, whispers between neighbours, the wonderfully sensitive expressiveness of some countenances, and the hocus-pocus of language, aid the medium further. Then the spelling by means of the alphabet. All persons must be conscious, as they go over the alphabet, that they unsuspectingly, and almost to themselves unknowingly, momentarily halt at the letter on which their minds are fixed, and that they pass over the early part of the alphabet more quickly than that part which is close upon such letter. Anybody who tries to perform this part of the trick will soon see how skilful a little practice will make him. As for the letters on the arm, they are very easily produced by rubbing the skin, and then scratching a name or word thereon, either with a sharp nail or a jewel in a ring. After waiting one minute, the name distinctly appears in red letters. The wonders of our *stance* seemed, therefore, to be very easily resolved into mere legerdemain, and any conjuror will tell you the same of the spiritualistic feats usual on such occasions.

It may be retorted, how do you account for the *aërostatic* voyage of Mr. Hume? It is easy to reply,—reject the scenic verbiage that clothes the *Cornhill* account, and the matter is intelligible on simple grounds. Here is a man in a dim corner of a darkened room filled with a company of enthusiastic individuals, in a painful state of excitement and cerebral irritation. They had been told Mr. Hume would ascend, and were in momentary expectation that up he would go. All at once a figure is seen to move in Mr. Hume's corner; the fact is, Mr. Hume gets up slowly and gradually, and craftily stands on his chair, and, raising his hand, with a long pencil scribbles on the ceiling. "See," says he, "I ascend; be perfectly still." He then, probably by a simple chemical arrangement, discharges a dense column of smoke from proper apparatus, which, after a certain amount of floating about, makes its exit through the window, which has been opened beforehand. His dupes, of course, imagine the column, while it remains distinct, to be Mr. Hume, while probably that mysterious personage is at the time arranging the spiritual accordion under the table.

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AND ASTRONOMY.

The almost universal application of electricity to the convenience of everyday wants, under the form of the electric telegraph, has so brought before the general public the leading phenomena on which its value depends, that the subject has become familiar to the most unobservant mind in many of its details. Although the methods which are employed in the construction and working of the ordinary telegraph are tolerably well known, but few are acquainted with some of the nicer requirements of science satisfied by the application of the electric current. Electricity has supplied to some special branches of science new features, and has, to a great degree, modified the mode of investigating others. Astronomy is peculiarly indebted to galvanic electricity for giving to it a degree of precision and ease in its practice which without that aid could never have been attained.

It is to America that we owe the introduction of electricity into the instrument rooms of an astronomical observatory, a country which has never been behindhand in furnishing evidences of the ability and practical energy which characterize her men of science.

Before the electric telegraph was made the means of registering the times at which a star was observed to cross the wires of the transit instrument, or other astronomical events, it was made available for determining the longitude between far distant places. The suggestion of such use is due to Professor Morse, and was first tried in America, between Washington and Baltimore. The mode of working is briefly this: two chronometers previously rated in the usual manner were brought to the telegraph station at each place, and then compared together by a series of signals sent from each station; thus the difference of time between the two places would be determined to a considerable degree of accuracy; but since the comparisons were made through the medium of the eye and ear, there was always a small amount of error on that account, and this varies in amount with different observers. It became apparent that another method must be adopted in order to insure the degree of precision demanded by this class of observations. A different method was employed depending upon the coincidence in beat of a solar and sidereal clock. Now as a sidereal clock gains upon a solar clock one second in six minutes, it will follow that the beats will be coincident once in six minutes. When everything is ready and signals have been transmitted between the two stations, for the purpose of finding the difference of the local time to a fraction of a second, the observer at the one place commences sending signals at each beat of his clock, continuing to do so for some ten or fifteen minutes. The observer at the other station notes the time at which he receives a signal coincident with the beat of his clock. When several coincidences have been noted by him he signals the first station to stop, and goes through the same operation himself, the observer at the first station noting in the same way the times of coincidence between the signals and the beats of his clock. This is repeated until a sufficient number of observations have been made to insure great accuracy. The comparison of the difference of the times between two places so determined, is considered absolutely correct to something like the five-hundredth part of a second of time. The longitudes of many places in America have been determined in this manner, since its first application for the purpose

in 1845; but this system has not been to any extent employed in England. From its first adaptation to astronomy to the present time, it has necessarily undergone many modifications and improvements, although the principle has remained precisely the same as in the first experiments of 1844-45.

So infinitely short is the time occupied in the propagation of the electric current through the wires, that for a distance of between three and four hundred miles the time is not appreciable, and clocks placed at such a distance can be compared with as much accuracy as if they were in the same room. Experiments have since demonstrated the speed of the electric current as about 16,000 miles in one second.

The next step in astronomical telegraphy was made by Professor Bond at Cambridge and Professor Loomis at New York. Two transit instruments, one at Cambridge and the other at New York, were connected by wires, having at each end a contact key for making the signals. A list of stars, previously agreed upon by both observers, is drawn up. The observer at the commencing station then directs his instrument to the first star on the list, and at the instant that the star appears to be bisected by the first wire in his eyepiece, sends a signal to the other station by pressing his key, noting the time by his chronometer; the second observer, hearing the click of his magnet, notes the time also by his clock. The same operation is repeated over all the wires of the transit instrument. The next star on the list is then taken, still by the first observer, and treated in the same manner. By this time the star first observed is approaching the meridian of the *second* station, whereupon the observer at that station directs his telescope upon it, and as it passes over the wires in his instrument makes contacts with his key, while the *first* observer records the time he hears the click of the magnet. The second and following stars are treated similarly. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the first station is the one farthest east. These experiments are then repeated with as many pairs of stars as shall seem desirable. Thus a comparison of the time between the passing of a star over the one meridian and the other is obtained, independently of the tabular places. This system of finding the difference of longitude by telegraphing the transit of the same star over both meridians was used to a very great extent up to the year 1848, when improvements in the method were completed. Wherever the human hand, eye, or ear are engaged in experiments of such great nicety they are always found to be more or less unfit for the task; we can never completely rely upon them, ever liable as they are to change and fluctuations.

In the course of a single night's work, even, the eye does not see after an hour's work as it did when fresh to it; the ear and hand are liable to change also; the variations in the weather, and the consequent change in the health of the body, will all combine to render the human frame unable to perform work of this kind with the precision of machinery. It soon became evident that it would be very desirable to arrange so that the clock should transmit its own signals. Professor Steinheil, of Munich, was the first to contrive a clock which should keep exactly the same time with any number of clocks by the application of electricity; but although his process of regulating them was sufficiently exact for all ordinary purposes, it was not sufficiently so for the requirements of science. Professor Wheatstone, in 1840, invented the electro-magnetic clock; Mr. Baine, in the same year, invented another arrangement, by which he proposed to work a number of other clocks placed in sympathy with the motive, or primary clock. From time to time, even up to the present date, something new has been continually taking the place of former inventions to render the method of making the clock break and close the galvanic circuit more perfectly. It is unnecessary that we should describe all these various contrivances. One of the cautions to be observed is to have such an arrangement as will not interfere with the clock's rate,—a very delicate and difficult condition to carry out satisfactorily. In 1848 Dr. Locke made an important step in the matter by inventing a clock which broke the circuit every second, by means of a wheel furnished with sixty teeth acting upon a tilt-hammer, each tooth of the wheel alternately disturbing the hammer, and so breaking the circuit. One of these clocks was put up in the Washington Observatory, in 1850, for use. Professor Mitchell also invented a different modification for the same purpose.

Professor Bond completed in 1850 a somewhat different form; in his clock, wires from the two poles of the battery are connected with the axis of the escapement wheel and the steel pallets. Now, each time that either pallet comes in contact with an escapement tooth the circuit is closed, and when the contact is broken, which it is at each oscillation of the pendulum, the circuit is then opened. Such, then, are some of the arrangements which have been adopted to make the clock record its own time by galvanic signals, and they will be sufficient to give some idea of the principal methods employed.

The difference of longitude between the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and the principal continental observatories, has now been determined by the use of the telegraph, and as one instance of the value of this method, we might adduce that of Greenwich and Paris, the previous determinations of which, for nearly thirty years, had caused a difference to be assumed greater than it really was by a whole second of time. The difference of longitude, as determined by the galvanic method, between the meridian of Greenwich and that of Paris, is 9m. 20.51s. Before this result was obtained, every appliance of science had been employed to find the difference. In 1790, again in 1821, in 1825, and in 1838, experiments had been made by the leading astronomers of the day; yet it remained for this application of electricity to prove in 1854 that those results all differed from the truth, and that by so large an amount.



## MEN OF MARK.—No. XXX.

## THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

THE Session of 1862 promises, with one exception, to be a quiet Session. The Ministers have all settled down to their work, like a team of crack horses half-way through an up-hill stage. Sir George Lewis is already at home at the War-office; and has not only mastered the theory of projectiles, the relative claims of Armstrongs and Whitworths, the administrative organization of the army, and the measures necessary for putting Canada into a proper state of defence, but has also found time during the recess to put the finishing touches to a philosophical work on the Astronomy of the Ancients. Sir G. Grey had nothing new to learn at the Home Office, and will give no one an opportunity of impeaching his administration of home affairs. Mr. Gladstone seems doomed to the safe and unpretending Budget, which deals with the imposition of new instead of the remission of old taxes. Sir C. Wood has very little Indian legislation on hand, and that unimportant. Mr. Villiers and Mr. Milner Gibson are quiet and judicious. Mr. Lowe will have plenty of business about the revised code, and the new Irish Secretary's position may afford some amusement. Even Irish members found it difficult to quarrel with Mr. Cardwell, whose temperament was by no means welcome to an impulsive, rhetorical, and warm-hearted people. Now the Irish members have to deal with an Irish Minister who challenges all comers and who picks up every gauntlet. It is an infinite relief for Hibernian legislators to meet on the floor of St. Stephen's an antagonist as rash, impulsive, clever, erratic, and excitable as any descendant of the Irish kings could possibly be. An Andalusian arrival for the *Plaza de Toros*, which promises all manner of sport, does not excite more joy in Madrid than the spectacle of an English baronet of good fortune and historical name, the ultra-Protestant Irish Secretary of a latitudinarian Ministry, offering himself to be baited by the representatives of the Irish priests, and running and tossing at every Hibernian picador who flourishes a lance and shows himself in the arena.

Sir Robert Peel, the eldest son of the great Minister, was born in London, on the 4th of May, 1822. His grandfather, the first baronet, was one of the shrewdest and most energetic cotton manufacturers in England. The second baronet, the great Sir Robert, married, in June, 1820, Julia, the youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, Bart., of Irish descent. Lady Peel was a celebrated beauty, as her portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, remains to testify. The chivalrous and dashing characteristics of her eldest son, the present baronet, seem to have been inherited from her family. Lady Peel came of a gallant race. Her grandfather, a captain in the 1st Dragoon Guards, died while serving in Germany. Her father, a cornet in Elliott's Light Dragoons, was present at the battle of Emsdorf, distinguished himself in India as colonel of the 19th Light Dragoons, and was second in command at the battle of Seringapatam. The subject of this memoir, if he had not been the heir to a great English baronetcy, would have gone into the army. He is every inch a cavalry officer, and, if he had been allowed to select his career, and had lived through another great war, he would probably have been the Ney of the British army. Some Irish partisan of the Donoghue, who may not know that duels are no longer possible in England, may sneer at Sir Robert's courage; but it has on many occasions manifested itself in him as an instinct of the soul, apter to break out on all occasions without judgment or discretion, than to decline any office or mission of danger. Sir Robert Peel has many of the failings incidental to a generous and high-spirited nature, among which cowardice is certainly not one. Nor ought such an imputation to be lightly thrown out against the brother of one who died in the service of his country, and whose excessive daring and contempt of death in the Crimea and in India often exposed him to imputations of rashness among his brother officers and sailors.

At the usual age Robert was sent to Harrow School, where his father had been the contemporary of Byron. Here he was better known for his proficiency in out-of-door sports and athletic exercises, and his handsome face and figure, than for his application to his studies. From Harrow he went to Cambridge. Being destined by his father for a diplomatic career, he went to Madrid, at twenty-four, as *attaché* to the British Embassy, where he threw himself into all the amusements and distractions of the Spanish capital with his usual energy. Thence he was transferred to the quieter atmosphere of Berne, where he became Secretary of Legation to the Swiss Embassy. His father, having now passed the repeal of the Corn-laws, paid the penalty of Protectionist indignation by being expelled from office. But the young Secretary of Legation lost nothing from passing under the rule and government of the Whig Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He found, on the contrary, a generous friend and patron in his new chief, and has ever since expressed a personal admiration and attachment, honourable alike to the young politician and the veteran Minister.

After acting for some months as Secretary of Legation Mr. Peel became *Chargé d'Affaires*, and remained in Switzerland in this capacity from 1846 until 1850. The jealousies of the cantons and the disputes of the two religions during this period came to a head. The League or Sonderbund formed by the Roman Catholic party to oppose by force, if necessary, the suppression of certain convents, and to maintain the Jesuits, led to a civil war. The Sonderbund was suppressed by force of arms, and not without bloodshed. The cry of the persecuted Jesuits resounded through Roman Catholic Europe. Austria and even Prussia were marching troops to the frontier. At this moment Lord Palmerston, with consummate tact and ability, interfered. Lord Palmerston stood by the Protestant cantons. He addressed a note to the different Powers of Europe, protesting against any one of them interfering without the consent of the whole. At the same time he wrote to Mr. Peel, to urge the Government of the Confederation to take the most active steps possible to repress the rebellious Sonderbund by force of arms, before such an intervention could take effect. The result answered to his sagacity. The despots of Europe were awed from interfering singly; the State army forced an engagement upon the troops of the Roman Catholic cantons, and defeated them. The Jesuits were expelled, and the country was restored to tranquillity. The joint intervention which Lord Palmerston had proposed therefore went off, for when the time came there was nothing to interfere about. It was something for a young diplomatist to conduct his first negotiation under the eye and counsel of so accomplished a tactician. One slip was made by Mr. Peel, from which he was rescued by the happy

dexterity which his chief now exercises in a still higher sphere. In an interview with some foreign Minister he had made a statement which was understood by the Minister in a different sense from the facts as they afterwards came out. "How do we know that this was not a successful attempt to mystify his antagonists?" asked Lord Palmerston. It is not every young *chargé d'affaires* who succeeds by the wit and cleverness of his chief in passing off his blunders upon the world as the justifiable ruses of the astute diplomatist.

Mr. Peel was recalled from Switzerland in 1850 by the lamentable death of his father. Having succeeded to the Baronetcy, he was also elected M.P. for the family borough of Tamworth. After a short interval of undecided and oscillating political opinion, Sir Robert took office under Lord Palmerston in 1855 as a Lord of the Admiralty. In the following year he married Lady Emily, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and younger sister of the present Duchess of Wellington.

Sir Robert Peel, soon after his marriage, accompanied Earl Granville in his special mission to St. Petersburg at the coronation of the Emperor in 1856. He witnessed the coronation, made one or two excursions into the interior, and on his return to England delivered at some provincial mechanics' institute a gossiping, off-hand lecture on what he had seen, in which he described—hit off with undiplomatic freedom, but most graphic truth,—the Prince de Ligne, the Count de Morny, the Grand Duke Constantine, Sir C. Napier, and other public characters. The Prince de Ligne was "as stiff and as starched as the frill of Queen Elizabeth;" the Grand Duke Constantine did not impress him with the notion of a frank and open-hearted sailor. No one entered into a bit of fun with more enjoyment than the late Augustus Stafford, and with this view he gave notice, with much gravity, of his intention to ask the Junior First Lord of the Admiralty whether he had any explanation to offer in regard to his lecture on Russia.

The House was so crowded that one might have supposed a ministerial crisis had occurred. Every one knew that the explanation would be amusing and characteristic, and there was a large attendance of Peers. Earl Granville was in the Peers' Gallery, to listen to the *amende* of his eccentric secretary. The Belgian Minister, with one or two distinguished friends, came down, in the hope that he might have something soothing to report to the irate Prince de Ligne. The Ladies' Gallery overflowed, and the buzz of feminine voices manifested the unusual interest which the promised explanation had excited among the gentler sex. Sir C. Napier, then in the height of his controversy with the Junior Lord of the Admiralty, was in his seat below the gangway, prepared to enjoy the discomfiture of his assailant. The Treasury Bench was more than usually crowded. It was whispered that Sir Robert had received a hint or two from Lord Palmerston as to his style of treatment, and the learned declared that one or two of the hits and allusions must have been suggested by the Prime Minister. Sir Robert alone could not be seen. In fact, although a member of the Administration, he rarely *was* seen about that period on the Treasury Bench, and glances were thrown along all the back benches on the ministerial side in search of the missing First Lord of the Admiralty. At length Mr. Stafford rose, and a cry of "Order!" and immediate silence, showed that the curtain had drawn up, and that the "play was going to begin."

Sir Robert Peel, it appeared, had been seated on the Treasury Bench, just behind the Speaker's chair, and a short pause ensued as he made his way past his colleagues and came to the table. At first he was a little nervous, as was shown by his mention of the member for North Staffordshire as "the hon. member for Adderley." The House laughed good-humouredly, and Sir Robert took courage. His excuse for not reading the reports of his speeches—"I generally rest satisfied with the favourable impression I produce at the time,"—was also received with great hilarity. But his *naïve* protest that he had not said anything about the Count de Morny which "might not have been said by any gentleman about his friends and acquaintances," fairly broke the ice. It occurred to every one that gentlemen are in the habit of speaking with such charming frankness about their friends and acquaintances, that, judged by this lax standard, Sir Robert had by no means exceeded this privilege of "friendship;" although he appeared to have lost sight of the fact that, when gentlemen make free with the character of their acquaintances, the *locus in quo* is not usually a public lecture-room, with half a dozen county reporters at the table. In the same vein of simplicity, Sir Robert came to the Grand Duke Constantine. Sir C. Napier made common cause with the Grand Duke, leaned forward, and listened with all his ears. The apologist managed to turn the laugh against the admiral. "I certainly said that the Grand Duke Constantine did not quite impress me with the feeling of a frank and open-hearted sailor. But when I said that he did not give me the impression of being a frank and open-hearted sailor, I meant that he gave me the impression of—being a man of great powers of mind." He went on to say, "What I intended to convey was, that he was not merely a simple sailor, but a man of greater grasp of mind."

The "apology" with regard to the Prince de Ligne was still less satisfactory. "I was talking in a familiar way," said Sir Robert, "and I did use the expression that he was as stiff and as starched as the frill of Queen Elizabeth." Sir Robert's manner was inimitable when he described his lecture as an "innocent attempt to paint a few light and airy sketches of character"—to "hold the mirror up to nature"—to "catch the living manners as they rise"—accompanying each clause of the sentence with a Palmerstonian gesture, and something of the Premier's manner, which amused the House excessively. "I do not think I did err. Still if those whose good opinion I value think I did err, I am very sorry." This was the substance of the apology, which made members very merry all night; though it may be doubted whether Sir Robert's Moscow and St. Petersburg friends and acquaintances were altogether satisfied with it. Sir Robert has since listened to an "apology" equally notable, and equally satisfactory, in which he was himself concerned.

The duties of the junior civil Lord of the Admiralty are to attend to accounts, mail-packets, Greenwich Hospital, naval chaplains, and schools. He is also expected to be at hand when wanted to "make a House and cheer the Minister." These functions, more useful than brilliant, would have been more to the taste of his brother, and were, it is to be feared, indifferently performed by the young baronet. He attended such divisions as suited him,

and frequent are found asked for Sir Robert's speech on who re and Euro of the E character precat of invasi and lofty stalwart useful pu Sir Robe certainly admitted small mer The inte known, an speech, we of Sir Rob that the in imperilled districts of in the wak armaments slow to ret like buffoon danger thre Corps. Bu raise the cr of the Emj to discourag Then ens which took Reform Bil observation we ought n reads very l per cent., Peel applie with great same year, the Swiss lar amend the fa to "make th grieve." In wholly unsl involved. L Once he had after his own impose silen was worth, a Commons wa amicale." Sir R. Pe speeches conc In August, a for the purpos quite as stron declared that forethought t Napoleon was isolation. It were dear at t As soon as by Mr. Pope defender in S bench below th listened atten patriotic ambit the passages in especially to th the present mo This speech is to the relation M.P.'s and the and the obstac the Hennessys the hands of th outburst of po College of Car Italian feeling Pope?" His tion of the Mi progress of eve occurred to oth record when he which was not spiritual from character of opinion which of England. I united with a which has been has been com incredibly,



and frequented the benches below the gangway, where independent members are found. No one was surprised, therefore, when, in May, 1857, Sir Robert asked Lord Palmerston to relieve him of his post.

Sir Robert's next public appearance was on the occasion of his sardonic speech on the Volunteers and the Volunteer movement. He, the alarmist,—who a few short months afterwards discerned all sorts of danger to England and Europe from the annexation of Nice and Savoy, and the aggressive designs of the Emperor Napoleon—in February, 1860, denounced the extravagant character of Lord Palmerston's army and navy estimates. He strongly deprecated the panic about the defenceless state of our shores, and the rumours of invasion and attack. The far-sighted statesman even became the severe and lofty moralist. He informed the House that "he should like to see the stalwart youth of England turning their attention to some legitimate and useful pursuit, instead of hankering after fire-arms and knickerbockers!" Sir Robert may or may not have intended to be logical and moral, but he certainly intended to be amusing, and he succeeded, though it must be admitted that those who laughed at his wit showed themselves thankful for small mercies.

The intention of the French Emperor to annex Savoy and Nice was already known, and the House of Lords, ten days before Sir R. Peel's anti-volunteer speech, were unanimous in condemning the annexation. Within five weeks of Sir Robert's ill-timed ridicule of the Volunteer movement, he discovered that the independence and integrity of the Helvetic republic were seriously imperilled by the absorption by France of Savoy and the guaranteed neutral districts of Switzerland. Our hero then suddenly turned round, and following in the wake of Lord Derby, declared that there could be no reduction of armaments with so unscrupulous a neighbour. The Volunteers were not slow to retort that Sir R. Peel now stood self-convicted of something very like buffoonery. If he had thought the European horizon so peaceful that no danger threatened our shores, one could understand his sneers at the Rifle Corps. But it was felt that the member of Parliament who was foremost to raise the cry of warning, and to denounce the ambitious and aggressive policy of the Emperor of the French, ought to have been the last man in England to discourage the patriotism of our Volunteers.

Then ensued frequent debates about the annexation of Savoy and Nice, which took up so much time in the session of 1860, that Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill had to be thrown over at the end of the year. Lord John's observation that, "Though desiring to keep on friendly terms with France, we ought not to keep ourselves aloof from the other nations of Europe," reads very like a truism now, but it sent down the Funds three-quarters per cent., without deterring the Emperor from his plans. Sir Robert Peel applied himself to blow the fire of indignation against France with great industry and perseverance. One night in April, in the same year, Count Persigny came down to hear Sir Robert Peel defend the Swiss lamb against the French wolf. It was hoped that time might amend the fault; but it was again remarked that Sir Robert was too desirous to "make the unthinking laugh," not to make at the same time the "judicious grieve." In the most serious passages of his speech he displayed a levity wholly unstatesmanlike and ill-timed, when momentous interests were involved. Lord John did not think fit to notice or to reply to this speech. Once he had rebuked these discussions as mischievous and irritating. But after his own plain-speaking, he perhaps felt that it was not for him to impose silence upon others. The Emperor must take it all for what it was worth, and determine whether the indignant protest of the House of Commons was, as a French Government organ had declared, "*presque amicale*."

Sir R. Peel and Mr. Kinglake made many inflammatory and useless speeches concerning Savoy, Nice, and Switzerland, as the Session went on. In August, a day or two before the prorogation, Mr. Kinglake came to town for the purpose of adding another to the list. Lord Palmerston spoke out quite as strongly as Lord John had ever done, and in almost so many words declared that the bad faith shown by France had "made precaution and forethought the duty of every Power." The Premier's faith in Louis Napoleon was shaken, and France was exhibited in a position of European isolation. It was part of the price she paid for Savoy and Nice, and they were dear at the money.

As soon as Parliament met in 1861, the Italian policy, fiercely attacked by Mr. Pope Hennessy and the other organs of the Irish priests, found a defender in Sir R. Peel. He spoke from his usual place—on the fourth bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side. The House was full, and listened attentively as Sir Robert expressed a generous admiration of the patriotic ambition of Count Cavour and the heroic deeds of Garibaldi. But the passages in the hon. baronet's speech most acceptable to the House, and especially to the Conservative benches, were those in which he asserted that the present movement for the regeneration of Italy is a religious movement. This speech is of more importance than it then seemed to be, and is the key to the relations which have grown up between the Irish Roman Catholic M.P.'s and the Irish Secretary. He declared Rome to be the real difficulty and the obstacle to the consolidation of Italy. It was gall and wormwood to the Hennessys and Bowyers to be told that for eleven years Rome had been in the hands of the French, and that if the French troops were to leave Rome an outburst of popular indignation would sweep away the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals together. "How is it," asked Sir Robert, "that all Italian feeling and sympathy are opposed to the temporal power of the Pope?" His answer was that the Papacy, as it exists in Italy, is an institution of the Middle Ages, which must yield to the course of time and the progress of events. It doubtless seemed to the Irish Members, as indeed it occurred to others, that the hon. baronet was travelling somewhat out of the record when he proceeded to insist upon the bigotry of the Church of Rome, which was not the question at issue, but the desirableness of severing the spiritual from the temporal power of the Pope. Reverting to the religious character of the present movement in Italy, Sir Robert expressed an opinion which could not fail to be acceptable to the Protestant people of England. He said, "I believe that the Reformation has commenced in Italy. I believe that the desire for civil liberty in that country is united with a strong desire for religious freedom, and that the Reformation which has been already accomplished in Germany, England, and Scotland, has been commenced in Italy." The ultramontane Irish members smiled incredulously, but the cheers of the Opposition benches showed how heartily

they shared in his Protestant views and aspirations. He went on:—"I say that the Reformation is growing apace in Italy, in spite of the Court of Rome, and in spite of the bishops. This accounts for the wish of the Church of Rome to stop the march of Italian revolution, which it sees is every day sapping the foundations of priestcraft and priestly intolerance." Sir Robert did not foresee, when he used this emphatic language, that four months afterwards he would be Lord Palmerston's Irish Secretary. When he concluded an effective peroration by saying:—"The best hope I can utter is, that the present revolution in Italy may not close without affording to Europe and the civilized world the glorious spectacle of a united and contented Italy, with a reformed and invigorated priesthood,"—the hopes which Sir Robert had held out, the generous aspirations by which he was animated, the spirit and energy of his language and manners, obtained for him a hearty and prolonged cheer, which was all the more valuable since it came from every part of the House, except the benches on which sat the Catholic members, Hennessy, Bowyer, Maguire, and Co.

Sir Robert subsequently distinguished himself by his denunciations of the persecution of the Protestants in Spain, and held forth on the religious intolerance of the Spanish and Papal Governments both at St. James's Hall and at Liverpool. This kind of religious agitation was not calculated to commend him to the favour of the ultramontane priesthood of Ireland. Yet Sir Robert's denunciation of priestly bigotry in Spain and Italy had by no means the ring of the genuine Exeter Hall metal. At the religious meeting held in St. James's Hall Sir Robert's speech was like a note out of tune among the clerical declaimers on the platform. Protestant though he is, and his crusade against Spain notwithstanding, he was full of expressions of respect for sincere Roman Catholics and their Church, so that he was somewhat rebuked by an Anglican bishop for the tolerance of his expressions.

The fortnightly duets on Savoy and Switzerland by Mr. Kinglake and Sir R. Peel continued up to within a few days of the acceptance of office by the hon. baronet. The House used to listen to both with decorous attention; yet it was remarked that no one cried "Hear!" to Mr. Kinglake but Sir Robert Peel, and no one cried "Hear" to Sir R. Peel but Mr. Kinglake. It may, therefore, be naturally concluded that the utterances of these amateur foreign politicians did not carry much weight in the House of Commons. Members began to suspect the sympathy with civil and religious freedom which would throw us into the arms of Austria, that bankrupt and discredited power from whose despotic sway the Emperor Napoleon has, after all, relieved Italy. When Sir Robert, in the autumn of 1860, visited Switzerland, and received a grateful testimonial-offering from the Swiss, he discovered that the chief result of his bitter denunciations of the Emperor Napoleon, and his impetuous advocacy of the interests of Switzerland in the British Parliament, had been to excite hopes of English interference which could not possibly be realized. So, in the autumn of 1861, we found him reminding the Swiss from his place in Parliament, that England is but one of the contracting Powers to the Treaty of Vienna, and that she cannot act alone if Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal hold aloof, and quietly sit down under the annexation. Having, moreover, accused "Louis Napoleon," as Sir R. Peel took care to call him, of gross dissimulation and an unscrupulous disregard of ancient treaties in annexing Savoy and Nice, it was necessary, in order to keep the indignation at simmering point, to impute to him new plans of annexation, and to discount beforehand the horror which such aggressiveness ought to excite. The island of Sardinia was the subject of the newest mare's nest. The Emperor's design of annexing the island of Sardinia having been announced by Mr. Kinglake, the hon. baronet, only a few days before he took office, instantly endorsed it, and quoted passages from Lord Nelson's letters and journals to show the immense importance to England, that ports and harbours so necessary to the command of the Mediterranean should not fall into the hands of France. Since then the design has been officially denied in the *Moniteur*, and M. Thouvenel, in a despatch to the French consul at Cagliari, gave the *coup de grâce* to the rumour.

Before the month of July, 1861, had elapsed, and just as the session was about to close, Sir Robert was invited by Lord Palmerston to succeed Mr. Cardwell as Irish Secretary. The appointment caused some little surprise, for Mr. Cardwell was doing his work safely and well. He was courteous, able, and industrious, and if he were somewhat cold, sententious, and didactic, he caused no scandal, quarrelled with nobody, and allowed nobody to quarrel with him.

The few days that elapsed before Parliament rose, during which he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor, saw Sir Robert Peel nightly on the Treasury bench. He evidently laid himself out to please, which it was not difficult for a man of his address, name, and fortune to do. He appeared plunged in business, opened letters, and gave friendly audience to Irish M.P.'s who came up to transact business with him, and who went away charmed with his accessibility and genial manner. He seemed prepared to go through his work with characteristic energy. Every one said that he would have in the veteran Premier a safe counsellor and a powerful defender, and it was pleasant to observe the kind and paternal interest with which Lord Palmerston listened to the earlier speeches of his young Minister. Sir Robert's popularity seemed also to be secured by the concessions made by the Prime Minister in regard to the Galway contract, which promised to satisfy the fair claims of the west of Ireland.

When Parliament was prorogued the new Irish Secretary went to Dublin. He worked very energetically, and with much intelligence, in order to acquaint himself with the condition and prospects of Ireland. He was active, demonstrative, not unwilling to fill a space in the public eye, desirous to judge for himself, and to do what was right. But tolerance of other men's opinions and respect for the motives of others have never been among his virtues. He soon got into hot water with Dr. Cullen and the Irish priests. "Can Father Daly do anything for Sir R. Peel?" the Father humbly inquired, when the Irish Secretary arrived at Galway. "No," was the curt response. His correspondence with Father Lavelle was not a whit more conciliatory. Still there was something *piquante* and attractive in the spectacle of an Irish Secretary prepared to break a lance with all comers. Mr. Scully repeated the old joke the other night, *Cæsar venit in Galliam summâ diligentia*, in order to say that Sir R. Peel had not, like Cæsar, visited Ireland "on the top of a diligence," but had travelled 300 miles on a low-backed car. The quarrel about the existence of Irish distress broke out on the first night of the



session. Personal feeling was soon enlisted in the discussion. Mr. M'Guire was told, to his great astonishment, that he was ignorant of the state and condition of his own country. The O'Donoghue, a young mild-mannered Irishman, was called a "mannikin traitor," and very much resembling the cabbage-garden heroes of 1848. The House cheered the impetuous Irish Secretary, and cast derisive glances at the O'Donoghue, who left the House, not without dark hints of what it might be necessary to do for the vindication of his honour. The interference of Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert's refusal to "go out," and the scene in the House of Commons on Monday night, when the Speaker called upon the O'Donoghue to apologize, are elsewhere described and commented upon, and offer the latest phase of Sir Robert's brief official career.

Sir Robert Peel has won a high place among parliamentary speakers. His style, following his habits of thought, is impulsive and not too coherent. His gesticulations exhibit a plethora of life, strength, and nervous energy. The right hon. baronet will probably never take the highest rank among orators. His half-disciplined mind and thick-coming ideas give something of a flighty character to his speeches. He is fond, as has been seen, of the *mot pour rire*, and, if his speeches are not very profound or instructive, the praise of being amusing cannot be denied to them. As a statesman he has still his spurs to win.

## Reviews of Books.

### A STRANGE STORY.\*

THE nastiest and most impudent of all American writers lately uttered the following oracle in blank verse: "I find that the elementary laws never apologize." Whatever the elementary laws and their practice may be, it is an indisputable truth that good novelists never apologize unless they know they ought, and an elaborate apology prefixed to a novel is just the sort of bush which indicates to the passer-by that he must not expect good wine within. Such a preface Sir Edward Lytton has very properly prefixed to his last novel, and certainly no book ever stood more in need of an intimation to judicious readers that, unless they had some special reason for doing so, they had better not take the trouble to read it.

The story is as follows:—A doctor of the name of Fenwick, who may be not unfairly described as a muscular atheist, settles in a country town, which, to save the trouble of inventing a name, Sir E. Lytton calls L—. He rises by the introduction of a venerable predecessor into immense practice and almost national reputation. In course of time he falls in love at first sight with an ethereal young woman, whom he sees sitting by a well in her mother's garden, and, after a short courtship, becomes engaged to marry her. In this state of things a magician called Margrave comes to L—, and forms an intimate friendship with Dr. Fenwick. In appearance Margrave is a youth of three or four and twenty, of exquisite beauty and preternatural strength and agility. In reality he is a hoary villain named Louis Grayle, who has been made young again by an Arab magician. Margrave makes himself universally popular, till a certain Sir Philip Derval, who is a white witch, returns from his prolonged travels to his ancestral halls near L—, knowing, by his magical arts, that he shall meet with Margrave (whom he had seen because he cast his slough, and while he was still Louis Grayle), and determined to counterwork and expose him. He meets Fenwick and Margrave at a ball given by the Mayor of L—, who has a quantity of stuffed serpents, apes, and other curiosities, in the midst of which Derval performs incantations which reveal to Fenwick the awful fact that Margrave has not got the proper quantity of soul. By some hocus-pocus he enables him to look into his and other people's brains. In ordinary brains there were "three separate emanations of light: the one of a pale red hue; the second, of a pale azure; the third, a silvery spark," representing, respectively, animal life, the intellect, and the soul. Grayle, *alias* Margrave, had no "silvery spark," which sufficiently accounted for all his villainies. Having a dim kind of notion that Derval meant no good for him, Margrave sets about "projecting his will" with great intensity, in various directions, to destroy him; the result of which is that a convenient homicidal maniac, in confinement at a town hundreds of miles off, feels a sudden impulse to come and stick a knife into Sir Philip Derval immediately after the scene at the ball, under circumstances which throw suspicion on Fenwick, and enable Margrave to steal a mysterious casket which Derval used to carry about in his coat pocket. Fenwick is charged with murder and sent to prison; and as the homicidal lunatic is also moved by the devil to put his knife and some other matters into a bureau in Fenwick's study, where they are found by the police, he runs some chance of a conviction. Margrave aggravates his calamities by declaring everywhere that he firmly believes in Fenwick's innocence; and by making use of the opportunity which his absence affords, to make acquaintance with the ethereal young lady to whom he was engaged, and whom he ascertains to be provided with all the peculiarities of mind and body which, when combined, make a perfect clairvoyante. He determines to obtain possession of her, not as a lover, but simply as a master, and accordingly throws a spell over her, in virtue of which she throws off her old lover altogether, and does whatever her new proprietor tells her by projecting his will at her. When he has thus established his position he makes a bold push, sends a "Luminous Shadow" (or *sein laca*) of himself into Fenwick's cell, and there makes terms in a sufficiently prosaic way about getting him out of his scrape. He says he will let him out if he will promise to be civil when they meet, and to come when he is sent for. On this easy understanding the madman is brought up, tells his story, and so sets Fenwick at liberty. When he is free, he finds that his mistress will have nothing to say to him, and after several more luminous shadows, and a good deal of *diablerie*, which is thrown in without any absolute necessity for its introduction into the story, the heroine walks out of her mother's house, and goes off to a remote part of the coast, at Margrave's bidding, towards a yacht which he has prepared for her, and in which he proposes to carry her off. Fenwick follows her, and of course comes up at the nick of time with one of the county police (whose appearance greatly heightens the picturesqueness of the scene). The policeman is quietly sent

to sleep by Margrave with a magic wand which he carries for the purpose, but before he can send Fenwick to sleep that gentleman collars him; a terrific combat of two ensues, Fenwick sends his antagonist flying, probably by the terrestrial agency of a cross buttock, and before he can pick himself up gets hold of the magic wand. Hereupon the position of affairs is reversed. The sorcerer becomes the humble servant of the doctor, the policeman is waked from his magic sleep, the young lady is restored to her mother and her engagement, and Dr. Fenwick has a prospect of getting home at night and giving his poor patients their medicine. Having got hold of the magic rod, Fenwick does a little conjuring on his own account. He calls up the luminous shadow, and cross-examines it rather roughly, but as its answers are not altogether satisfactory, he rows out to the middle of Windermere, throws the rod overboard, and returns to the inn, where his disenchanted mistress and her mother are waiting for the wedding-day. The wedding passes off well enough, but as soon as the couple return from church a letter is given to the bride, which acquaints her that her friends at L— have torn her reputation to rags, upon which she falls into a sort of somnambulist melancholy, from which no arts and no attention can arouse her. Fenwick returns with his wife and mother-in-law to the practice of his profession, but his wife is of no use at all, and he gets sick of his situation. One evening a venerable man, who turns out to be his early patron, appears in company with a lovely child, full of artless piety, who does the usual prayer on her father's grave in the venerable churchyard. Fenwick makes a confidant of his old friend, who is on the point of going to Australia, and is favoured by him first with a series of reflections tending to show that all that has happened may be regarded as a sort of judgment on his materialism and pride of science, and secondly, with a set of feeble explanations of the different mysteries of the story, which resemble nothing in the world so much as the explanations of the New Testament miracles given by the earlier German rationalists. He works the whole matter into an affair of nerves, indigestion, and imagination. Of course, the sermon is wound up with the old business of the child and the churchyard, and—"Proud man, I defy you to tell her not to pray."

For some time after this Fenwick goes on hardening himself in his pride, and the old man goes with his angelic child to live with his daughter and her husband in Australia. Fenwick at last gets disgusted with L—, and goes to Australia too, to see whether his wife may not be roused into life by change of scene and climate. In Australia a good deal more conversation of the old kind goes on with the virtuous philosopher—the child gathering flowers and talking simple piety in the background—till at last Margrave turns up again, attended by various Arabs and Indians ("Juma, the strangler," a notorious Thug, for one), in a very bad state of health. The spell having run its course, he wants another dose of his old medicine, and having, with a good deal of difficulty, extorted the secret of its composition from an Egyptian sage, whom he appears to have hunted all the way from Cairo to Damascus, he comes to Australia to get the necessary materials. Mrs. Fenwick by this time has fallen into an illness which the venerable old doctor says will either kill or cure her, and when Margrave comes she is lying in one of those crises which always occur in novels, and sometimes in real life. Dr. Fenwick is sitting in an outbuilding in a state of desperation, having twelve hours to wait before he can know how things will go. In this state of things he readily agrees to pass the time in going with Margrave to make the magical potion, especially as he is to have half the elixir for his wife; and they accordingly set off, Margrave having considerably put Juma the strangler in a wood on the road with instructions to dispose of Fenwick as he came home, and carry off his half of the proceeds. After some grubbing the necessary materials are provided, a magic pot is set boiling, a number of lamps, to be kept going with magical essences, are committed to Fenwick's care, and a scene exactly like the scene in the Freischütz where the magic bullet is cast, begins. For some time all goes well, but as the moment of projection draws near the lamps begin to burn low, and any number of devils come up to the outside of the circle and make infernal outcries. A large black foot appears in the middle of the lamps. Instead of treading on its toes, Fenwick "recoiled with a cry that rang loud through the lurid air." Hereupon a Veiled Woman, who was one of the party, began to encourage him, and thereupon "I folded my arms on my breast confronting the stride of the giant foot, and the foot halted mute." Whether he expected it to make a speech does not appear. What between the Veiled Woman and the doctor the devils got the worst of it in their direct assault; but they were spirits of some sense, and accordingly they set fire to the forest, the result of which was a rush of cattle, who upset the magic lamps, caldrons, Veiled Woman, and other diabolic properties, just at the critical moment. Margrave expires in horrible agonies, the Veiled Woman and Fenwick pick up the pieces, and the lady informs the gentleman of the arrangements made by Juma the strangler. Fenwick rides home, doubles up Juma on his way with a kick ("I struck him down with one spurn of my foot"), and finds Mrs. Fenwick well round the corner and quite ready for any amount of love-making. The pious philosopher is provided with a calm solution of the giant Foot, which he viewed as an ox's hoof, and with a number of edifying remarks about the Soul, the Hereafter, and other substantives, neuter adjectives, and adverbs (the *Afar* for one), distinguished from the rest of their kind by capital letters.

It really is a mortifying reflection that a very clever man, a man who has been Secretary of State, and a conspicuous member of Parliament, should write such intolerable rubbish as this, and should condescend to identify himself in ever so transient a manner with all the blue fire, hollow turnips with fiery eyes, magic lanterns, and fortune-telling, of which it is made up. It is perhaps still more irritating that, instead of being content with telling his silly story to those who are foolish enough to like it, and going about his business, he should put on throughout the airs of a Christian philosopher. The preface, the notes, the reflections, and calm rebukes, of the venerable Christian sage, are stuffed with matter of this kind, and are so many ways of saying, Know all men, that though I am talking nonsense, and playing the fool, I am nevertheless a great scholar and profound philosopher. You will be pleased to observe that though this is mere play, it is the play of a giant. I could if I chose overwhelm you with science in all its branches. I am quite as familiar with Miller's Elements of Physiology, Liebig's Organic Chemistry, Van Helmont, Dugald Stewart, and a score of other learned men's books, as with the stage tricks which form a novelist's stock in trade, or the

\* A Strange Story. By the author of "Rienzi." Two vols. Sampson, Low, & Co. 1862.

capabilit  
novelists  
with ph  
subjects,  
fact. Th  
active m  
vanity  
the posse  
and expo  
result of  
times to  
sical, the  
knowledg  
has made  
with it.  
though h  
never wri  
pamphlets  
Perhaps  
spending  
of it all o  
something  
to glance  
fall down  
they have  
have a rat  
showing of  
with origi  
baronet del  
tempts him  
Tristram S  
of Godwin's  
crowned, m  
with an ada

MR. REEV  
to M. de To  
of almost un  
that we shou  
derive the ri  
pathy that n  
character, hav  
doubt, every  
institutions  
find fault or  
moral, "Tha  
we do resem  
the perfect ri  
seems good t  
which have i  
frage. The s  
eal, and thei  
stituency; th  
of view, owi  
their languag  
bast and mea  
their literatu  
perhaps the l  
use the prop  
any of these  
stated; we o  
with apparent  
complains pat  
last liberties c  
sympathy from  
people in Eur  
he should hav  
ever, that sup  
istic of our co  
amongst our n  
thing that fore  
subject oursel  
apparent justi  
ing the degra  
sprung from E  
hopes for bette  
Some such  
M. de Tocque  
teristics, whic  
impossible to  
and most imp  
was written b  
and true. A  
Macaulay's m  
calmness. In  
subject, woul  
men's zeal wou  
collected. Th  
from a far nar  
labour of colle  
out tumbling  
ville's metho  
through it. I  
gist studies s

\* De Tocqueville  
Longman & Co.



capabilities of Australia. The reason why I am one of the greatest novelists of this or any other age is, that I am well acquainted with physiology, metaphysics, theology, politics, and twenty other subjects, and I will give you such hints of it as I go along as will prove the fact. The impression which he really does make is that he is a dexterous active man, with a very fluent and picturesque way of writing, but as full of vanity and humbug as an egg is full of meat. Of course, it would require the possession of as wide a range of knowledge as he lays claim to, to detect and expose his ignorance in every matter of which he treats, but the general result of what he writes is plain enough. He has made claims at different times to know almost everything—history, philosophy, both moral and physical, the literature of all ages and nations, and all those other branches of knowledge which are required of a statesman. Yet the only use which he has made of all this pretended learning has been to flavour a set of novels with it. No doubt, he is not only a good but a very eminent novelist; but though he struts as if he knew all mysteries and all knowledge, he has never written anything serious worth reading, except a few occasional pamphlets.

Perhaps, after all, it is unfair to be angry with an intellectual dandy for spending his single ten-pound note in gold leaf, and preferring to paste strips of it all over the coat in which he struts about before the public, to buying something sensible. He is but acting after his kind. Every one will be happy to glance at the peacock with his tail spread, and the pea-hens will meekly fall down and worship him. There are plenty of pea-hens in the world, and they have as good a right to idols as other people. They might, perhaps, have a rather more original idol; but the temper of mind which delights in showing off a little solid reading on a variety of subjects is incompatible with originality, and the very same temper which makes a Hertfordshire baronet delight in representing himself as *rhetor, schenobates, medicus, magus*, tempts him to adopt other people's plots. The Caxtons was a re-cast of Tristram Shandy, and the Strange Story is made up in about equal parts of Godwin's *St. Leon* and Dumas's *Mémoires d'un Médecin*, the whole being crowned, in the famous scene of the Veiled Woman and the Giant Foot, with an adaptation of the hobgoblin scene in the *Freischütz*.

#### DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.\*

MR. REEVE deserves our thanks for recalling the attention of the public to M. de Tocqueville's great work at the present moment. A series of events of almost unexampled interest is passing before our eyes. It is desirable that we should look at them with the impartiality that may enable us to derive the right lessons from them; but, at the same time, with the sympathy that men speaking our tongue and inheriting much of our national character, have a right to claim at the greatest crisis of their history. No doubt, every weakness of the American character and of their democratic institutions should be carefully scrutinized; but it is quite unnecessary to find fault only with a sneer, and to sum up the whole question with the moral, "Thank God, we are not even as these sinners," because the fact is that we do resemble the said sinners considerably. We do not, indeed, dispute the perfect right of any one to assign any cause for the catastrophe which seems good to him; it may be owing to the awful democratical principles which have infected the whole nation, to vote by ballot and manhood suffrage. The statesmen of America may be, perhaps, lower than the English cad, and their public officials more corrupt than a disfranchised English constituency; the race may have become palpably degraded, in a physical point of view, owing to their chewing tobacco and swallowing their meat whole; their language may be rapidly dissolving into a mixture of ridiculous bombast and meaningless slang; they may perhaps be ruled by mob-law, and their literature may be vicious and worthless except when it is stolen; and perhaps the liberties of the race may be in a fair way of disappearing (to use the proper metaphor) under the iron heel of a military despot. All and any of these accusations may be true, and if true, ought to be publicly stated; we only say, that they should not be made, as they too often are, with apparent complacency. In one of M. de Tocqueville's last letters, he complains pathetically of the coolness with which Englishmen had seen the last liberties of France destroyed by the Emperor. He had hoped for more sympathy from his next neighbours, who were at the same time the freest people in Europe. Perhaps his accusation was not just, but it is sad that he should have had any grounds for fancying it to be just. Perhaps, however, that superb self-complacency, which is not the most amiable characteristic of our country, enabled us to look on at the foundation of a despotism amongst our neighbours with a general reflection that that was the kind of thing that foreigners were used to; and possibly it is. Let us not, however, subject ourselves to any such charge being made against us, with even apparent justice, by our American cousins. If we think that we are watching the degradation and growing weakness of the greatest race that has sprung from English colonization, let us, at any rate, watch it sadly and with hopes for better times.

Some such thoughts are naturally suggested to us by the perusal of M. de Tocqueville's book. For it is eminently remarkable for two characteristics, which are perhaps nowhere else so strikingly combined. It is impossible to study it without feeling, first, that it was written by a cautious and most impartial reasoner; and secondly, and still more strongly, that it was written by one who had the keenest sympathy with everything noble and true. A purer politician and historian never lived. He combines Macaulay's manly patriotism and love of liberty, with Hallam's judicial calmness. Indeed, no one who had not the most sympathetic interest in the subject, would ever have carried out so laborious a plan. The fire of most men's zeal would have been smothered under such a mass of materials as he collected. They would either have been content to give us inferences drawn from a far narrower circle of observations, or if they had gone through the labour of collecting so many facts, they could never have been content without tumbling out the undigested mass bodily on to our heads. De Tocqueville's method is scarcely less remarkable than the results he obtained through it. His first principle was to study the facts, as the practical geologist studies strata, on the ground itself. He even scrupulously avoided,

during his studies, to refer to works by other writers at second-hand, lest the truth should be distorted through other men's spectacles. Original documents and personal investigation were his only materials.

The first advantage of this method is the originality of his conclusions, a sufficient proof of which is that he was able to publish, in the year 1856, an entirely new view of the French Revolution—a feat which one would, at first sight, suppose as difficult of performance, as to find a new route from St. Paul's to Charing Cross. Another scarcely inferior advantage is, that in all his works we feel that even if his account of facts may be wrongly coloured, or the inferences drawn from them a little strained, still he always starts from really existent facts, and applies them to explain really existent phenomena—a merit by no means invariably found in historical writers. We may possibly remember elaborate treatises written to account for the decay of a country, which is, in fact, highly prosperous, by puzzles about currency, which prove only that the writer cannot reason. But in reading M. de Tocqueville's works, we feel a pleasant confidence that every argument will be worthy of a close thinker and an accurate observer. There is another characteristic of his writings, for which we feel equally grateful. If Sir A. Alison had accumulated an equal mass of facts, he would have wandered on through countless octavos without ever coming to any result at all. If Lord Macaulay had done so, we might have had a small part of them set forth with brilliant eloquence, on a scale too large for human faculties to fill out. But De Tocqueville was scarcely more careful to collect his facts, than to digest them when he had got them. He seems to have kept his theories constantly working in his mind, affected by every new addition to his stores of knowledge, till they had crystallized into the most perfect form of which they were capable. He then sets them down as clearly and precisely, and at the same time as shortly as possible. He is thus the most workmanlike of writers, and seems to combine the French tendency to generalization with English sobriety of thought. As one consequence, we have the result of many years' labour on so vast a subject as the political and social institutions of America, distilled into two moderate octavo volumes, of which, however, every page and sentence is filled with serious thought. The principal fault of style arising from this mode of composition, is the want of a sufficient number of illustrative examples, a want which causes the book to resemble rather a compilation of abstract principles, than a series of observations of actual facts.

Full as these volumes are of reflection, there is one dominant thought present in almost every chapter, and one great lesson illustrated and enforced by every division of his work. The steady and irresistible progress of democracy seems to have been impressed as an indubitable and ever present truth upon De Tocqueville's mind. By democracy he does not understand any form of government in particular, but a general equality of conditions. The reality and the importance of the progress of democracy, thus understood, cannot be denied. But perhaps it assumed even more importance to De Tocqueville than others would be disposed to concede to it. Belonging to a noble and ancient family, and endowed with the highest qualities of the ideal nobleman, he lived at the exact period when all the old aristocratic traditions were still alive, but when the privileges of the aristocracy had been finally swept away by the outburst of popular hatred. The levelling tendency of his own countrymen was therefore keenly felt, as well as clearly seen by him. He seems, indeed, to consider democracy as the great impelling force which is modifying every political and social peculiarity of the modern world, and whose action can be traced into the remotest details. He never complains of this, nor suggests means of opposing it. According to his view, men are gradually approximating towards a dead level of equality with the same certainty as a comet approaches the sun in its orbit. Some disturbing force may accidentally change its course, or it may at some distant epoch again diverge, but, as far as we can trace it, the impulse is irresistible and unceasing. "If the men of our time," he says, "were led to acknowledge that the gradual development of social equality is at once the past and future of their history, this solitary truth would confer the sacred character of a divine decree upon the change. To attempt to resist democracy would be in that case to resist the will of God, and the nations would then be constrained to make the best of the social lot awarded to them by Providence." Starting from this central thought, the purpose of the whole book is twofold,—to exemplify the effects which necessarily follow from the steady advance of democracy, and to show how the evil effects may be remedied. His results are well worth noting. The most democratic nation in Europe is the French. We English still retain the largest aristocratic element. The Americans are treated by De Tocqueville as the type of that democratic stage of society towards which we are all gravitating, though they are still characterized by many peculiarities inherited from their more aristocratic ancestors. As a Frenchman he traces out every democratic development with unflinching interest, because he feels that it is only the more distinct exhibition of causes which are at work in France as well as in America. It is obvious that, although he rarely mentions France directly, he never for a moment forgets the application of his doctrines to French questions. Some discussions, indeed, such as that upon the nature of democratic armies, are obviously suggested by the past history of the French revolution, though applicable to contingencies which may arise in America. It is still more desirable that Englishmen should feel the example of the United States to be one in which we have more interest than that of mere lookers-on. The simplest description of them would be, that they are a continent full of English ten-pound householders. That charming class of society may have obtained a more overwhelming influence there than here; but even here its power has increased, is increasing, and is not likely to be diminished. De Tocqueville's general judgment of the democracy into which all the privileged classes of society are slowly but surely melting down, is not to be summed up in one word. If it could be extracted and conveyed in a single sentence, that sentence would form an admirable text for Mr. Mill's noble sermon on Liberty. The advantages which he ascribes to it are those which are generally enumerated in eulogiums on the nineteenth century,—larger diffusion of intelligence, an improved material condition, more care for popular interests, an increased philanthropy, and a wider sympathy for all forms of suffering. But against these palpable gains are to be set those dangers of whose existence Mr. Mill has eloquently warned us. Democracy is to be dreaded because it has a direct tendency to reduce individual eminence, and to bring us all to a monotonous dead level. The absence of great statesmen in

\* De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1862.



session. Personal feeling was soon enlisted in the discussion. Mr. M'Guire was told, to his great astonishment, that he was ignorant of the state and condition of his own country. The O'Donoghue, a young mild-mannered Irishman, was called a "mannikin traitor," and very much resembling the cabbage-garden heroes of 1848. The House cheered the impetuous Irish Secretary, and cast derisive glances at the O'Donoghue, who left the House, not without dark hints of what it might be necessary to do for the vindication of his honour. The interference of Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert's refusal to "go out," and the scene in the House of Commons on Monday night, when the Speaker called upon the O'Donoghue to apologize, are elsewhere described and commented upon, and offer the latest phase of Sir Robert's brief official career.

Sir Robert Peel has won a high place among parliamentary speakers. His style, following his habits of thought, is impulsive and not too coherent. His gesticulations exhibit a plethora of life, strength, and nervous energy. The right hon. baronet will probably never take the highest rank among orators. His half-disciplined mind and thick-coming ideas give something of a flighty character to his speeches. He is fond, as has been seen, of the *mot pour rire*, and, if his speeches are not very profound or instructive, the praise of being amusing cannot be denied to them. As a statesman he has still his spurs to win.

## Reviews of Books.

### A STRANGE STORY.\*

THE nastiest and most impudent of all American writers lately uttered the following oracle in blank verse: "I find that the elementary laws never apologize." Whatever the elementary laws and their practice may be, it is an indisputable truth that good novelists never apologize unless they know they ought, and an elaborate apology prefixed to a novel is just the sort of bush which indicates to the passer-by that he must not expect good wine within. Such a preface Sir Edward Lytton has very properly prefixed to his last novel, and certainly no book ever stood more in need of an intimation to judicious readers that, unless they had some special reason for doing so, they had better not take the trouble to read it.

The story is as follows:—A doctor of the name of Fenwick, who may be not unfairly described as a muscular atheist, settles in a country town, which, to save the trouble of inventing a name, Sir E. Lytton calls L—. He rises by the introduction of a venerable predecessor into immense practice and almost national reputation. In course of time he falls in love at first sight with an ethereal young woman, whom he sees sitting by a well in her mother's garden, and, after a short courtship, becomes engaged to marry her. In this state of things a magician called Margrave comes to L—, and forms an intimate friendship with Dr. Fenwick. In appearance Margrave is a youth of three or four and twenty, of exquisite beauty and preternatural strength and agility. In reality he is a hoary villain named Louis Grayle, who has been made young again by an Arab magician. Margrave makes himself universally popular, till a certain Sir Philip Derval, who is a white witch, returns from his prolonged travels to his ancestral halls near L—, knowing, by his magical arts, that he shall meet with Margrave (whom he had seen because he cast his slough, and while he was still Louis Grayle), and determined to counterwork and expose him. He meets Fenwick and Margrave at a ball given by the Mayor of L—, who has a quantity of stuffed serpents, apes, and other curiosities, in the midst of which Derval performs incantations which reveal to Fenwick the awful fact that Margrave has not got the proper quantity of soul. By some hocus-pocus he enables him to look into his and other people's brains. In ordinary brains there were "three separate emanations of light: the one of a pale red hue; the second, of a pale azure; the third, a silvery spark," representing, respectively, animal life, the intellect, and the soul. Grayle, *alias* Margrave, had no "silvery spark," which sufficiently accounted for all his villainies. Having a dim kind of notion that Derval meant no good for him, Margrave sets about "projecting his will" with great intensity, in various directions, to destroy him; the result of which is that a convenient homicidal maniac, in confinement at a town hundreds of miles off, feels a sudden impulse to come and stick a knife into Sir Philip Derval immediately after the scene at the ball, under circumstances which throw suspicion on Fenwick, and enable Margrave to steal a mysterious casket which Derval used to carry about in his coat pocket. Fenwick is charged with murder and sent to prison; and as the homicidal lunatic is also moved by the devil to put his knife and some other matters into a bureau in Fenwick's study, where they are found by the police, he runs some chance of a conviction. Margrave aggravates his calamities by declaring everywhere that he firmly believes in Fenwick's innocence; and by making use of the opportunity which his absence affords, to make acquaintance with the ethereal young lady to whom he was engaged, and whom he ascertains to be provided with all the peculiarities of mind and body which, when combined, make a perfect clairvoyante. He determines to obtain possession of her, not as a lover, but simply as a master, and accordingly throws a spell over her, in virtue of which she throws off her old lover altogether, and does whatever her new proprietor tells her by projecting his will at her. When he has thus established his position he makes a bold push, sends a "Luminous Shadow" (or *scin laea*) of himself into Fenwick's cell, and there makes terms in a sufficiently prosaic way about getting him out of his scrape. He says he will let him out if he will promise to be civil when they meet, and to come when he is sent for. On this easy understanding the madman is brought up, tells his story, and so sets Fenwick at liberty. When he is free, he finds that his mistress will have nothing to say to him, and after several more luminous shadows, and a good deal of *diablerie*, which is thrown in without any absolute necessity for its introduction into the story, the heroine walks out of her mother's house, and goes off to a remote part of the coast, at Margrave's bidding, towards a yacht which he has prepared for her, and in which he proposes to carry her off. Fenwick follows her, and of course comes up at the nick of time with one of the county police (whose appearance greatly heightens the picturesqueness of the scene). The policeman is quietly sent

to sleep by Margrave with a magic wand which he carries for the purpose, but before he can send Fenwick to sleep that gentleman collars him; a terrific combat of two ensues, Fenwick sends his antagonist flying, probably by the terrestrial agency of a cross buttock, and before he can pick himself up gets hold of the magic wand. Hereupon the position of affairs is reversed. The sorcerer becomes the humble servant of the doctor, the policeman is waked from his magic sleep, the young lady is restored to her mother and her engagement, and Dr. Fenwick has a prospect of getting home at night and giving his poor patients their medicine. Having got hold of the magic rod, Fenwick does a little conjuring on his own account. He calls up the luminous shadow, and cross-examines it rather roughly, but as its answers are not altogether satisfactory, he rows out to the middle of Windermere, throws the rod overboard, and returns to the inn, where his disenchanted mistress and her mother are waiting for the wedding-day. The wedding passes off well enough, but as soon as the couple return from church a letter is given to the bride, which acquaints her that her friends at L— have torn her reputation to rags, upon which she falls into a sort of somnambulist melancholy, from which no arts and no attention can arouse her. Fenwick returns with his wife and mother-in-law to the practice of his profession, but his wife is of no use at all, and he gets sick of his situation. One evening a venerable man, who turns out to be his early patron, appears in company with a lovely child, full of artless piety, who does the usual prayer on her father's grave in the venerable churchyard. Fenwick makes a confidant of his old friend, who is on the point of going to Australia, and is favoured by him first with a series of reflections tending to show that all that has happened may be regarded as a sort of judgment on his materialism and pride of science, and secondly, with a set of feeble explanations of the different mysteries of the story, which resemble nothing in the world so much as the explanations of the New Testament miracles given by the earlier German rationalists. He works the whole matter into an affair of nerves, indigestion, and imagination. Of course, the sermon is wound up with the old business of the child and the churchyard, and—"Proud man, I defy you to tell her not to pray."

For some time after this Fenwick goes on hardening himself in his pride, and the old man goes with his angelic child to live with his daughter and her husband in Australia. Fenwick at last gets disgusted with L—, and goes to Australia too, to see whether his wife may not be roused into life by change of scene and climate. In Australia a good deal more conversation of the old kind goes on with the virtuous philosopher—the child gathering flowers and talking simple piety in the background—till at last Margrave turns up again, attended by various Arabs and Indians ("Juma, the stranger," a notorious Thug, for one), in a very bad state of health. The spell having run its course, he wants another dose of his old medicine, and having, with a good deal of difficulty, extorted the secret of its composition from an Egyptian sage, whom he appears to have hunted all the way from Cairo to Damascus, he comes to Australia to get the necessary materials. Mrs. Fenwick by this time has fallen into an illness which the venerable old doctor says will either kill or cure her, and when Margrave comes she is lying in one of those crises which always occur in novels, and sometimes in real life. Dr. Fenwick is sitting in an outbuilding in a state of desperation, having twelve hours to wait before he can know how things will go. In this state of things he readily agrees to pass the time in going with Margrave to make the magical potion, especially as he is to have half the elixir for his wife; and they accordingly set off, Margrave having considerably put Juma the stranger in a wood on the road with instructions to dispose of Fenwick as he came home, and carry off his half of the proceeds. After some grubbing the necessary materials are provided, a magic pot is set boiling, a number of lamps, to be kept going with magical essences, are committed to Fenwick's care, and a scene exactly like the scene in the Freischütz where the magic bullet is cast, begins. For some time all goes well, but as the moment of projection draws near the lamps begin to burn low, and any number of devils come up to the outside of the circle and make infernal outcries. A large black foot appears in the middle of the lamps. Instead of treading on its toes, Fenwick "recoiled with a cry that rang loud through the lurid air." Hereupon a Veiled Woman, who was one of the party, began to encourage him, and thereupon "I folded my arms on my breast confronting the stride of the giant foot, and the foot halted mute." Whether he expected it to make a speech does not appear. What between the Veiled Woman and the doctor the devils got the worst of it in their direct assault; but they were spirits of some sense, and accordingly they set fire to the forest, the result of which was a rush of cattle, who upset the magic lamps, caldrons, Veiled Woman, and other diabolic properties, just at the critical moment. Margrave expires in horrible agonies, the Veiled Woman and Fenwick pick up the pieces, and the lady informs the gentleman of the arrangements made by Juma the stranger. Fenwick rides home, doubles up Juma on his way with a kick ("I struck him down with one spurn of my foot"), and finds Mrs. Fenwick well round the corner and quite ready for any amount of love-making. The pious philosopher is provided with a calm solution of the giant foot, which he viewed as an ox's hoof, and with a number of edifying remarks about the Soul, the Hereafter, and other substantives, neuter adjectives, and adverbs (the *Afar* for one), distinguished from the rest of their kind by capital letters.

It really is a mortifying reflection that a very clever man, a man who has been Secretary of State, and a conspicuous member of Parliament, should write such intolerable rubbish as this, and should condescend to identify himself in ever so transient a manner with all the blue fire, hollow turnips with fiery eyes, magic lanterns, and fortune-telling, of which it is made up. It is perhaps still more irritating that, instead of being content with telling his silly story to those who are foolish enough to like it, and going about his business, he should put on throughout the airs of a Christian philosopher. The preface, the notes, the reflections, and calm rebukes, of the venerable Christian sage, are stuffed with matter of this kind, and are so many ways of saying, Know all men, that though I am talking nonsense, and playing the fool, I am nevertheless a great scholar and profound philosopher. You will be pleased to observe that though this is mere play, it is the play of a giant. I could if I chose overwhelm you with science in all its branches. I am quite as familiar with Miller's Elements of Physiology, Liebig's Organic Chemistry, Van Helmont, Dugald Stewart, and a score of other learned men's books, as with the stage tricks which form a novelist's stock in trade, or the

\* A Strange Story. By the author of "Rienzi." Two vols. Sampson, Low, & Co. 1862.

capabilit  
novelists  
with ph  
subjects,  
fact. Th  
active n  
vanity  
the posse  
and expos  
result of  
times to  
sical, the  
knowledg  
has made  
with it.  
though he  
never wri  
pamphlets  
Perhaps  
spending  
of it all o  
something  
to glance  
fall down  
they have  
have a rat  
showing of  
with origi  
baronet del  
tempts him  
Tristram S  
of Godwin's  
crowned, m  
with an ada

DE

MR. REE  
to M. de To  
of almost u  
that we sho  
derive the r  
pathy that  
character, ha  
doubt, every  
institutions  
find fault or  
moral, "Tha  
we do resem  
the perfect r  
seems good t  
which have i  
frage. The s  
cad, and the  
stituency; th  
of view, owi  
their languag  
bast and mea  
their literatu  
perhaps the l  
use the propo  
any of these  
stated; we o  
with apparen  
complains pat  
last liberties  
sympathy fro  
people in Eur  
he should hav  
ever, that sup  
istic of our co  
amongst our  
thing that for  
subject ourse  
apparent just  
ing the degra  
sprung from E  
hopes for bett  
Some such  
M. de Tocque  
teristics, whic  
impossible to  
and most imp  
was written b  
and true. A  
Macaulay's n  
calmness. In  
subject, woul  
men's zeal wo  
collected. Th  
from a far na  
labour of colle  
out tumbling  
ville's metho  
through it. I  
gist studies s

\* De Tocqueville  
Longman & Co.



capabilities of Australia. The reason why I am one of the greatest novelists of this or any other age is, that I am well acquainted with physiology, metaphysics, theology, politics, and twenty other subjects, and I will give you such hints of it as I go along as will prove the fact. The impression which he really does make is that he is a dexterous active man, with a very fluent and picturesque way of writing, but as full of vanity and humbug as an egg is full of meat. Of course, it would require the possession of as wide a range of knowledge as he lays claim to, to detect and expose his ignorance in every matter of which he treats, but the general result of what he writes is plain enough. He has made claims at different times to know almost everything—history, philosophy, both moral and physical, the literature of all ages and nations, and all those other branches of knowledge which are required of a statesman. Yet the only use which he has made of all this pretended learning has been to flavour a set of novels with it. No doubt, he is not only a good but a very eminent novelist; but though he struts as if he knew all mysteries and all knowledge, he has never written anything serious worth reading, except a few occasional pamphlets.

Perhaps, after all, it is unfair to be angry with an intellectual dandy for spending his single ten-pound note in gold leaf, and preferring to paste strips of it all over the coat in which he struts about before the public, to buying something sensible. He is but acting after his kind. Every one will be happy to glance at the peacock with his tail spread, and the pea-hens will meekly fall down and worship him. There are plenty of pea-hens in the world, and they have as good a right to idols as other people. They might, perhaps, have a rather more original idol; but the temper of mind which delights in showing off a little solid reading on a variety of subjects is incompatible with originality, and the very same temper which makes a Hertfordshire baronet delight in representing himself as *rhetor, schœnobates, medicus, magus*, tempts him to adopt other people's plots. The Caxtons was a re-cast of Tristram Shandy, and the Strange Story is made up in about equal parts of Godwin's St. Leon and Dumas's Mémoires d'un Médecin, the whole being crowned, in the famous scene of the Veiled Woman and the Giant Foot, with an adaptation of the hobgoblin scene in the Freischütz.

#### DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.\*

MR. REEVE deserves our thanks for recalling the attention of the public to M. de Tocqueville's great work at the present moment. A series of events of almost unexampled interest is passing before our eyes. It is desirable that we should look at them with the impartiality that may enable us to derive the right lessons from them; but, at the same time, with the sympathy that men speaking our tongue and inheriting much of our national character, have a right to claim at the greatest crisis of their history. No doubt, every weakness of the American character and of their democratic institutions should be carefully scrutinized; but it is quite unnecessary to find fault only with a sneer, and to sum up the whole question with the moral, "Thank God, we are not even as these sinners," because the fact is that we do resemble the said sinners considerably. We do not, indeed, dispute the perfect right of any one to assign any cause for the catastrophe which seems good to him; it may be owing to the awful democratical principles which have infected the whole nation, to vote by ballot and manhood suffrage. The statesmen of America may be, perhaps, lower than the English cad, and their public officials more corrupt than a disfranchised English constituency; the race may have become palpably degraded, in a physical point of view, owing to their chewing tobacco and swallowing their meat whole; their language may be rapidly dissolving into a mixture of ridiculous bombast and meaningless slang; they may perhaps be ruled by mob-law, and their literature may be vicious and worthless except when it is stolen; and perhaps the liberties of the race may be in a fair way of disappearing (to use the proper metaphor) under the iron heel of a military despot. All and any of these accusations may be true, and if true, ought to be publicly stated; we only say, that they should not be made, as they too often are, with apparent complacency. In one of M. de Tocqueville's last letters, he complains pathetically of the coolness with which Englishmen had seen the last liberties of France destroyed by the Emperor. He had hoped for more sympathy from his next neighbours, who were at the same time the freest people in Europe. Perhaps his accusation was not just, but it is sad that he should have had any grounds for fancying it to be just. Perhaps, however, that superb self-complacency, which is not the most amiable characteristic of our country, enabled us to look on at the foundation of a despotism amongst our neighbours with a general reflection that that was the kind of thing that foreigners were used to; and possibly it is. Let us not, however, subject ourselves to any such charge being made against us, with even apparent justice, by our American cousins. If we think that we are watching the degradation and growing weakness of the greatest race that has sprung from English colonization, let us, at any rate, watch it sadly and with hopes for better times.

Some such thoughts are naturally suggested to us by the perusal of M. de Tocqueville's book. For it is eminently remarkable for two characteristics, which are perhaps nowhere else so strikingly combined. It is impossible to study it without feeling, first, that it was written by a cautious and most impartial reasoner; and secondly, and still more strongly, that it was written by one who had the keenest sympathy with everything noble and true. A purer politician and historian never lived. He combines Macaulay's manly patriotism and love of liberty, with Hallam's judicial calmness. Indeed, no one who had not the most sympathetic interest in the subject, would ever have carried out so laborious a plan. The fire of most men's zeal would have been smothered under such a mass of materials as he collected. They would either have been content to give us inferences drawn from a far narrower circle of observations, or if they had gone through the labour of collecting so many facts, they could never have been content without tumbling out the undigested mass bodily on to our heads. De Tocqueville's method is scarcely less remarkable than the results he obtained through it. His first principle was to study the facts, as the practical geologist studies strata, on the ground itself. He even scrupulously avoided,

during his studies, to refer to works by other writers at second-hand, lest the truth should be distorted through other men's spectacles. Original documents and personal investigation were his only materials.

The first advantage of this method is the originality of his conclusions, a sufficient proof of which is that he was able to publish, in the year 1856, an entirely new view of the French Revolution—a feat which one would, at first sight, suppose as difficult of performance, as to find a new route from St. Paul's to Charing Cross. Another scarcely inferior advantage is, that in all his works we feel that even if his account of facts may be wrongly coloured, or the inferences drawn from them a little strained, still he always starts from really existent facts, and applies them to explain really existent phenomena—a merit by no means invariably found in historical writers. We may possibly remember elaborate treatises written to account for the decay of a country, which is, in fact, highly prosperous, by puzzles about currency, which prove only that the writer cannot reason. But in reading M. de Tocqueville's works, we feel a pleasant confidence that every argument will be worthy of a close thinker and an accurate observer. There is another characteristic of his writings, for which we feel equally grateful. If Sir A. Alison had accumulated an equal mass of facts, he would have wandered on through countless octavos without ever coming to any result at all. If Lord Macaulay had done so, we might have had a small part of them set forth with brilliant eloquence, on a scale too large for human faculties to fill out. But De Tocqueville was scarcely more careful to collect his facts, than to digest them when he had got them. He seems to have kept his theories constantly working in his mind, affected by every new addition to his stores of knowledge, till they had crystallized into the most perfect form of which they were capable. He then sets them down as clearly and precisely, and at the same time as shortly as possible. He is thus the most workmanlike of writers, and seems to combine the French tendency to generalization with English sobriety of thought. As one consequence, we have the result of many years' labour on so vast a subject as the political and social institutions of America, distilled into two moderate octavo volumes, of which, however, every page and sentence is filled with serious thought. The principal fault of style arising from this mode of composition, is the want of a sufficient number of illustrative examples, a want which causes the book to resemble rather a compilation of abstract principles, than a series of observations of actual facts.

Full as these volumes are of reflection, there is one dominant thought present in almost every chapter, and one great lesson illustrated and enforced by every division of his work. The steady and irresistible progress of democracy seems to have been impressed as an indubitable and ever present truth upon De Tocqueville's mind. By democracy he does not understand any form of government in particular, but a general equality of conditions. The reality and the importance of the progress of democracy, thus understood, cannot be denied. But perhaps it assumed even more importance to De Tocqueville than others would be disposed to concede to it. Belonging to a noble and ancient family, and endowed with the highest qualities of the ideal nobleman, he lived at the exact period when all the old aristocratic traditions were still alive, but when the privileges of the aristocracy had been finally swept away by the outburst of popular hatred. The levelling tendency of his own countrymen was therefore keenly felt, as well as clearly seen by him. He seems, indeed, to consider democracy as the great impelling force which is modifying every political and social peculiarity of the modern world, and whose action can be traced into the remotest details. He never complains of this, nor suggests means of opposing it. According to his view, men are gradually approximating towards a dead level of equality with the same certainty as a comet approaches the sun in its orbit. Some disturbing force may accidentally change its course, or it may at some distant epoch again diverge, but, as far as we can trace it, the impulse is irresistible and unceasing. "If the men of our time," he says, "were led to acknowledge that the gradual development of social equality is at once the past and future of their history, this solitary truth would confer the sacred character of a divine decree upon the change. To attempt to resist democracy would be in that case to resist the will of God, and the nations would then be constrained to make the best of the social lot awarded to them by Providence." Starting from this central thought, the purpose of the whole book is twofold,—to exemplify the effects which necessarily follow from the steady advance of democracy, and to show how the evil effects may be remedied. His results are well worth noting. The most democratic nation in Europe is the French. We English still retain the largest aristocratic element. The Americans are treated by De Tocqueville as the type of that democratic stage of society towards which we are all gravitating, though they are still characterized by many peculiarities inherited from their more aristocratic ancestors. As a Frenchman he traces out every democratic development with unflagging interest, because he feels that it is only the more distinct exhibition of causes which are at work in France as well as in America. It is obvious that, although he rarely mentions France directly, he never for a moment forgets the application of his doctrines to French questions. Some discussions, indeed, such as that upon the nature of democratic armies, are obviously suggested by the past history of the French revolution, though applicable to contingencies which may arise in America. It is still more desirable that Englishmen should feel the example of the United States to be one in which we have more interest than that of mere lookers-on. The simplest description of them would be, that they are a continent full of English ten-pound householders. That charming class of society may have obtained a more overwhelming influence there than here; but even here its power has increased, is increasing, and is not likely to be diminished. De Tocqueville's general judgment of the democracy into which all the privileged classes of society are slowly but surely melting down, is not to be summed up in one word. If it could be extracted and conveyed in a single sentence, that sentence would form an admirable text for Mr. Mill's noble sermon on Liberty. The advantages which he ascribes to it are those which are generally enumerated in eulogiums on the nineteenth century,—larger diffusion of intelligence, an improved material condition, more care for popular interests, an increased philanthropy, and a wider sympathy for all forms of suffering. But against these palpable gains are to be set those dangers of whose existence Mr. Mill has eloquently warned us. Democracy is to be dreaded because it has a direct tendency to reduce individual eminence, and to bring us all to a monotonous dead level. The absence of great statesmen in

\* De Tocqueville's Democracy in America. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1862.



America may be attributed partly to this cause. There is a constant fermentation of small efforts for private interests, and an incessant restlessness without concentrated vigour. There are few great men or great interests which stand out above the crowd. The land is one vast buzzing bee-hive, where every bee is just like his neighbour. The tyranny of the majority is not to be feared so much for its actual physical effects; tarring and feathering is only a local and temporary institution, and has, after all, its good points—it is likely to arouse a vigorous opposition. The more dangerous and more subtle influence of this tyranny of public opinion acts by cramping men's minds, and dwarfing them into one monotonous standard shape. "It seems as if all the minds of the Americans were formed upon one model," says de Tocqueville, and he adds that even if an exceptional American can take a view above that common to his countrymen, and thus discern their faults, he will take care to confide his speculations to a stranger only. "If ever these lines are read in America, I am well assured of two things: first, that all who peruse them will raise their voices to condemn me; and secondly, that very many of them will acquit me at the bottom of their conscience."

The great remedy to these dangers of democratic society is found by De Tocqueville in democratic institutions. The centralization which is the curse of the political life in France did not exist in America, and he therefore turns eagerly to America as an example for his own country. The chapters in which he elaborately points out the extension of self-government, and its wide diffusion in America, form in themselves a most useful account of the political institutions of the country. In France the love of equality preceded the love of liberty, and has almost choked its growth. The people only desire to be all equal under the hand of a Government, able, as far as possible, to foresee every one's troubles and to manage every one's affairs as well as its own. The danger in this case is to fall, not into anarchy, but into the stationary monotony of the Chinese empire. In America the love of liberty was brought from England, it fell in a favourable soil, and has been guarded by the habits of local self-government, which cause every citizen to take his share in the work. It is the great enemy of what De Tocqueville calls "individualism," the vice which makes a man retire into his own small circle in cynical indifference to the politics and fate of his country. It will be the great safeguard against that despotism which can succeed free institutions only by the indifference and incapacity of the governed race. De Tocqueville's noble contempt for this careless indifference and desire that the manliness of his countrymen should be preserved by their being induced to take part in managing their own affairs, breathes through every line of his book.

Such is the chief moral of the work. If we were to find fault it would be that the effects of democracy are somewhat exaggerated. De Tocqueville seems to have taken so keen an interest in politics that he could hardly look at any subject, even science, theology, or metaphysics, except from its political side, and his constant thought in politics is the progress of democracy. The second part of the book is divided into a series of chapters, each of which may be described as being the solution of the problem,—Given a democratic and aristocratic people, by what characteristics will their philosophy, religion, literature, and arts, their desire for wealth, their national vanity, &c., &c., be distinguishable? Some few of the results seem rather strained. We cannot but think, for example, that such premises are too narrow for deciding on the religious tendencies of a people. Yet De Tocqueville shows that a democratic nation has a natural tendency to pantheism. This will no doubt be comforting to those to whom pantheism and democracy are twin bugbears,—ugly, but vague, nicknames to pitch at their enemies,—but the inference seems rather uncertain. In this case De Tocqueville, no doubt, points to a real connection, but it is one which is liable to be overridden by many other causes. Most of his results are far more carefully obtained, and we should in general be inclined to object, not that democracy is not a true cause, but rather that it is not the only cause. For example, De Tocqueville hardly alludes to distinctions of race. Yet surely some part of the difference between French and English Canadians must be attributable to this cause. Every nation would not have developed that restless activity which De Tocqueville ascribes simply to democracy. Political institutions may doubtless do much, and an Englishman and a Frenchman may possibly have been developed from the same stock. Perhaps, as Mr. Darwin suggests a whale and a polar bear come of the same ancestors, we shall still be wise to remember the difference of race now that it has been produced, no matter how. In the same way we are bound to take into account the direct transmission of national peculiarities, especially when we can trace such strong personal resemblances between the American and the Englishman, the most democratic and the most aristocratic of modern races,—resemblances which come from the common blood in spite of diverging institutions.

In conclusion, it will no doubt be remarked, that though starting in all cases from particular specified facts, De Tocqueville rises generally into the region of general political speculation. Hence we do not find so much anticipation of particular events in America as we might have expected. He is always anxious to lead our minds from democracy triumphant in America, to democracy militant in France and England. The prophecies as to the dismemberment of the Union, which some people have remarked, do not seem to us, therefore, the most noticeable parts of the work. In fact, it was very easy for any one to prophesy the dismemberment of the Union. The only wonder would have been, if, after so many difficulties, it had kept together. Few political prophecies are really possible. A good historian may lay his hand on the weak points of a State—he can hardly, by any possibility, prophesy how or when the illness will be developed, for it depends upon actual statistical facts which no human being could be acquainted with. How many political prophecies might have been knocked on the head by the invention of steam or the discovery of gold-fields, which it would not even come within the historian's province, if it were within his power, to anticipate? We may say thus that De Tocqueville has most strikingly shown the inherent weakness of the Union, notwithstanding every attempt to patch it up, and has shown that that weakness was growing. Neither he nor any one else could prophesy when, where, or how it would break down, nor what future was in store for the separate States.

It is scarcely necessary to say, in conclusion, that this translation is everything that it ought to be, and renders De Tocqueville's clear and precise style into equally clear and precise English.

#### THE ESSAYS OF "A. K. H. B."\*

THE success of the gentleman who writes essays in *Fraser's Magazine* under the signature of "A. K. H. B.," shows upon what easy terms a certain kind of popularity may be secured in the present day. There are so many men in the world who have no opinion of their own upon any subject whatsoever, whose minds are always lying fallow for the reception of any seed which a chance wayfarer may let fall, that a person who undertakes to think for them and to direct their own drifting judgments may be almost regarded as a special blessing, and he undoubtedly fulfils a useful part in human affairs. People whose ideas shift with the wind, and who have no settled principle—none, at least, that will bear examination—ought to be thankful to "A. K. H. B." His essays are exactly adapted to the unreflectiveness of the age. No topic is so vast but that it can be introduced with a jest and dismissed with a flourish of egotism. "A. K. H. B." is equal to the discussion of any unsettled problem, and the propounding of superficial trivialities on the most solemn questions that can engage the attention of the mind, has already invested him with the character of a sage. Life and death, joy and sorrow, the infirmities of age, the buoyancy of youth—to all these and innumerable other "themes" of the kind, the essayist invites our consideration, and meets us with unvarying common-place, or with an air of easy banter—condescendingly designed to place the reader at his ease, and make him feel that "A. K. H. B.," although a much wiser man than his pupil, is yet willing to take him into his entire confidence. He bids us treasure up the crumbs that fall from his table, not because the supply is scanty or limited, but because there are but few worthy to partake thereof. Many an energetic man imposes upon a weak one, simply by attacking him with confidence; and it is therefore not altogether injudicious on the part of "A. K. H. B." to treat his readers somewhat capriciously—now with arrogance, now with easy familiarity. He is a Presbyterian minister, and he may conceive that his calling qualifies him to grapple with and explain away all difficulties in theology and in the unseen laws which regulate human affairs; but it is open to question whether even such a teacher does well in seeking to draw aside the curtain and unveil the mysteries in an assumed spirit of levity. There is nothing more melancholy in these essays than the incessant attempts of the writer to raise a smile or provoke mirth. Even in the most serious passages there is nothing serious. It is sought to divert us by the introduction of incongruous imagery, by the use of slang phrases and expressions usually confined to the stable, by the assumption of the tone and diction of a "fast man," and, by a good deal of weak pleasantry concerning the writer's personal habits, his devices to get himself in working order when he has anything to do, how he amuses himself after work, and what is his general mode of living. This constant obtrusion of the author's dividuality, this unwelcome buttonholing of the reader, produces a feeling of inexpressible discomfort. It is impossible to follow with satisfaction, still less with conviction, the arguments and reasoning of a man who is tormented by an anxiety to make his matter interesting by importing into it irrelevant remarks, and by the resuscitation of worm-eaten jokes. The question under discussion may be a momentous one, but that does not lead to its being treated in a grave spirit of investigation. Had it fallen to "A. K. H. B.'s" lot to be an actor, he would probably have performed the part of Jacques in the dress of Touchstone. It is true enough that the principle of making a book amusing above all things is followed successfully with children; they are bribed to read by surreptitious and covert devices—by gaudy covers and highly-coloured pictures, and the bread of instruction is carefully covered with the sugar of amusement. But there comes a time of life when there is no necessity for this or any similar allurements. "A. K. H. B." forgets this, and lectures his readers as he would his Bible-class in the Sunday-school. He proceeds on the assumption that he will not be able to fix their attention unless he can convince them that he has nothing very serious to say. A few fragments of stale thought are thrown to us here and there, and for troubling us with even these "appeals to the understanding" the writer thinks it necessary to apologize.

The point of view from which "A. K. H. B." surveys life is that of a comfortable, cheerful, and contented preacher of the Gospel. There is the parsonage half covered with honeysuckle, the pleasant garden, the favourite dog and horse; within are wife and children, and nothing is wanting to render home the happiest place in the world. We are perpetually being met by observations such as these:—"Both my sermons for Sunday are ready, and they are in a drawer in this table on which I write." "I have reason to cherish a quiet trust, that they [the essays] have done good to some of my fellow-creatures." "A sane mind means a healthy mind. . . . My reader, you have not got it. I have not got it. Nobody has got it." We need not wonder that a man so contented with himself, and surrounded by so many advantages, should form a very favourable opinion of the world. He recognizes the existence of trouble, but beholds it only from a safe distance. He looks on at the battle afar off, and thinks that it must be an easy thing to gain the victory. He can philosophize calmly with those who struggle, bid them fight on with fortitude and courage, and be ready with reproaches if they evince any inclination to give way. And if every one in the world were blessed with health and prosperity, there is no doubt that advice given in this spirit might be deemed of universal application. If there were no afflictions to cloud and no sorrows to sadden life, nothing could be more appropriate than "A. K. H. B.'s" mild moralizings. But his nostrums could scarcely be expected to cure those who have received wounds which time has failed to heal. Of the troubles that make the heart ache, of affections wounded, of hopes extinguished, of physical sufferings, of mental torture, such as Dr. Johnson endured till his end drew nigh—of the many burdens which make up the sum of human ill, "A. K. H. B." has very little to say. That little is not of a "consolatory" nature assuredly—scarcely of an "aesthetical." It is no new practice in the pulpit to make short work of recognized evils by underrating or ignoring them, but it is the duty of a preacher to treat of these subjects now and then. He may think it equally a duty to be cheerful on those occasions. But "A. K. H. B." cannot have had a "call" to write in magazines. He preaches voluntarily, and we have a right to expect that when he invites us to discuss grave questions, he will bring a serious and earnest mind to his task. He should do what in him lies

\* Recreations of a Country Parson. Essays Consolatory, Aesthetical, Moral, Social, and Domestic.—Leisure Hours in Town. By "A. K. H. B." London. 1862.

to give man  
welfare and  
of trouble,  
borders clo

The essay  
mode in  
type of life  
one can pos  
come to inq  
be that of a  
can return  
years alone  
him." The  
closes in the  
this Friday  
and carried  
reference to  
that his "sol  
may suppose  
tions with an  
the interchan  
that he is no  
illness or m  
Now, is this

Does the pict  
ordinary state  
mildly of the  
father's house  
return to? S  
neither have  
experience as  
The past and  
of death may  
has "A. K. H.  
All his reason  
be solitary and  
course true. I  
"solitude in c  
exclamation of  
Uncle Toby; "  
from the distre  
Trim, and hast  
"solitary" by  
"A. K. H. B.'s  
us, "it is best  
that true solitu  
upon one by in  
Ruskin pointed  
has urged a le  
"A. K. H. B.'s  
author of "Mod  
sunshine; the  
Let us beware  
long as they are  
but when the s  
cover them, an  
into dust."

If these essays  
that there would  
even take pleasur  
"emotions" are  
storms which hav  
noted down and  
upon finding tha  
done on certain c  
or "Yes, I have  
exclamations with  
discursive mind.  
rarely take a plea  
dence in the me  
them. They wou  
parsonage, his hea  
ings that he must  
heart in a season  
that are intended  
all, is the use of t  
that "Men may b  
tion of any one w  
pitiable. What w  
distinct ideas left  
Fraser, there was  
than the closest w  
here bones which  
of a banquet whic

LORD D.

A FAMILIARITY  
Fraser has appar  
laudable resolution  
the composition of

\* The Marquis of D  
Acquisition and Admin  
1862.



to give mankind true ideas with regard to those matters which concern their welfare and happiness. Such an object will never be attained by treating of trouble, of the loss of friends, of physical infirmity, with a lightness which borders closely upon levity.

The essay "Concerning Solitary Days" is a very fair example of the mode in which "A. K. H. B." invariably deals with his subject. His favourite type of life is employed—the rural clergyman. We are told more than any one can possibly care to know about the author's early days; and when we come to inquire what is his actual conception of a solitary life, we find it to be that of a young man, brought up in a large family, to which of course he can return in any exigency, and who spends no more than three or four years alone before he "finds another household of his own growing up around him." There is a great deal of "I" and "you" throughout the essay, and it closes in the customary form,—“Having arrived at this point, at 10:45, on this Friday evening, I gathered up all the pages which have been written, and carried them to the fireside, and sitting there, I,” &c. &c. Without reference to the peculiarities of "A. K. H. B.'s" style, it must be obvious that his "solitary man" ought to consider himself exceedingly well off. We may suppose that his seclusion will be frequently enlivened by communications with and from "home,"—there are pleasant letters to receive, there is the interchange of kindly feelings, the support afforded by the consciousness that he is not forgotten or uncared for, and lastly, the knowledge that, should illness or misfortune befall him, there are friends to welcome him back. Now, is this solitude?—solitude such as Milton conceived of when he asked,

"In solitude  
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone?  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?"

Does the picture represent that utter isolation and loneliness which is the ordinary state of life of many a man from youth up? The essayist talks mildly of the "young man who leaves his solitary dwelling to return to his father's house." Very pleasant—but what if there is no father's house to return to? Strange as it may seem to "A. K. H. B.," there are those who neither have home nor recollections of home to cheer them. Has his experience as a minister never brought him into contact with such persons? The past and the future are alike a waste to them—the bereavements of death may have left them an unsheltered mark for the winds. What has "A. K. H. B." to say to these? Nothing—he simply overlooks them. All his reasoning depends upon the assumption that a man need not be solitary and alone unless he please,—and in a certain sense this is of course true. Every one may mix in society of some kind—but is there no "solitude in crowds?" "I can have no sorrows in this world," was the exclamation of Corporal Trim. "As few as any man," was the reply of Uncle Toby; "nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art past all services, Trim, and hast outlived thy friends." He whose "days" have been rendered "solitary" by outliving his friends, would find little to the purpose in "A. K. H. B.'s" essay. "If we wish to be entire human beings," he tells us, "it is best not to be too much alone." He does not seem to understand that true solitude is rarely a matter of taste or choice, but that it is forced upon one by inexorable circumstances. In what suggestive words has John Ruskin pointed out the surest alleviation of solitude—earnest labour,—and has urged a lesson which will not be found in the thirty-five pages of "A. K. H. B.'s" disquisition. "About the river of human life," says the author of "Modern Painters," "there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, retain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust."

If these essays were thrice as superficial as they really are, it is probable that there would still be numbers of indolent persons who would read, and even take pleasure in them. They are gratified to find that their own feeble "emotions" are shared by others. They are delighted to learn that the little storms which have ruffled the placid flow of their existence have all been noted down and registered. They have a better opinion of themselves upon finding that a public writer has really felt the same as they have done on certain occasions. "That is exactly what I have often thought," or "Yes, I have experienced that myself before now," are the complacent exclamations with which they receive the thin, impoverished reflections of a discursive mind. But those who have fought and struggled in the battle rarely take a pleasure in exhibiting their wounds, nor do they repose confidence in the medicaments that the first well-meaning person may proffer them. They would feel that it is not from the man who chatters of his cosy personage, his healthy children, his affectionate wife, his many worldly blessings that he must expect to hear the word of consolation that reaches the heart in a season of heavy affliction. The chords must be delicately struck that are intended to awaken a response in such natures. And what, after all, is the use of this eternal analysis of "human life?" Pope has well said that "Men may be read, as well as books, too much," and the mental condition of any one who reads through a volume of these essays must be very pitiable. What would be such a man's ideas of "life?" Would he have any distinct ideas left at all? In the essays of "Shirley," once to be found in *Fraser*, there was an under-current of pathos that moved the reader more than the closest watching of the new professor's dissecting-knife can do. The bare bones which "A. K. H. B." flings to us will not compensate for the loss of a banquet which every man of taste could enjoy.

#### LORD DALHOUSIE'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.\*

A FAMILIARITY with the writings of Gibbon, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. Fronde has apparently inspired the author of the present volume with a laudable resolution to be at once majestic, vivacious, and sentimental; while the composition of heroic poetry, to which Mr. Arnold was, we believe, in

his earlier years, addicted, affords a satisfactory and pleasing explanation of the sonorous cadence which marks the rhythm of his sentences, and of the somewhat presumptuous flights of fancy into which his muse, fretting like some impatient Pegasus at the mere drudge-work of historical narration, occasionally breaks away. He has brought, however, to the completion of his task a laudable diligence, an admiring sympathy, and an ability none the less conspicuous for being directed rather to feats of imitation in style than to cogent logic or profound speculation; and if the reader of his history is sometimes vexed by a stilted periphrasis, forced construction, or over-strained sentiment, he will find it impossible to resist the infection of the hearty interest which the author feels for his work, and of the real vigour with which he sets himself to chronicle the spirit-stirring events of Lord Dalhousie's administration.

A laudable pride and satisfaction make it almost impossible for Englishmen to criticize with dispassionate calmness a period which appeals so strongly to their national sentiment, and which resulted in success so imposing and magnificent. A generation, at any rate, must pass away before the excitement of Mooltan and Goojerat will admit of an unbiassed verdict on the suppression of a dynasty at once violent, faithless, and incapable, and on the seizure of a province which the fortune of war threw into our hands, and the necessities of our position seemed to forbid us to reject. The last eight years of the East-India Company's existence presented, as it were, in a single scene, all the different vicissitudes of success and failure, weakness and strength, prosperity and disaster, which an empire, maintained over remote and unwilling populations, is likely to involve. The death of Runjeet Singh, in 1839, had deprived us of a steady if not perfectly disinterested alliance, and set loose on our most exposed frontier all the wild and turbulent powers which his strong hand had coerced into submission. For nearly forty years his ambition and vigour had given a certain harmony to the discordant elements of Sikh nationality; no sooner was he gone, than the smouldering fire burst in a hundred places into a blaze. From that moment till the outbreak of the first Sikh war, in 1845, the court history of the Punjab is little but a list of plots, counter-plots, and assassinations. Those who stood nearest the throne had the least chance of escape, and the royal and princely families were decimated by crimes in which all alike were partakers. At last the youthful Dhuleep Singh and his mother, the notorious Ranee Chunda, stood almost alone upon the blood-stained stage, where their relations and dependants had played the desperate game of ambition; and the queen-mother, diffident of her ill-gained authority, and incapable of controlling the forces which had borne her to power, resolved to turn them against the likeliest foe, and ordered the Khalsa army to cross the Sutlej. Several desertions and repulses, and at last the crowning defeat of Sohraon, threw the kingdom at the feet of the English; the territory across the Sutlej was annexed, a fine exacted, and an English force and resident established at Lahore. Some infusion of justice, order, and humanity was imparted to the councils of the falling state, and the wilder excesses of the Government were forced by British discipline into a decent concealment. In 1848 Lord Hardinge handed over to his successor an extended dominion, a powerful army, and a society whose tranquillity seemed, for the present, at any rate, to be unendangered. Sixty guns and more than 50,000 men guarded the stormy frontier of the Sutlej, and powerful reserves were ready in the neighbouring cities to ensure a quiet which was known to be more or less artificial. The new Governor-General arrived amid hymns of peace, and the favourable vaticinations of a host of friendly prophets, who saw before them nothing but an approaching millennium of order, repose, and prosperity. "Everything," such was the tone of the public journals, "everything seems to favour the new ruler: light dawns from all quarters upon his path: India is in the full enjoyment of a peace which, humanly speaking, there seems nothing to disturb." "The peace of the country rests upon the firmest and most permanent basis. The chiefs whose ambition or hostility have been the source of disquietude to his predecessors have one and all been disarmed. Not a shot is fired from the Indus to Cape Comorin against our will."

In so fair a summer sky the storm was already gathering; the plots and encouragement of the Ranee Chunda had given vitality to the embers of a widespread discontent. At Mooltan the thunder-cloud burst, and the assassination of the two English commissioners fitly inaugurated the rebellion which the Moolraj maintained so long and successfully against the regency of the kingdom and its British supporters. Mr. Arnold gives a really excellent description of the exciting campaign which ensued, and which taxed to the uttermost the patience, daring, and resolution of the brave men to whose hands its management was committed. The real gravity of the occasion was slow in dawning upon the mind of the Commander-in-Chief, and merits less attractive and a daring less conspicuous than Lord Gough's would fail to atone for the delays which his scruples necessitated, and which allowed a single outbreak to grow into a general rebellion. The promptitude of Lieutenant Edwardes in crossing the Indus and marching upon the insurgent city partially redeemed the national prestige for promptitude and vigour; but one desertion from our cause after another attested the speedy growth of the flames which had not been instantly trampled out, and aroused Lord Dalhousie from the reluctant inactivity in which his chief military subordinate had hitherto retained him. "If his enemies," he declared, "wanted war, war they should have, and with a vengeance;" and his despatch to the Secret Committee breathes the same temper, and expresses the same conviction of the serious nature of the crisis. "There is no other course open to us," he writes, "but to prepare for a general Punjab war, and ultimately to occupy the country." Meanwhile, the defection of Sheer Singh had made the Sikh army 15,000 strong, and driven the British force stationed round Mooltan into assuming a defensive position. At every favourable point of the whole country the rebellion now gathered to a head, and gave unmistakable intimations of its strength. The ready devotion and inflexible purpose of the officers stationed in the frontier towns alone kept up the barriers, which still checked the rising flood. In the North, at Jullundhur and Peshawur, at Attock and Hazara, the two Lawrences, Abbott, and Herbert stood doggedly at their posts, cowed the ready insurgents into a reluctant submission, and enforced an ostensible fidelity, which wavered and flickered with the fortunes of the campaign, and in more than one place died entirely away. Peshawur was lost by an act of treachery, conspicuous for its baseness even in the East, and Major Lawrence was led back a captive to the fortress from which he had,

\* The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India. Volume I. Containing the Position and Administration of the Punjab. By Edwin Arnold. Saunders, Otley, & Co.



in desperation, endeavoured to force his way. Attock, garrisoned by Herbert, alone stood secure amid a country otherwise completely at the mercy of the enemy, and the vanguard of the insurgents pushed boldly southward, and ravaged the country almost under the very walls of Lahore. Lord Gough was, however, by this time approaching with 20,000 men and nearly 100 guns, and the series of movements commenced which, after several engagements of more or less doubtful result, ended in the complete discomfiture of the Sikhs under Shere Singh and Chuttur Singh at Goojerat, and, ten days later, in the fall of Mooltan and the unconditional surrender of the leader of the insurrection. The Governor-General, now fully appreciating the gravity of the crisis and the value of the victory, turned the hard-earned success to the best account, and despatched a pursuing force which might hang upon the retreating foe, and drive him, still smarting from defeat, without rest or respite, beyond the safe barrier of the Khyber Pass. "The war," he said, "in which we are engaged, must be prosecuted now to the entire defeat and dispersion of all who are in arms against us, whether Sikhs or Affghans." Major Gilbert started away in pursuit, and pressed so hard on the steps of the fugitives, that further flight became hopeless; and a Sikh army and thirty-five officers laid their swords, in token of submission, at their conqueror's feet. The Affghans were speedily chased beyond the heights from which they had descended in defiant confidence against the "cursed Feringhee;" and Lord Dalhousie might proceed at his leisure to organize the government, which the disappearance of the enemy had thrown upon his hands, and to proclaim the annexation of which the necessities of the position, the breach of public faith, and the rights of war seemed to afford, at any rate, a decently plausible justification. The experiment of preserving a strong independent power on our northern frontier had been tried and proved a failure; and the mutual hatred of Mussulmans and Sikhs was known to be no longer a guarantee against their united hostility. Three years of a British protectorate seemed to rebut the charge of an unscrupulous desire to extend our boundaries, and nothing remained for Lord Dalhousie but to turn his success to good effect and to supplement by useful results the justification with which the logic of conquest and the antecedent circumstances of the case had already supplied him.

How far this purpose was effected, Mr. Arnold proceeds in the second portion of his work to inquire. The districts just added to our empire wanted everything which a strong Government can alone supply, and the recent war had thrown the few faint semblances of administrative order, which ordinarily enjoyed a precarious existence, into the most absolute confusion. A board of administration consisting of the most able men at Lord Dalhousie's command, was placed at Lahore under the presidency of Henry Lawrence. To their hands was committed the task of organizing the confused and turbulent mass into something like a systematized scheme of government. The government of Runjeet Singh had been characterized by the severity and the indulgence, the reckless profusion, the false economy, which the caprices of a capricious and strong-willed tyrant were likely to suggest and countenance. Justice was administered on the rudest possible scale; taxes were collected by the clumsiest machinery, and with no attempt or even pretence at an equitable adjustment. To both these matters of primary importance the Board at once addressed itself; a strong body of police was formed upon the model of that introduced in Scinde, and so distributed as to be in close communication with the central authority. Various corps were organized for the special service of protecting the frontier towns; tracks were cut through the waste highlands which lie between the five Punjab rivers, where, till now, no Government had been energetic enough to stretch the strong hand of the law, and where a lawless population enjoyed undisturbed the remarkable natural facilities of the country for cattle-lifting and personal violence. A general disarmament was enforced, and 120,000 stand of arms—the implements of robbery quite as often as of warfare—were surrendered by their owners to the safe custody of this Government. The suppression of thuggee, and of infanticide which prevailed enormously among the higher class of Sikhs, next occupied the thoughts of Lord Dalhousie and his subordinates. An accidental discovery gave a clue to the confederacy of the Thugs, and the promise of life to convicted informers soon produced a fearfully long category of murders, which subsequent examination proved to have been actually committed. Arresting parties were sent throughout the country, and in Lahore and Jullundhur alone 500 Thugs were brought to trial. The secrecy of the bloody fraternity was effectually broken, and the alarm and distrust occasioned by numerous discoveries led, in no long time, to the suppression of the crime. An appeal to the good sense of the leaders of Sikh society, and some wholesome regulations curtailing the expenses of fashionable weddings, were instrumental in rescuing very many female children from the early death which formerly awaited them. Another important branch of the Lahore Board's undertakings was that which concerned the physical character of the country, the cutting of roads and canals, the bridging of rivers, the planting of forest trees (almost extinct from long abuse and neglect), and the irrigation of the dry and thirsty plains, which want nothing but a stream of water to cover them with exuberant fertility. Mr. Arnold gives an interesting account of the various measures adopted, and of the great success with which, in almost every instance, they were rewarded. The great military road from Lahore to Peshawur links the whole region into a compact and accessible whole, and brings our remotest Indian possessions into direct and easy communication with the Home Government at Calcutta. Every form of agriculture has flourished from the unaccustomed tranquillity of the kingdom; and the introduction of the tea plant especially has been successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. Lastly, a recent balance-sheet proves, according to the author's calculation, that Lord Dalhousie's addition to the empire is a profitable concern, and that the gifts of good government, order, and civilization, have not been lavished with a thoughtless indifference upon recipients too stupid or too ungrateful to appreciate them. Much good we may believe has been effected, many gross crimes suppressed; a wild and savage race has been familiarized with the useful arts, and innocent enjoyments of a peaceful life; the Punjab has been rescued from a hopeless anarchy to social discipline, just laws, and the mutual dependence of a civilized community; and if our title to this fair domain has the sanction neither of immemorial usage, nor unquestioned legality, Englishman may at any rate be proud of the courage with which it was won, and the excellent uses to which it has been put.

## THE WELSH BARDS.\*

It is extraordinary how entirely calm criticism appears to be incompatible with the character of the Celtic race. It is not long ago that a traveller in Wales narrowly escaped personal violence for expressing very quietly a doubt whether Adam and Eve spoke the Welsh language in Paradise; and this is but a rather exaggerated example of the manner in which zealous Welsh antiquaries have been in the habit of treating national questions. It is especially the case in everything relating to Welsh bards, and to the history of Welsh poetry—subjects on which we really want a good and reasonable book, containing a judicious selection of specimens arranged in their supposed chronological order, and of course with careful literal translations in English. This would at least give the opportunity to antiquaries and critics who are not Celtic, and who are seldom very well acquainted with the Welsh language, to form a judgment of their own where they are not satisfied with that of inquirers who are not impartial.

The Welsh antiquaries have been accustomed to assume the authenticity of every record, and the truth of every statement or tradition, which supports their own views of the character and antiquity of their race or literature. They have thus peopled remote centuries with heroes and poets whose exploits or compositions are totally at variance with all that we know of those periods from trustworthy annals, and history has become obscured with fables, from which it is now difficult to free it. There is no class of productions which has been the subject of so much exaggeration of this description as the Welsh poetry. The Welsh boast of possessing an extensive poetical literature of the fifth and sixth centuries, the work, in most cases, of royal and princely bards, whose personal histories were as extraordinary as their writings. These poems are often of a lyric character, the class of poetry least common in rude and turbulent ages; they recount the celebrated historical events, and breathe refined and rather advanced sentiments of war and peace, of love, of morals, and even of philosophy. At the time when they are supposed to have been composed, and in a society such as that which must have produced them, writing was not likely to be much in use, and whatever there was of poetical composition could have been preserved only in memory, and must soon have gone through all sorts of transformations, and it would indeed have been an extraordinary thing to find it, after seven or eight centuries, in the same language, the same forms, and with the same distinct allusions and shades of sentiment, as when it came from the composers. A close investigation of the language of these assumed early Welsh poems would probably satisfy us all that they are in the language which prevailed in Wales at a period since the Norman Conquest. It is a suspicious circumstance that, with only one or two exceptions, the earliest manuscripts of any of this ancient bardic poetry are not older than the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Welsh antiquaries met this objection with a story of the destruction of Welsh bards and manuscripts by Edward I., on his conquest of the principality, a story for which there does not appear to be any foundation. They pretended that all their earlier bardic manuscripts were collected together, and deposited, by order of the English king, in the Tower of London, and that they were there designedly burnt. But there is another difficulty still greater in the way of recognizing the antiquity of these poems: to the scholar at all well acquainted with the literature of Mediaeval Europe it is evident that the measure and versification in which they are composed are themselves imitations of those of the Anglo-Norman and French poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and, moreover, they are full of language and allusions which come from the continental literature of that period.

But there is another class of Welsh poetry, which professes to have been composed during this period, and which, undoubtedly authentic, has at least an historical interest. The Welsh have certainly had their poets since the twelfth century who held an important position, or at least played an important part, in their public and domestic life, and who composed poems on contemporary events, as well as on many miscellaneous subjects, with unremitting diligence. It is to some of these that the volume before us is more especially devoted, a volume, by the way, which is not new. Indeed, we can hardly understand why it has been reprinted, unless because the original edition has become rare.

Evan Evans was a Welsh curate of the last century, a very zealous Welsh antiquary, and remarkably fond of his bottle, or perhaps we ought rather to say of his pot—he was, moreover, a man of talent. Intemperate habits and it is hinted, some opinions on ecclesiastical matters which were not palatable to his superiors, stood in the way of his promotion in the Church, and he never arose above a curacy; but he was the correspondent of Bishop Percy, the author of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and other literary men of merit, his contemporaries. It was to him that Gray owed the information on the strength of which he adopted in his ode, "The Bard," the story of the massacre of the Welsh minstrels by Edward I.; and Percy obtained from him a prose translation of the Hiras horn, and most of the information relating to Welsh minstrelsy which he has given in his "Reliques." It was probably through Percy and Gray that Evans was introduced to Dodsley, the celebrated London publisher, who in 1764 printed his "Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards," of which the present volume is partly a reprint, and gave him thirty pounds for the copyright. Evans died in poverty in 1789. He was a remarkably tall man, and hence, as he displayed considerable poetical talent himself, he obtained among the modern "bards" the bardic title of Ieuan Prydydd Hir, i. e., Evan the tall poet.

The volume before us contains the "Specimens," with selections from the author's own poems and correspondence; his essay on the Welsh system, which is now, of course, of no value; and one or two shorter articles. The "Specimens" contain a dissertation in Latin on the bards in which Evan Evans gives an account of the ancients and the moderns. The "Specimens" themselves are all taken from the modern bards, and are interesting because they relate to known events in history, and because the portion of the poetical literature of Wales has been less studied than the other. It consists chiefly of personal panegyrics or of chants of exultation over victories gained or bold deeds performed by the Welsh chiefs.

\* Some specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards. Translated into English, with Explanatory Notes, &c. By the Rev. Evan Evans (Ieuan Prydydd Hir). 8vo. London, 1862.

these be  
were chie  
works spe  
in fact, th  
and was v  
attached  
represente  
Gwynedd  
under Mac  
must have  
are said t  
would lead  
however, t  
Powys rem  
the celebra  
rection aga  
mony, to  
England.  
English, or  
apparently,  
sued the in  
given, nor d  
tells us that  
turn to the  
of them, ent  
of it, stating  
when nothing  
the subject  
contents of  
who was a p  
his warriors,  
favourite dri  
as it is prese  
and alludes t  
Mediaeval ch  
The poems  
chiefly to L  
year 1240. C  
Moch, is a m  
some of whos  
tality on the  
"We," says t  
on the 1st of  
enjoy mirth an  
shorter panegy  
posed by a mi  
that, "Since  
front of battle  
assures us tha  
—he is a war  
beach that co  
that rusheth to  
in a different  
laments the de  
the bard assure  
"the sea flowe  
account of her  
not known at p  
an ode to Llew  
line, composed  
here celebrated  
After this pr  
poems of the f  
entirely from th  
first is a love p  
who flourished  
Castell Dinas B  
ties of this lady  
to the castle to  
seems to have  
visitors—endless  
remains of the C  
will hardly be a  
golden summit."  
"the neat palace  
last of the poe  
Months," is a s  
pendence, and a  
Sir John Griffyd  
rection against t  
tion composed a  
English prison.  
As we have  
Evan Evans to  
tion of far grea  
letters address  
respondents, esp  
"Reliques," whi  
antiquary, and  
Thus, in his zeal  
tells his correspo  
"Mr. Gronw O  
rational grammar  
the language will  
to dance a jig an  
and Latin are suc  
Of the "bards  
"As for your s



these being the class of compositions for which the Welsh minstrels were chiefly employed and rewarded. Several of these minstrels, of whose works specimens are preserved, date as far back as the twelfth century, and, in fact, the oldest poem in the present collection belongs to the year 1157, and was written by a poet named Gualchmai, the son of Meilir, who was attached to the court of Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales. He is represented in these "Specimens" by some verses complimenting Owain Gwynedd on the defeat of an invasion of the isle of Anglesey by a force under Madog, son of Meradudd, prince of Powys, which the translator thinks must have been a very great affair, because Irish, Norman, and Danes are said to have been engaged in it, but the silence of the chroniclers would lead us to believe it to have been a very little affair. It was sufficient, however, to give occasion for a song of exaggerated boasting. The princes of Powys remained hostile to their superiors, the princes of North Wales, and the celebrated Owain Cyveiliog, the son of Madog, was continually in insurrection against Owain Gwynedd, until the latter drove him out of his patrimony, to which he was restored by the assistance of King Henry II. of England. Nevertheless, Owain Cyveiliog was frequently at war with the English, or Norman, barons, and on one occasion, when one of his friends, apparently, had been captured by the English, he gathered his warriors, pursued the invaders, and recovered the prisoner. The date of this event is not given, nor does it appear to be recorded by the chroniclers, but Evan Evans tells us that Owain Cyveiliog flourished about the year 1160; but when we turn to the Welsh chronicle, we find this particular year left blank, and one of them, entitled the "Brut y Tywysogion," gives a very singular description of it, stating that "One thousand one hundred and sixty was the year of Christ when nothing happened!" The rescue effected by Owain Cyveiliog became the subject of the now celebrated *Hirias Owain*, which stands first in the contents of the present volume. It is the composition of the prince himself, who was a poet as well as a warrior, and represents him as seated among his warriors, and feasting them after their return from the rescue. Owain's favourite drinking-horn, the *Hirias*, is filled by the cup-bearer with mead, and as it is presented to each warrior, the prince compliments him for his bravery and alludes to his gallant exploits. It presents an interesting picture of the Mediaeval chieftain in his convivial intercourse with his followers.

The poems of the thirteenth century, contained in these specimens, relate chiefly to Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, or Llewelyn the Great, who died in the year 1240. One of these, composed by a bard named Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, is a mere overdrawn panegyric (as most panegyrics are) of the prince, some of whose actions are alluded to, especially his practice of festive hospitality on the 1st of January, when the minstrels were duly honoured. "We," says the writer, "the bards of Britain, whom our prince entertaineth on the 1st of January, shall, every one of us, in our rank and station, enjoy mirth and jollity, and receive gold and silver for our reward." Another shorter panegyric of Llewelyn is also printed among these specimens, composed by a minstrel named David Benfras, who gravely tells us of his hero that, "Since God created the first man there never was his equal in the front of battle;" while a third, by a bard named Einion, the son of Gwgan, assures us that Llewelyn was "the emperor and sovereign of sea and land—he is a warrior that may be compared to a deluge, to the surge on the beach that covereth the wild salmons,—his noise is like the roaring wave that rusheth to the shore, that can neither be stopped or appeased!" Another, in a different tone, composed by another Einion (the son of Gualchmai), laments the death of a lady named Nest, the daughter of Howel, but, though the bard assures us that "thousands have resounded her name," and that "the sea flowed with force, and conveyed a hoarse complaining noise," on account of her death, the translator acknowledges that "who this lady was is not known at present." The last of these poems of the thirteenth century is an ode to Llewelyn ap Griffydd, the last of the princes of Wales of the British line, composed by a bard named Llygad Gwr, about the year 1270. He is here celebrated as "the vanquisher of England."

After this prince, Wales lost its independence as a nation, and the two poems of the fourteenth century, printed among these "Specimens," differ entirely from those which precede them in the subjects they celebrated. The first is a love poem, by Howel ap Einion Lygliw, a rather celebrated bard, who flourished "about 1390," and is addressed to a lady named Myfanwy, of Castell Dinas Bran. The poet, who celebrates in glowing language the beauties of this lady, tells us that he had ridden on horseback with great speed to the castle to make known his sentiments of love to her, but his courage seems to have failed him when he came into her presence. The modern visitors—endlessly numerous—to Llangollen, who have gazed upon the rude remains of the Castell Dinas Bran, perched on the summit of its isolated hill, will hardly be able to conceive that it was "the marble castle"—on "the golden summit"—"the spacious royal palace"—with its "glossy walls"—or "the neat palace," celebrated by the love-sick poet Howel ap Einion. The last of the poems given in these "Specimens," entitled "The Ode of the Months," is a sort of patriotic lament over the loss of the national independence, and was addressed by a bard named Gwilym Ddw, of Arfon, to Sir John Griffydd Llwyd, a Welsh chieftain, who was defeated in an insurrection against the English Government in 1322, and is a song of lamentation composed after that defeat, and while its hero was languishing in an English prison.

As we have already remarked, there was little in these specimens by Evan Evans to merit a reprint, when it would be easy to make a new selection of far greater interest. The editor has, however, added to it a few letters addressed to the Welsh curate from some of his literary correspondents, especially from Lewis Morris and from Percy, the author of the "Reliques," which are not uninteresting. The former was a thorough Welsh antiquary, and sometimes amuses us by the naïveté of his convictions. Thus, in his zeal for the antiquity and superiority of the Welsh language, he tells his correspondents,—

"Mr. Gronw Owen has been for some years laying a foundation for a Welsh national grammar, not upon the Latin and Greek plan, but upon the plan that the language will bear. It would be unreasonable to expect an old archbishop to dance a jig and rigadon with boys and girls; it is certain, then, the Greek and Latin are such when compared with the Celtic, i. e. Welsh" (p. 153).

Of the "bards,"—

"As for your sheltering under Horace's adage, I mind it as nothing. He was

a stranger to our method, handed down to us by his masters, the Druidical bards, who knew how to sing before Rome had a name. So never, hereafter, mention such moderns as Horace and Virgil when you talk of British poetry" (p. 154).

And, as a finishing climax, he discloses his opinion of English history,—

"I have had access to Llannerch library for three days successively, where there are a great many MSS., though few to your taste or mine. *English history*, exploded philosophy, monkish theology, and *such trash in abundance*, written on fine vellum, in a most curious manner" (p. 159).

#### THE ILIAD OF HOMER.\*

IN our days, translation from the classics has become another and a much more difficult task than it was a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. The time of paraphrases and so-called free versions is gone. We care more to hear what the Greek or Latin authors said than what the translator thinks they meant. Yet a bare rendering of the words into English is very far from satisfying our critical palate. The very construction of sentences must be reproduced; the position and emphasis of words must be maintained. When, to all these difficulties is added the *vexata quæstio* of metre and the inevitable hamper which any regular metre must be, we wonder, not at the poverty of translations, but that there are any translators at all. Mr. Dart has certainly borne his full share of the toils which we have enumerated. His work is, we believe, the first attempt at a continuous translation of the "Iliad" into English hexameters. It is also the first successful attempt to make the English version run line for line with the original; an achievement which can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have tried their own hand at a similar task. On the subject of metre we regret to say that we cannot yield Mr. Dart such unqualified commendation. In spite of Mr. Arnold's somewhat vigorous recommendation, in spite of Dr. Hawtrey's elegant fragments, in spite of the merits of Mr. Dart's own hexameters, which are really as good as anything of the kind that we have seen, we adhere to the old-fashioned opinion that the hexameter is not suited to serious English poetry. True it is that very strong objections may be urged against other metres. The heroic couplet is stiff and prim, and tempts us towards the fatal practice of filling up, a practice which culminates in such sonorous but illiterate translations as the following:—

σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέσιν ἱρήναι φῶτα ἕκαστον,  
μηδὲ ἰα νῆας ἄλαδ' ἐλκόμεν ἀμφιδίσσαις.

Il. ii. 180-1.

"Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy."

Pope, Il. ii. 217-8.

The anapestic metre, which the author of "Lucile" has employed in his last and best poem, is too gay and lilting for an epic. The noble blank verse can well express the majesty and grandeur, but not the life and action of the Homeric poems. Yet all these faults and failings will not reconcile us to what an unkind critic has called "the galvanic contortions of the accentual hexameter." We are far from saying that the hexameter should altogether be excluded. For short passages of measured and sustained declamation, it may be used with great effect. Who does not know the charm of that grand accidental hexameter—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" But this metre, when used continuously throughout a long poem, becomes to English ears extremely heavy and tedious. It is useless to talk, as Mr. Arnold does, of the spell being broken when once good English hexameters are written. Good English hexameters have been written, which are capable of being tried by any test; for that matter, Mr. Arnold's own, or Mr. Dart's, are as good as need be. Yet we will wager that to read a hundred of their lines would be found a greater effort than to read a hundred and fifty of, we will not say Homer's, but of Pope's or Cowper's, or the German hexameters of Voss, or the Saturnians of the Nibelungen-leid, or even of the rugged verse of old Chapman himself, by no means the worst translator of his "Prince of Poets." When Mr. Dart, or his coadjutors, can naturalize their exotic, can "make these rough lines to our smooth tongues grow sleek," we shall owe them our best thanks; but, until then, we must be pardoned for preferring the homelier products of our own land.

Turning from the form to the subject-matter, we have sincerely to thank Mr. Dart for the great general closeness and fidelity of his translation. His accuracy may not come quite up to that of Voss, but it certainly does not fall very far behind. This is an excellence in which our modern translators have very much the advantage of their predecessors. Happily, we seldom hear now of the "general sense" of a passage, or of particles having been inserted, by the author under treatment, "metri gratia"! It is, no doubt, extremely difficult to give the full force of all these little words in Homer, as the use of some of them is little understood, and many others had not, it may be, attained in Homer's time to the logical accuracy of meaning which we attribute to them when they are found in later authors. In one very beautiful passage, a turn of thought seems to us lost by Mr. Dart, through disregard of particles.

Achilles, after being dishonoured by the forcible abduction of Briseis,

δακρύσας, ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ἔζετο νόσφι λιασθείς,  
Θιν' ἐφ' ἁλὸς πολίης, ὁρώων ἱπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·  
πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ ῥήσατο, χεῖρας ὀριγύνει·  
Μήτηρ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτεκίς γε, μινυθάϊόν περ ἰόντα,  
τιμὴν περ μοι ὀφείλεις Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίσσαι,  
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρέμεττος νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισιν.

Il. i. 349-354.

"Weeping, apart from the rest, sat him down by the murmuring waters,  
Close by the hoary sea: and he steadfastly gazed on the billows  
Darkly heaving; and stretch'd out his hands and pray'd to his mother:  
'O mother, short is my life: to an early death thou hast borne me.  
Honour, at least, was my due from him who is throned on Olympus,  
E'en from the thunderer, Zeus! But no honour at all doth he give me.'"

Mr. Dart, it will be observed, translates neither *ἐπεὶ* nor *γε*, nor the first

\* The Iliad of Homer, in English Hexameter Verse. By J. H. Dart, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, author of "The Exile of St. Helena" (Newdigate, 1838). Part I., Books 1-12. Longman, Green, Longman, & Roberts.



περ. Now, to us, there is a world of sad reproach in these words. We seem to hear the tenderest-hearted, as well as the bravest of the Achæans, robbed of his bride, wronged by his chief, deserted by his fellow-princes, complaining of neglect even from her, his mother, the last and dearest. Should it not be,—

"Mother, for thou wert my mother, though short is the life that thou gav'st me, Honour, at least," &c.

In the eighth book comes an excellent translation of that most difficult word to translate, *δρυμοπάτρη*, which we quote with pleasure. The poet is speaking of the spear of Athene,—

τῷ δ' ἀμύνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν  
ἠρώων, τοῖσιν τε κοῖσσιται δρυμοπάτρη.

Il. viii. 390-1.

"All before it the ranks of the heroes  
Fall, as her father's wrath kindles hot in the breast of the goddess."

In the rendering of some of the formal epithets, as they may be called, of Homer, Mr. Dart is not, we think, equally happy. The word *λαοι*, taken with *ποιμήν*, does not mean "tribes," but "people," as opposed to their chief. *Λυκηνός* is not "Lycian," but "light-born" (*λύκη*), "son of the morning." The translation of *ἐνδία*, "from right to left" (Il. i. 594), is, we suppose, due to the extraordinary cloud of words with which Mr. Gladstone has managed to surround a very simple subject. But these are errors which do not interfere with the book's merits as a whole, and are not to be treated hypercritically. The speeches, as is usually the case, are the weakest point in Mr. Dart's version. In the descriptive parts, and particularly the similes, a genuine Homeric burst of sound and spirit often carries him right over the natural difficulties of the English hexameter.

Take this fine description of the prowess of Agamemnon, with which we must conclude:—

"These, where they fell, did he leave; and in front, when the press was the thickest,  
Ever the king rush'd on, and behind him his men of Achæia.  
Foot, in their headlong flight, rush'd and trampled on foot, and the chariots  
Clash'd on surrounding cars: while around them the dust in a whirlwind  
Rose from the trampled plain, 'neath the thundering hoofs of the war-steeds.  
Raged the sounding brass: and, behind them, the King Agamemnon  
Came on with slaughter and shout and with cry of command to his Argives.  
As the devouring flame when it enters the depths of a forest,  
Borne by a strong wind on, wastes the glades; and in ashes before it  
Tumble the stately trees, 'neath the blast of the great conflagration;  
So, on that day, 'neath the arm of Atreides, the King Agamemnon,  
Down came the crests of the Trojans in flight; and the high-mettled chargers  
Dash'd, with empty cars, all abroad through the ranks of the battle.  
There were no hands to direct them: far back 'mid the wreck of the army,  
Lay the pale forms of their lords;—dearer now to the crows than their consorts."

Il. xi. 148-162.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

It is not often that we meet with a book which is written in an easy and pleasant style, and at the same time contains evidence that its author deserves credit for industry, memory, and learning. A man who knows his subject thoroughly well, will often write unreadably about it. But that this need not always be the case is clearly proved by the little work now before us, in which Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, has given a sketch of the *Welsh Language and Literature*,<sup>1</sup> which is as interesting as it is accurate, and is an excellent specimen of the art that can condense information without squeezing out its life. The ordinary reader will no more feel the weight of learning which it supports than he is conscious of the atmospheric pressure under which he exists, but those who have studied the subject will be aware of the amount of research it represents. Mr. Watts writes as pleasantly as if he knew no more than other people, and speaks as courteously of linguists as if he did not belong to their number. When a man happens to have acquired a strange tongue, he generally takes every opportunity of exhibiting it, as if to prove his excellent linguistic health; but Mr. Watts manifests a reticence when there is no occasion for speaking, which seldom shows how little he cares for an unnecessary display of his acquaintance with half a hundred languages.

*Carine Steinburg*<sup>2</sup> is a genuine American tale—American in its incidents, characters, morality, and theology. The heroine of the story is her own historian. She commences her narrative as a wife, and she ends it as a widow; and she is a widow, because her husband was a drunkard,—the main purpose aimed at in this little tale being to warn the young to resist the first temptation to taste of "cock-tail," "gin-sling," "sherry cobbler," "iced champagne," and other compounds for which the now belligerent Yankees have long since rendered themselves celebrated. The heroine begins with a description of her happiness during the honeymoon, and we hope the lady will pardon us for remarking that she enters a little too much into details upon the subject. The hymen at whose shrine she seems most disposed to worship is modelled after the manner of the naughty Johannes Secundus. She then tells of her happiness being destroyed, and her honeymoon eclipsed, by her young and handsome husband coming home to her one evening in a state which has been already described by Shakespeare as that of a gentleman who has "drunk himself out of his five senses." The young drunkard repents, promises never to offend again, forgets his vows and resolution, when the opportunity for violating the one and breaking through the other presents itself. From bad he falls to worse, for he is urged on to do so by his own mother—a vile Irishwoman with a villainous "Irish snub-nose"—and then, worse than being drunk, he becomes faithless; introduces two vile women to the outraged young wife, who abandons him, and returns to her father's house. The drunkard's career fittingly terminates in suicide. As to the wife—the poor, forsaken, ill-treated wife—she is not totally destitute of all consolation. Whilst her husband is gambling, drinking, or doing something worse, it has been her good fortune to meet a captivating young officer from England, the brother of a former schoolfellow of her own, and this young officer falls in love with the ill-behaved young man's ill-treated, handsome wife; and the handsome wife begins to wish she was unmarried, but as wishes will not kill badly-behaved husbands, and so "make two lovers happy," she entreats of this nice young English officer to leave her, and he, as "a moral man,"

<sup>1</sup> A Sketch of the History of the Welsh Language and Literature. Reprinted separately from C. Knight's "English Cyclopædia" (privately printed).

<sup>2</sup> Carine Steinburg. An Autobiography. W. Tweedie.

acts upon the suggestion, but first kisses the disconsolate wife before he bids her adieu. The reprobate husband being dead, there was an opportunity for the lady marrying again; but unfortunately the lover has been mortally wounded in battle, and sends his blessing and "a lock of his hair" to the widow, who preserves it religiously, and then, as a lone lady who has nothing else to do, she sits down to write her autobiography. A narrative of the contents of the book distinctly shows what are the moral lessons it wishes to inculcate. And now a word as to its truly American theology. The author does not profess to believe in "the communion of saints," but she does in "the communication between the living and the dead." She is a spiritualist—that is the modern name for what the rough, honest-spoken ancients designated a "spiritatus," and the Italians call "spiritato," and Ducange explains (it being the fitting term for a *medium*) as "dæmone correptus, energumenus." In two passages in the book (pp. 69, 70, and 147), the firm belief in the spirits of the dead watching over the living is positively expressed. "Carine Steinburg" is a proof of the spread of spiritualism in America. The notion is not "Christian," but "Pagan," a revival of the old heathen superstitions respecting the "lares," "manes," and "lemures." We regret to say we cannot recommend others to imitate our example, and read this book; for, on the whole, it is at the same time dull and gross, poor in incident, barren in plot, and, for a short tale, the most wearisome we have for a long time had to notice.

*Reflections in the Egyptian Desert*<sup>3</sup> is a little book that can be read through in half an hour. A single extract will be sufficient to show of what materials the work is composed:—

"Whatever be our outward form of religion, that subtle animal [the serpent] is ever there, sliding imperceptibly round our motives, retarding the progress of good, causing fear and distrust, jealousy and hatred among men and nations. It is that deadly poison that has made men lose the perception of what is due to others in the all-engrossing thought of self. It has been said that it were enough to make the angels weep to see how we frail beings, whose life is brief as a summer's cloud, do spend it in warring with one another."

The title to the volume of *Cypress Leaves*<sup>4</sup> will be objected to by most readers. The "cypress" is indicative of sorrow; but here are to be found some humorous verses, and, we may add, the least attractive in the collection. The author exhibits taste and feeling in most of his compositions.

Two books—*Brambles and Bay Leaves*<sup>5</sup> and *Pleasant Spots and Famous Places*<sup>6</sup>—are both written in a similar spirit, and belong to the same class in literature. The authors feel a keen enjoyment in the tranquil repose of rural life, and, in their estimation, everything to be seen in the country is worthy of love and admiration. The distinction between Mr. Hibberd and Mr. Langford is, that one delights in taking up the simplest object that presents itself, be it animate or inanimate, studying it in all its minute details, expatiating upon the particular charms that belong to it, and, if there be a tradition attached to it, telling to the reader all he knows or thinks concerning it. Mr. Hibberd can write a very pleasant essay upon any object in natural history, whether it be a humble blade of grass or a common sparrow. Mr. Langford has the same relish for pastoral beauties as Mr. Hibberd, but what attracts him most are the charms of nature when combined with some event which has affected the weal or woe of his fellow-men in past ages. It was the boast of Alexander the Great (if there be any truth in the History of Quintus Curtius) "that places which had been before his day undistinguished, he would by his presence render celebrated; and that localities that would otherwise have remained for ever common-place and vulgar, he would emblazon with the halo of his victories, and so 'ennoble' them to all future ages." Mr. Langford delights in wandering over localities that are so "ennobled" in English history. He tells of his pilgrimages to Edgehill and Naseby, and proves himself, in all the spots he describes, to possess the enthusiasm of a poet with the ardour of a patriot. Both books are very agreeable reading; both tend to inspire a love for the simple beauties of nature; and both will be found very pleasant and instructive companions for excursionists during the months of the coming summer.

We must not look for a similar amount of original information in Sir John Young's history of *Greek Literature in England*,<sup>7</sup> an essay which won the Le Bas prize at Cambridge last year; but it is an interesting and creditable compilation, in which the author investigates the traces of ancient Greek learning in England, and the evidence of its existence among the Anglo-Saxon and Norman monks, criticizes the schoolmen and the early grammarians, and describes the restoration of learning and the progress of Greek studies to the end of the reign of James I.

Mr. Timbs has published his *Year-Book of Facts*<sup>8</sup> for 1862, "exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements of the past year in mechanics and the useful arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology and botany, geology and mineralogy, meteorology and astronomy,"—a volume highly to be commended, containing, in a small compass, a vast amount of valuable and carefully digested information. Mr. Timbs has also brought out a second edition of his *School-days of Eminent Men*,<sup>9</sup> in which "the work has been entirely re-arranged, and in great part re-written." For the benefit of boys who may become eminent men, we have a child's *History of England*,<sup>10</sup> by way of question and answer, which forms a simple and compendious manual, but is as uninteresting as catechisms must always be.

There appears to be a great demand for situations on railways, for Mr. Cassell has included a guide to them in his series of *Handbooks*.<sup>11</sup> It con-

<sup>3</sup> Reflections in the Egyptian Desert. By Daniel Adolphus Lange, F.R.G.S. Hatchard & Co.

<sup>4</sup> Cypress Leaves. A Volume of Poems. By W. H. C. N. W. Kent & Co.

<sup>5</sup> Brambles and Bay Leaves: Essays on things homely and beautiful. By Sidney Hibberd, author of "Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste," "The Town Gardens," &c. Groombridge & Sons.

<sup>6</sup> Pleasant Spots and Famous Places. By John Alfred Langford, author of "Prison Boats and their Authors." William Tegg.

<sup>7</sup> On the History of Greek Literature in England from the earliest times to the end of the reign of James I. By Sir George Young, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>8</sup> The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Lockwood & Co.

<sup>9</sup> School-days of Eminent Men; or, Early Lives of Celebrated British Authors, Philosophers, and Poets, Inventors and Discoverers, Divines, Heroes, Statesmen, and Legislators. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Second edition, revised and partly re-written. Lockwood & Co.

<sup>10</sup> Little Hugh's Lessons in the History of England. By M. B. B. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

<sup>11</sup> Hand-Book Guide to Railway Situations. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

tains "A com-  
scribes the du-  
miscellaneous  
mercantile em-  
to the Antipo-  
Five Years in  
effect on his  
well (be, and  
quitted, in w  
the year to a  
the manners a  
a most gloomy  
from the coun

The Hon. a  
Authority of  
His aim is to  
and with it t  
wrong, and th  
we can distinc  
skirmishes thr  
by listening t  
spirits, speak  
may find Him,  
vent the Divin  
therefore soul-

Under the ti  
the works of t  
the first numbe  
Prayer—and, t  
the giants of t  
dedicated to her  
of opinion that

Among the p  
Cale, Mr. Pigo  
Neate's Lectures

SATURDAY CO

SOME time has  
to the musical  
entertainments  
certs have been  
a widely different  
mimic Drama," i  
while his daught  
time for everythi  
ever. Whatever  
amusements of a  
that the arrangem  
out in a most libe  
secure the stabilit  
the "Temple of  
directors are to  
session of the glo  
brought to the han  
Fortunately the  
so deplorable an i  
it, "as bright and  
season this wond  
sands of strangers  
Exhibition itself.  
eratic" gathering  
menced. Beethov  
with undiminish  
feature in the prog  
popular, as well as  
"Eroica," the C M  
thoroughly appreci  
musical public, as  
dwell on the superi  
the composition. S  
its usual effect on t  
The instrumenta  
concerto on the viol  
in a masterly mann  
school to the sound  
and Baillot have bee

Colonial Sketches:  
Emigrants. By Robert  
Tracts for Priests  
Conscience and of Rea  
Hon. Canon of Wor

Golden Words. N  
Words for Women.  
Jackson, & Halliday.

Speech of the Right  
the Committee of the Pr  
James Ridgway.

The Laws of Settlement  
Ridgway.

Two Lectures on Trad  
Charles Neate, M.A., Fe  
of Oxford. Oxford and  
What is Good Iron, an



tains "A complete system of railway accounts and returns," and fully describes the duties and emoluments of the various officials, besides containing miscellaneous information for the benefit of all who are seeking for commercial employment in London. For those who are thinking of emigrating to the Antipodes, a Mr. Harrison has uttered a warning in his experiences of *Five Years in South Australia*,<sup>12</sup> which appear to have had an unfavourable effect on his temper. The verdict he pronounces is as one-sided as it can well be, and the whole production is a mere libel on the colony he has quitted, in which he asserts that the inhabitants are exposed for a sixth of the year to a temperature which makes every breath a struggle for life. Of the manners and customs of the colonists, their minds and morals, he draws a most gloomy picture, and his book conveys the impression that his departure from the country must have been a subject for general congratulation.

The Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton has contributed an essay on *The Authority of Conscience*<sup>13</sup> to the series of "Tracts for Priests and People." His aim is to prove "that Holy Scripture assumes that we have the power, and with it the solemn duty, of judging of truth and falsehood, right or wrong, and that, therefore, if God speaks in history or in facts of any kind we can distinctly hear Him." He strongly defends the "Essays and Reviews," skirmishes throughout with Mr. Mansel, and ends by declaring that "only by listening to the actual voice of the Living God, the 'Father of our spirits,' speaking within us, in our souls, and 'feeling after Him, if haply we may find Him,' as He moves and governs all things around us, can we prevent the Divine words of the Bible itself becoming hollow, unmeaning, and therefore soul-destroying idols, hiding God himself from us."

Under the title of *Golden Words*,<sup>14</sup> we have a collection of extracts from the works of the great Anglican divines, chiefly of the sixteenth century—the first number being devoted to the subjects of the Holy Scriptures and Prayer—and, by way of a contrast with the rich and masculine eloquence of the giants of those days, a member of a "Weekly Mother's Meeting" has dedicated to her companions a series of *Words for Women*.<sup>15</sup> She is evidently of opinion that strong meat is as unfit for her sex as for babes.

Among the pamphlets<sup>16</sup> on our table are Mr. Lowe's *Speech on the Revised Code*, Mr. Pigott's remarks on *The Laws of Settlement and Removal*, Mr. Neate's *Lectures on Trades Unions*, and a tract on *Good Iron*.

## MUSIC.

### SATURDAY CONCERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

SOME time has elapsed since we last had the pleasure of devoting a few words to the musical doings at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Like many other entertainments of a sterling and elevating character, the Saturday winter concerts have been abandoned for a while, in order to make room for exhibitions of a widely different description, such as "Blondin on the high rope," the "Pantomimic Drama," in which the famous acrobat sustained the character of the ape, while his daughter appeared as the "drowning child." There is, however, a time for everything. Wondrous feats and perilous achievements cannot last for ever. Whatever may be thought of the policy and propriety of introducing amusements of a low order into a place of high pretension, there can be no doubt that the arrangements in every branch of popular recreation have been carried out in a most liberal spirit. It is not the fault of the directors, if, in order to secure the stability of the undertaking, they should be compelled to transform the "Temple of Art" into an arena of vulgar spectacles. The public not the directors are to blame. Better by far, we think, that we should remain in possession of the glorious building in its present condition, than that it should be brought to the hammer, owing to the exhausted state of the treasury.

Fortunately there is not the least appearance, not the slightest prospect of so deplorable an issue. The Crystal Palace continues to be, as the directors have it, "as bright and delightful" as ever, and we feel certain that in the forthcoming season this wonder of modern times will be as great an attraction to the thousands of strangers who will visit our shores, as the building of the International Exhibition itself. Meanwhile music has resumed its sway. The quiet "aristocratic" gatherings, for which the Saturday Concerts are noted, have recommenced. Beethoven sits once more on his lofty throne, and wields his sceptre with undiminished power. His Pastoral Symphony, which formed the chief feature in the programme of the concert on Saturday last, is perhaps the most popular, as well as the best understood of all his orchestral compositions. The "Eroica," the C Minor, the Choral Symphony, are all more or less known and thoroughly appreciated, but the Pastoral Symphony is, to the majority of the musical public, as familiar as household words. It would be idle, therefore, to dwell on the superior beauty of the music, or to comment on the poetic nature of the composition. Suffice it to say, that this wonderful poem was very ably interpreted by the excellent band under the direction of Herr Manns, and produced its usual effect on the numerous audience assembled on this occasion.

The instrumental solos were in the hands of M. Sainton, who performed a concerto on the violin, of his own composition, besides a fantasia on Scotch airs, in a masterly manner. His music unites the grace and brilliancy of the modern school to the soundness of the old masters. Thus in his concerto, Rode, Viotti, and Baillot have been his great models; while in his fantasia he achieved the

greatest success by the most legitimate means, always strictly confining himself to effects within the domain of true art.

Naturally enough, the valuable services of Madame Sainton-Dolby are obtained, in conjunction with those of her talented husband, whenever they can be made available for the occasion. In the Evening Prayer, from Mr. Costa's "Eli," Madame Sainton displayed the purity of style and fine religious sentiment for which her performances of sacred music are so remarkable; while in a new ballad, by Henry Smart, "The Lady of the Lea"—one of the most characteristic songs of that clever composer,—she was even more successful, owing to her clear enunciation of the words, which, in ballads of this description, is of so much importance. So beautifully was this song given, that Madame Sainton was called upon to repeat it.

On the efforts of Miss Emma Charlier, who divided the vocal music with the accomplished contralto, we prefer not passing an opinion until an opportunity will be offered us of hearing her a second time. Extreme nervousness evidently rendered nugatory her natural talent, which serious drawback tells, perhaps, with more disastrous effect on a singer than on any other public performer, endangering the intonation and depriving the voice of all its power. We hardly think it wise, however, on the part of the directors, to subject so young an artiste to so severe a trial. The concert was brought to a successful close by the spirited performance of an overture, by Robert Schumann, "The Bride of Messina."

The first trial of new chamber compositions took place on Wednesday last, at the Marylebone Institution, Edwards-street, Portman-square, before a highly discriminative but very limited audience. It is difficult to assign a cause for this want of encouragement to our native composers, nor can we account for the small interest evinced in behalf of their new works. Does the fault lie with the public or with the composers? Has the public no confidence in native talent, or do not the composers possess adequate means of producing their compositions in a suitable manner? We cannot help thinking that the last suggestion is the most probable. Where and how are new instrumental or orchestral works to be heard? The Philharmonic Societies shut their doors against all new comers. The Sacred Harmonic Society is the most exclusive in the world. Our quartet meetings adhere strictly to their old-established rules. The Musical Society professes to do much, but achieves little. How, then, are our young composers to make themselves known? That there is sufficient material for distinction was abundantly proved at the recent trial of new chamber compositions. Five manuscript works were included in the programme, two or three of which bear marks of decided talent, while one, a trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, may rank with the best music of that class that has lately been produced. This is the more surprising when we find that the author of the trio is a lady, who, though celebrated as a pianist, has not yet acquired a reputation as a composer. We mean Mrs. Thompson, formerly Miss Kate Loder. The trio consists of four movements, each of which possesses a distinct character of its own. The allegro is vigorous in thought, and constructed in a masterly manner. The second movement, an allegretto in B flat, is distinguished by a flowing, happy vein of melody, as graceful as it is refined. Of the scherzo, it is not too much to say that it is equal to anything of which our library of modern pianoforte music can boast, being full of fancy, humour, and spirit. So great was the sensation created by this charming movement, that the audience insisted on hearing it a second time. The finale molto allegro is, perhaps, the least original of the four movements, though, here also, the hand of an accomplished musician manifests itself. Mrs. Kate Thompson interpreted her own music with the utmost brilliancy and power, and was very ably supported by Mr. E. W. Thomas and Herr Lidel. The only objection which might be raised, is that three out of the four movements are in the key of D minor, thereby imparting a certain monotony of tone and colour to the music, which tells upon the ear; but on the whole it is a composition which, if published, will, we feel certain, at once establish the reputation of Mrs. Kate Thompson as a thoughtful and independent composer.

The next piece which claims our attention is a duet for piano and violin, by Mr. James Lea Summers, performed by the composer and Mr. E. W. Thomas. It consists of three movements in a connected form; the first being an andante in A flat major, which is followed by an allegro in C, while, afterwards, the subject of the first andante returns. There is much feeling and thought in this duo, though here and there the want of experience is discernible in the plan and form of the composition. The most remarkable thing in connection with this performance is, that the composer, though unfortunately blind, played his own music with extraordinary precision, and gave the fullest expression to his bright ideas. Mr. Lea Summers was most deservedly applauded.

We must be brief in speaking of the other pieces in the programme. The concert opened with a trio, likewise for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by a young lady, Miss Alice M. Smith. Although not to be compared with the trio of her gifted colleague, we must nevertheless admit that Miss Smith has worked conscientiously, and gives promise of future excellence. At present her powers of imagination and construction are too limited to attempt the writing of works of such pretension. Of Mr. C. E. Horsley's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, played by Mr. Walter Macfarren and Herr Lidel, we cannot speak in terms of high praise. True, his music is always good, nay, at times even impassioned and thoughtful; but it is never original or striking. Mendelssohn is copied too closely; so much so, that in the last movement, "allegro molto appassionato," the entire subject of the finale in his G minor concerto may be recognized. The ideas, are, moreover, too much diffused and spun out, resulting in dryness and monotony. Mr. Thomas was very successful in the performance of a romance for the violin, of his own composition, entitled "A Stray Thought." It is written in the style of Stephen Heller and Ernst's "Pensées Fugitives," and it is not improbable that these elegant pieces have suggested this "Stray Thought" to the composer. We shall be pleased to meet with a few more of these clever thoughts.

<sup>12</sup> Colonial Sketches; or, Five Years in South Australia, with Hints to Capitalists and Emigrants. By Robert Harrison. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

<sup>13</sup> Tracts for Priests and People. No. XII. The Testimony of Scripture to the Authority of Conscience and of Reason. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, M.A., Rector of Hagley, and Hon. Canon of Worcester. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>14</sup> Golden Words. No. I. John Henry and James Parker.

<sup>15</sup> Words for Women. By the author of "Woman's Service on the Lord's Day," &c. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

<sup>16</sup> Speech of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., on the Revised Code of the Regulations of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, in the House of Commons, February 13, 1862. James Ridgway.

The Laws of Settlement and Removal; their Evils and their Remedy. By Grenville Pigott. Ridgway.

Two Lectures on Trades Unions, delivered in the University of Oxford, in the year 1861, by Charles Neate, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. Oxford and London: Parkers.

What is Good Iron, and how is it to be got? John Murray.



## CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

AN examination of some newly-observed facts respecting the ebullition of water has thrown considerable light upon the important subject of boiler explosions. The boiling point of water is always considered to be at 212° Fahr., at the normal atmospheric pressure; but the circumstances which may raise the temperature of ebullition are so numerous, that in practice it becomes the exception rather than the rule to find water boiling at 212°. If, for instance, a clean glass flask be half filled with water, upon applying heat below, the temperature will rise, perhaps, to 213° or 214° before the liquid actually boils. If the interior of the vessel be varnished with shell lac, the boiling will not take place until a temperature of 220° or upwards has been reached, when it will proceed in a succession of small explosions. Further, if a small glass vessel be rendered absolutely clean by chemical means, and the water be entirely deprived of its dissolved air (either by prolonged ebullition or by obtaining it from melting ice), upon applying heat gradually, the temperature may be raised as high as 360° Fahr., or 148° above its boiling point, without ebullition taking place. At this temperature the slightest disturbance, either by stirring or shaking, will cause the water to flash into steam with explosive violence, shattering the vessel to pieces with a loud report.

The explanation of these phenomena seems to be that, for the formation of steam to take place uniformly and quietly, it is necessary for the water to have air dissolved in it. By long ebullition, this being expelled, an increase of temperature above the boiling point does not immediately cause the formation of vapour, but retains the liquid in a species of tottering equilibrium, ready to be overturned by slight extraneous circumstances. There may likewise be other causes not so well understood; for Dufour's curious experiments on the retention of the liquid state by globules of superheated water floating in hot oil cannot be explained, either by the adhesion of the water to the sides of the vessel or by the absence of air. Whatever may be the explanation of the phenomenon, the fact is however well known, that even at the ordinary atmospheric pressure and in an open vessel, nearly the whole of the air may be gradually expelled from water by gentle boiling, when it may afterwards be raised to a very high temperature, and will then explode with a loud report.

Mr. F. H. Wenham has drawn attention to these facts to account for several cases of boiler explosions for which the ordinary explanations are inadequate. Numerous well-authenticated instances of violent explosions have occurred in boilers nearly new, and of ample strength, at times when the engine has been stopped for a period, the water-gauge showing abundance of water, and no steam escaping from the safety-valve, the pressure having been apparently low, with a dull fire. On starting the engine, after a few strokes steam has been generated with such sudden violence as to rend the boiler into fragments, strong and weak parts giving way together, as if it had been blown to pieces with gunpowder. Many attempts have been made to explain this. The supposed ignition of the mixed gases from decomposed water; the dislodging of a portion of scale from the bottom; and the improbable agency of electricity, have been suggested as causes; but it would not be difficult to prove that such explosions from these causes would be impossible. The most plausible appears to be the one just pointed out by Mr. Wenham. He supposes that, as water at the atmospheric pressure can be raised far above the boiling point without the formation of steam, it seems extremely probable that at higher pressures the water may be surcharged with heat in degrees corresponding with the increase of pressure, or even in a greater ratio. If, therefore, it be the case that water gradually heated at high steam pressures could be made, without ebullition, to take up a larger surplus of heat beyond that properly due to the pressure, it may readily be imagined how the sudden liberation of the steam arising from this surplus heat pervading the enormous body of water contained in a cylindrical or Cornish boiler would be sufficient to rend the plates asunder with explosive violence. If this hypothesis be true, it could readily be shown that these explosions occur exactly when the circumstances were most favourable for such an occurrence. When the engine is at rest (as at the dinner hour), with the fires low, and the pressure partly removed from the safety-valves, the gentle simmering of the water will gradually drive off the contained air until at last ebullition ceases, and the entire mass remains motionless. What will now happen when the engine is again started? The safety-valves will be again loaded to their usual working pressure, and the fires will be again urged. The temperature of the quiescent mass of water will gradually rise; the action which we have above described will come into play, until ultimately, when the condition of unstable equilibrium of the mass is disturbed, it instantly flashes into steam with terrific violence.

This experiment is in the highest degree plausible, and is fully confirmed by experiment. Water was boiled in a syphon tube, sealed up at one end, and closed with mercury at the other. When the short leg was filled with steam it was allowed to cool, when the mercury rose in the short leg, with the drop of water from the condensed steam at the top. Upon now immersing the syphon in a hot bath it was found almost impossible to cause the water to again assume the vaporous state without an explosion, which was sometimes so violent as to break the tube, and always jerked it unpleasantly in the hand, blowing out the mercury. Mr. Wenham found the simple remedy for this was to introduce a minute bubble of air with the water, which, with this precaution, invariably expanded quietly into steam. There is little doubt that this simple precaution would prove a safeguard against many boiler explosions, and that the introduction of a small quantity of air into the water contained in any steam-boiler would prevent the water from being surcharged with heat while in a quiescent state.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE VARIABLE NEBULA.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—The following observations relating to Mr. Hind's variable nebula are the sequel of those contained in my letter in THE LONDON REVIEW of Feb. 15. On the night of February 20, the sky being clear and dark, I observed, with the Northumberland telescope, using a magnifying power of 160, the stars designated by the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, in the Paris Meteorological Bulletin of Jan. 20, and judged their relative positions and magnitudes to be such as are represented in the annexed figure. I was surprised to find that the star *a*, which is the one contiguous to the nebula, and which I could not see on the night of February 10, although I saw the smaller star *c* was now very conspicuous. It was bright enough to allow of sufficient illumination of the field of view for taking a transit of it across a very fine wire. I have been accustomed to consider a star which just admits of such a transit to be somewhat nearer the tenth than the eleventh magnitude. On the same scale *b* was judged to be of the ninth magnitude, *e* of a magnitude between the twelfth and thirteenth, and *d* of the fourteenth. Neither I, nor Mr. Bowden, the senior assistant at the Cambridge Observatory, could be certain of any trace of a nebula near the star *a*; we had, at most, only a suspicion of some nebulosity about it. I noticed that the star *c* disappeared under an illumination considerably less than that which was admitted for taking the transit of *a*. It is, therefore, a puzzling circumstance that *a* could not be seen on the night of February 10, especially as I ascertained exactly where to look for it, and made its position repeatedly cross the middle of the field. The invisibility may be accounted for by supposing either that the star is variable, and the interval between its maximum and minimum brightness is only a few days, or that the character of its light is such as to bear the illumination of lamp-light much better than that of moon-light. The latter supposition will, I think, hardly account for the great difference of visibility indicated by the above comparison of the observations on the two nights. This, however, is a point which may be settled by additional observations. On the night of the 20th I swept again in the neighbourhood of the position given by Mr. Breen, but did not meet with any nebula. Upon the whole, then, the fact of the disappearance of the nebula may be considered as established; but whether it is subject to periodic variations of brightness, and whether the adjacent star undergoes variations of the same, or a different period, are questions that remain to be determined.

I beg to take this opportunity of stating that, on the evening of February 21, I observed an auroral arch gradually rise towards the zenith, passing over the Pole star, at 8h. 52m., Cambridge mean time. Its highest part was apparently in the magnetic meridian; its colour was white, and its brightest part towards the East. If any observer at a distant position should be able to communicate a like observation made contemporaneously, it would be possible, by a comparison of the observations, to calculate the height of the arch above the earth's surface. Cambridge, February 24, 1862. J. CHALLIS.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ENGRAVING BY PHOTOGRAPHY.—The faithful accuracy of photography has originated a universal desire for the means of printing its wonderful productions, and to make the scenes they record as durable as our books and engravings. Photography as applied to wood-engraving is by no means as yet a success, for the effects are not only unartistic, but it is impossible to place the blocks in any other than trained hands to be cut. Photography has been more or less practically applied to lithography or zincography, but with results not generally successful in an artistic point of view. No one will compare the views and scenes which nature presents—except the grandest of her landscape scenery—with the charming pictures the artist hand of human intellect has drawn from them; and so, while we appreciate the fidelity of form which the sunlight produces for us in its pictures, we feel the absence of that spirit-stirring expression which the true artist gives to the creations of his pencil. Any process, therefore, of multiplying photographs to be effectual in pleasing the refined taste of the public should be such that its results could be finally worked by the skilful manipulator into an effective work of art.

The means, too, by which photographs are ordinarily multiplied, are either ineffective or slow. The colour of actual photographs is liable to change, and between the several copies from the same negative there is seen a lack of uniformity of colour, or tint. Printer's ink and paper have stood the test now of some centuries; and with printer's ink and paper, printed in one at least of the ordinary ways alone, it is that the productions of photography will ever be commercially or artistically produced with success. These sentiments are not novel, they have been felt by many practical people, and have urged on to experiment many more or less successful operators. Continuing these ideas to a practical bearing, we are led to the conviction that what would be the most suitable adaptation would be the production of imprinted metal plates, which would give faithful representations of the original photographs like mezzotint etchings, and which could be subsequently worked up to any pitch of artistic elegance by the actual graver and burin. The photographs, giving as they do such marvellous accuracy of form, and capable as they are of producing broad and delicate tints, want transferring to some material on which the human hand and mind can exert their finishing skill on such an excellent basis. Nature having gone so far in the service of art as a draughtsman, the desire has arisen to make her an engraver too. Works of nature and art copied by photography ought to be transformed, it is thought, into solid printing plates or blocks by some natural or automatic process. This idea has given rise to the question whether there is any possibility of producing photographically or chemically a printing surface in relief and intaglio parts, instead of a picture composed of lights and shades. Various attempts have thus been made to obtain this result, the most successful of which has been that by Mr. Paul Pretsch, who, by means of a peculiar photographic coating, at once sensitive to the light in receiving the picture and hardening comparatively with the intensity of its influence, obtains impressions on surfaces which, by electrotyping, he transforms into printing blocks and plates. How this is done may be thus briefly explained.

A mixture of glue or gelatine and some photogenic chemicals is spread over a level clean plate of glass, and dried. The transparent original is placed on the surface of this dried coating, fixed on an ordinary copying frame, and in that way exposed to the influence of the light. After sufficient exposure the plate is taken from the frame, the original (not damaged at all) separated from it, and we perceive the image photographically reproduced on the coating in a faint and weak condition. The light has acted upon the coating more or less, or not at

all, correspond-  
would be of  
pose we wan  
plate, with th  
ture is almo  
raised and p  
which the wh  
raised; while  
darkened and  
solutions of t  
granulation, c  
consists of lin  
A mould (c  
picture, and b  
is obtained, w  
sient picture  
solidified. Th  
tioned, and h  
again. The p  
any portion  
swelling or b  
copper printin  
ibilities of Mr  
a raised surfac  
printing, can b  
in these plates  
we have seen c  
engraved plate  
fidelity of cont  
by this process  
which the plate  
improved by th

LE  
Geological S  
the Society's ro  
chair.

The reports s  
number of fellow  
The Wollaston  
F.R.S., F.G.S.,  
cularly into the  
European area in  
acute and judici  
rocks at a model  
the Wollaston D  
recognition of h  
insects of the ter  
fossil flora of Bo

The chairman  
able absence in I  
objects of which  
of reconsidering  
conceptions, such  
tion that the foss  
—and to test the  
forms in time by

The officers ele  
Ramsay, F.R.S.  
Sir Charles Lyell  
Morris, Secretar  
Esq., F.R.S. For  
Joseph Prestwich,

Royal Institut  
Sepulchre at Jerus  
has been accom  
amounts to a re-di  
of it had been lo  
result of mere acci  
lecturer, who has  
especially the Sara  
presented in the ar  
tians as the "Mos  
general class of Ea  
the denomination;  
he could not unde  
was a building of a  
remove the difficult  
Mohammedans are  
devoted to that reli  
a mosque. The pri  
there are four door  
the building the per  
it would still have b  
and no chalf ever d  
accurate drawings  
& Arundale, he b  
was in reality a C  
and the more he st  
"mosque" of Omar  
stantine. Fifty yen  
now, however, it is  
the building. This  
The more ancient,  
nobody has studied  
vinced him that th  
clear as the Gothi  
may be determined  
fect of his lecture  
Hadrian, Antoninu  
was always highly o  
tion was gradually  
to merely a round n



all, corresponding with the lights and shadows of the original. Such a picture would be of no use for printing with ordinary printer's ink, because for this purpose we want either a raised or intaglio surface. Therefore, the coated glass plate, with the photographic picture, is chemically treated in a bath, where the picture is almost instantaneously developed, not only visible to the eye, but also raised and perceptible to the touch. That is to say, all the parts of the picture which the light has not acted upon, or very little influenced, swell and become raised; while all the parts of the picture which the light has acted upon, are darkened and hardened, remaining unattacked, or very little attacked, by the solutions of the bath. All the tints of the original are reproduced in a beautiful granulation, corresponding exactly to the effect of the picture; only if the original consists of lines, as a matter of course the copy appears also in lines.

A mould (or in some instances a cast and then a mould) is taken from the picture, and by means of electrotyping, a copy on a firm and solid sheet of copper is obtained, which forms the ultimate printing surface. In this manner the transient picture or engraving, obtained by means of photography, is, so to speak, solidified. The glass plate serves only as a basis to spread over the coating mentioned, and having served its purpose, it is cleaned, and used over and over again. The peculiarity of Mr. Pretsch's method is, that instead of removing any portion of his plates, he actually makes a raised picture by the swelling or building up of the surface material, and produces from that the copper printing-surface with its marvellous lines or shadowings. But the capabilities of Mr. Pretsch's process do not end here. The plates, whether with a raised surface for block-, or with a depressed granulation for copper-plate printing, can be further subjected to the hand of the practical engraver, who has, in these plates, a good foundation to work upon. Some of the proof-impressions we have seen of birds and portraits which have been printed from the finished engraved plates, combine the highest artistic excellence with extraordinary fidelity of contour. Although blocks or printing-plates can be produced direct by this process, we consider the highest advantage possessed by it, and that in which the plates it produces excel, to be their capability of being advantageously improved by the artistic engraver.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

**Geological Society, February 21.**—The annual general meeting was held at the Society's rooms, at Somerset House, Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., in the chair.

The reports showed the Society to be in a satisfactory state as to finances and number of fellows.

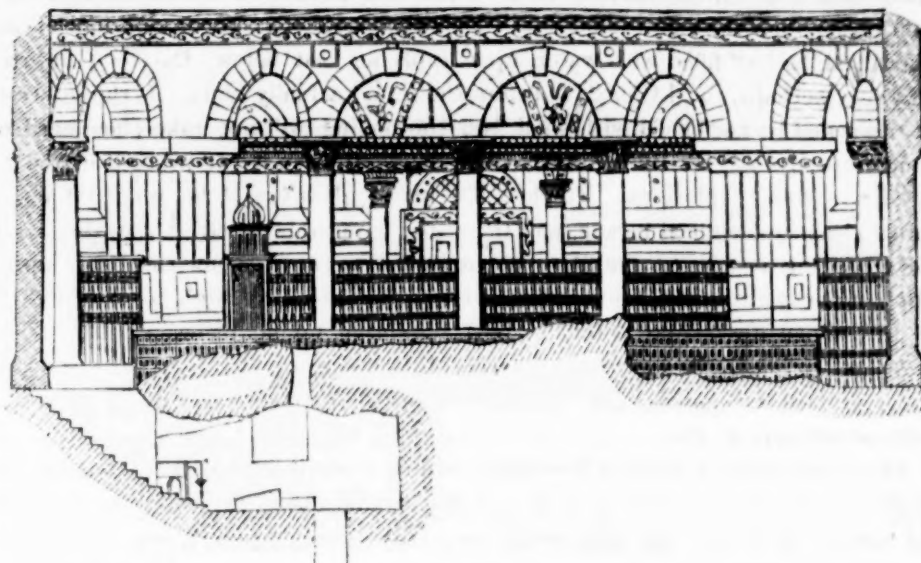
The Wollaston Gold Medal was awarded to Mr. Robert A. C. Godwin-Austen, F.R.S., F.G.S., for his long-continued and valuable researches in geology, particularly into the ancient geographical and hydrographical conditions of the western European area in the Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cænozoic periods; and also for his acute and judicious elaboration of the theory of the presence of carboniferous rocks at a moderate depth beneath the south-east of England. The balance of the Wollaston Donation Fund was given to Professor Oswald Heer, of Zurich, in recognition of his valuable labours in the elucidation of the fossil plants and insects of the tertiary strata of Switzerland and Croatia, and especially of the fossil flora of Bovey-Tracey in Devonshire.

The chairman communicated a letter from the president, regretting his unavoidable absence in Italy. Professor Huxley, secretary, read an address, the principal objects of which were—to urge upon geologists and palæontologists the necessity of reconsidering the logical basis of several of their most generally accepted conceptions, such as the doctrine of geological contemporaneity and the assumption that the fossiliferous rocks are coeval with the existence of life on the earth, —and to test the ordinary hypotheses of the progressive modification of living forms in time by positive evidence.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President.—Professor A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents.—Sir P. de M. G. Egerton, Bart., M.P., F.R.S.; Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S.; John Carrick Moore, Esq., F.R.S.; Professor John Morris. Secretaries.—Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.; Warrington W. Smyth, Esq., F.R.S. Foreign Secretary.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., F.R.S. Treasurer.—Joseph Prestwich, Esq., F.R.S.

**Royal Institution.**—Mr. James Ferguson lectured on the "Site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem." The subject, itself one of high interest, is, of all that has been accomplished by archaeology, the most interesting example, for it amounts to a re-discovery of the exact site of the sepulchre, after the knowledge of it had been lost for more than three hundred years. And this is not the result of mere accident, but of strictly inductive reasoning. Some years ago the lecturer, who has travelled much in the East, studying the architectural remains, especially the Saracenic, was struck in his collections of views with the anomalies presented in the architectural details of the building, familiarly known to Christians as the "Mosque of Omar," and which differed so much from those of the general class of Eastern buildings, that he was satisfied there was some error in the denomination; why it should have been built in so peculiar a form was what he could not understand. Certainly it was not a mosque;—not that a mosque was a building of any particular form, for the object of its construction being to remove the difficulty of finding the direction of their holy city, towards which Mohammedans are commanded to turn in the act of prayer, a wall, or any object devoted to that religious purpose, which points towards Mecca, may therefore be a mosque. The principal feature in this so-called "Mosque of Omar" is that there are four door-ways, the principal entrance being so placed that in entering the building the person turns his back on Mecca. Had it been called the Tomb of Omar, it would still have been open to the objection that Omar did not die in Jerusalem, and no chalf ever did. Subsequently, when the lecturer saw the beautiful and accurate drawings of this building made in 1833 by Messrs. Catherwood & Arundale, he became convinced that the so-called "Mosque of Omar" was in reality a Christian edifice taken possession of by the Mohammedans; and the more he studied the subject the more he became convinced that the "mosque" of Omar was the real church of the Holy Sepulchre built by Constantine. Fifty years ago little attention was paid to the style of architecture; now, however, it is a fixed and acknowledged rule that the style shows the date of the building. This admits of no appeal wherever Gothic architecture is known. The more ancient, or classical style, has been, hitherto, much in disfavour, and nobody has studied it. The lecturer's personal experience had, however, convinced him that the periods of the classical styles were as marked and as clear as the Gothic. In every part of the world the age of a building may be determined by its architecture. In illustration of this in the subject of his lecture, he exhibited diagrams of three capitals of the ages of Hadrian, Antoninus, and Constantine. In the earliest (A.D. 150) the frieze was always highly ornamental; but as art then began to decline, the ornamentation was gradually abolished, until, in the time of Constantine, it had degraded to merely a round moulding, and in A.D. 350 had totally disappeared. Another

and even more important change was going on during these periods. When pillars were placed on the outside, it mattered not how numerous they were; but when they were used internally, their close proximity interfered with convenience, and the expedient of turning arches behind the frieze was introduced in order to enable the pillars to be spaced further apart. The next step was to carry the arches visibly over the frieze, and finally, when this had thus acquired the form of an enormously long beam, to abolish it and to rest the arches at once on the



Lower Part of the "Dome of the Rock," with the Holy Sepulchre.

pillars. Now we find no arch turned on a pillar before A.D. 300, and no beams or entablatures after A.D. 400. Comparing with these and other features of the classical architecture of those periods the actual architecture of the so-called "Mosque of Omar" and its adjoining building, the "Golden Gate," there can be no doubt as to the period of their erection being that of the age of Constantine. Moreover, the "Mosque of Omar" is the only church in the world which contains a rock, and which here rises above the floor and is visible under the lofty and beautiful dome which has been raised above it.

Eusebius distinctly refers to it in his description of the church which Constantine ordered to be erected over it with so much lavish ornament; and the rock in this building has a cave in it exactly as is described by him. The account given by him of the Basilica of Constantine, in the immediate vicinity of his church, points to the Golden Gateway, now part of the city wall, but which evidently was never, from its highly elaborate ornamentation and the absence in it of any carriage-way, designed for a city gate, while its construction and materials were not such as to make it equal to resisting the battering-rams of ancient warfare. The true site of the sepulchre was well known to the Jews when they were driven out by the Romans; the Pagans knew it; the early Christians knew it. The Mohammedans found it covered with filth when Omar erected his mosque, which now stands in the southern wall adjoining the Aksa. The Mohammedans still call the building so specially referred to in this lecture, the "Dome of the Rock." The Crusaders knew it, and, while they desecrated the Aksa, they respected the "Mosque of Omar," until the last hour of their sojourn. The greatest difficulty is to get over the break in the tradition; but when it is remembered that that break occurred in the "dark ages," when what was done in one country was totally unknown in another, that the clue was lost there needs scarcely excite surprise. Even that it was totally lost is not so certain. In A.D. 1000, when the Chalf El Haken persecuted the Christians in Syria with greater severity than any other potentate up to his time, the basilica of Constantine was destroyed, but the tomb of Christ was respected, for the Mohammedans do respect Christ as the sixth prophet.

In 1048, when this chalf was dead, the Christian Jews, who had been driven out forty-eight years before, crept back. But this was a long period of absence; and those who had left in their youth returned as old men, although it is not at all likely the knowledge of its site would have altogether faded from the memories. From 1050 to 1099 pilgrimages were frequent to Jerusalem; and upon the pilgrims of that period of darkness, the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was that the church in the middle of the city was palmed as that of the holy sepulchre, and which title it retains, although it neither contains any rock, nor otherwise agrees in size or form with the accounts given us of the Church of Constantine by ancient authors. There is, moreover, in the Itinerary of Antoninus Martyrus, who visited the Holy Land between the time of Justinian and the Mohammedans, which contains some indirect allusions that have considerable importance in their bearings. His description of the sepulchre does not throw much light upon it, except that he says it was cut out of a rock, and states the distance from Golgotha to the sepulchre to be 400 feet. After describing Golgotha, he goes on to say: "Near the altar is a crypt, where, if you place your ear, you hear the flowing of water; and if you throw in an apple, or anything that will swim, and go to the fountain of Siloam, you will find it there."

Now in the present so called church of the Holy Sepulchre there is no well, nor do the waters referred to run near it; but they do pass the "dome of the rock," and what is remarkable is, that the conditions described by this author in the sixth century apply at this day. There is a well, and the sound of running water can be heard. M. Pierrotti, moreover, has actually traced its current to Siloam. Other references by mediæval authors confirm the lecturer's view. In the church in the city, instead of the natural rock and its cave, there was only a tabernacle of marble built on its pavement in the middle ages, with a golgotha but fifteen feet off, under the same roof, built of marble and granite, although the stone of the country was ordinary limestone. The "Dome of the Rock" answered all the requirements of the Bible narrative, agreed with the accounts of Eusebius, and other ancient authors, and accorded with the ancient topography of the Holy City. The so-called "Church of the Sepulchre" agreed with none. It was true his main argument rested upon architectural evidence, but this, to the educated mind, was perfectly conclusive. It might not at first be agreeable to have one's previous notions disturbed, but he felt that it must be ultimately admitted that the building called the "Dome of the Rock," or the "Mosque of Omar," was really the church which Constantine the Great built over what he, at least, believed to be the sepulchre of Christ. Some have considered the knowledge of the real site of the sepulchre to be of no vital importance, but the lecturer thought it was a very important point that the Bible narrative was confirmed by our scientifically-acquired local knowledge of ancient Jerusalem. Taking his view of the "Dome of the Rock," in all points of detail not a word differs. The



Saviour would have met Simon coming from the country, as was stated, and the consideration of every other incident adds confirmation to the case.

**Zoological Society, Tuesday, February 25.** Dr. J. E. Gray, V.P. in the chair. Dr. Slater described a new species of puff-bird, of the genus *Malacoptila*, from Western Ecuador, for which he proposed the name *M. poliopsis*. Mr. Bartlett gave an account of experiments made by him in company with Mr. Negretti, on the female *Python sibir* in the Society's gardens, which seemed to show that heat to the amount of 9° Fahr. was developed by the incubating process in the case of this animal.

The other papers read were, "Descriptions of Butterflies from the collection of A. R. Wallace, Esq., by Mr. Hewitson; letter from Dr. G. Bennett, dated Sydney, Dec. 20th, announcing the arrival from New Caledonia of a specimen of the rare bird, called the Kagu *Rhinoceros jubatus*, which he proposed to present to the Society's menagerie; on "The Red Corpuscles of the Animals of the class Vertebrata," by Mr. Gulliver. Mr. Leadbeater exhibited a hybrid duck, belonging to Mr. Johnson, between the pintail and the teal (*Anas acuta*, and *Ruerquedala crecca*), and a hybrid between the common and silver pheasant, belonging to Col. Napier Hunt, M.P. Dr. Hamilton exhibited a female example of the grey hen (*Tetrao tetrix*), which had partially assumed the male plumage. Dr. Cobbold exhibited and made some remarks upon a specimen of a curiously malformed trout.

**Royal Geographical Society, 24th Feb.**—Lord Ashburton, president, in the chair.

Lieut.-Colonel R. Stuart Baynes; Sir William Holmes; Lieut.-General W. T. Knollys; Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, K.C.B.; Lieutenant Arthur Wing, R.N.; A. Groos Duff, M.D.; Harry Emmanuel; James Alexander Guthrie; Henry Wilkes Trotman; Ebenezer St. John, H.M. Consul-General, Haiti; Henry Bridgeman Simpson; and Harrington Tuke, M.D., Esqrs., were elected fellows.

Several photographs of Mendoza, after the late earthquake, by Mr. Hinchliff; and diagrams illustrating Capt. Bedford Pim's proposed transit route across Central America, were exhibited.

The papers read were:—Extracts from a general report on the Brazilian province of the Parana, by the Hon. H. P. Vereker, H.B.M.'s Consul at Rio Grande do Sul. Sketch of the present state of the Republic of Nicaragua, by G. R. Perry, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul for that State. Proposed transit route across Central America, by Capt. Bedford Pim, R.N. The proposed route has its Atlantic terminus at Monkey Point, on the coast of Mosquito, where there is a secure anchorage formed by Gorgon Bay. The railway would extend from Monkey Point to San Miguelito on the Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 60 or 70 miles. From San Miguelito the new transit route crosses Lake Nicaragua; and it is proposed to cut a shallow canal of 6 feet deep through the narrow neck of land of 12 miles broad which separates that body of water from the Pacific, and form a Pacific terminus at Salinas Bay, a harbour of great capability. The entire length of the route would not exceed 130 miles.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. T. ARNOLD is preparing a new "Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical," which will be published by Messrs. Longman. This work is principally designed for the use of students at universities, or for the higher forms in public schools and colleges, and professes to act as a guide to the systematic study of English literature. The day has gone by when it would be thought no disgrace for a young English gentleman to leave the colleges familiar with the beauties of all the classic poets, but never having read a line of Absalom and Ahithophel, or of the "Essay on Man." The present state of opinion on this subject is indicated distinctly enough by the prominent position which the English language and literature hold in all public competitive examinations. The work will be divided into two nearly equal portions—one tracing the growth of our literature, historically, from its earliest beginning to the vigour and vastness of its present development; the other, attempting, by a classification of literature, to exhibit the works of our greatest writers in the order of art rather than in the order of time, and so to furnish the means for instituting instructive comparisons between the masterpieces in the literature of our own and other countries. In the second, or critical section, numerous extracts, both in prose and verse, will be given by way of illustration, and courses of English reading will also be suggested, such as may be useful both to teachers and to private students. A full index will be given, with the dates of each author's birth and death annexed to his name.

The second volume of that useful work "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," is announced in America; the volume completes the work. It is not generally known that the author is a retired merchant; and this extraordinary instance of literary labour and intelligence is the result of the leisure hours of a man whose nature was given to business. With the approach of spring, it is pleasant to hear that the demand for books is reviving in the United States. Nearly forty original works or translations were published during the month of December, besides a considerable number of the usual reprints of English works.

The Bookseller informs us that it is not generally known that the Muniment Room in the City of London contains a most extensive series of records, extending as far back as the reign of Edward I., 1272, and pretty complete from that time to the present. Mr. J. H. Riley, who has already so ably edited the "Liber Albus" and the "Liber Custumarum," proposes to make a further selection, if the Corporation be willing to make a grant for the purpose.

Messrs. Hogg & Sons are about to publish a new work, by Miss Grace Wharton, one of the authors of "The Queens of Society." The title of the new book is "The Literature and Society," which will also contain an introductory chapter on the origin of fiction. Messrs. Hogg are also about to publish a new work for the young, called "The Cartarets; or, Country Pleasures;" and a useful work is in the press, containing practical hints for the arrangement and management of a household in town or country, under the title of "Passages from the Life of a young Housekeeper."

Mr. Murray has put forth a good list of new works to be published in the season. Amongst the most important ones may be mentioned Sir Charles Lyell's work on "The Geological Evidence of the Antiquity of Man;" "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life," by Mr. Hepworth Dixon; a work by Mr. Charles Darwin, "On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized by Insects;" "A History of the Modern Style of Architecture," by Mr. James Fergusson. The third and fourth volumes of Lord Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt" are also in the press.

During the stay of the Prince of Wales in Munich his Royal Highness sat to Herr Albert, the court photographer, for one of his life-size photographs. The portrait is to appear at the Great Exhibition. Herr Albert is the only one who has produced life-size portraits. The Prince's portrait was finished in five hours, and it is at his own request that it is to appear at the Exhibition.

Mr. George Meredith, the successful author of "Evan Harrington," &c., &c., will shortly publish a volume of poems with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, called "Modern Love."

Mr. Robert Bulwer's "Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bards," has already gone through a fourth edition.

Early in March, on the completion of "A Strange Story," Mr. Wilkie Collins commences his new tale in the pages of "All the Year Round," which he entitles "No Name."

Mrs. Wood's remarkable novel may be said to have enjoyed three existences. It first appeared in the pages of the *New Monthly*, where it excited but little attention. When Mr. Bentley published it, it created a great sensation, and sold off well. Within the last few weeks, however, it has taken a new life, and a genuine fourth edition has now been produced.

Messrs. Longman are about to produce a volume of selections contributed by Sir Henry Holland to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, under the title of "Essays on Scientific and other Subjects."

A very useful Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge is being prepared by Messrs. Deighton, Bell, & Co. It is to give every information about University expenses; the choice of a College; detailed accounts of the several Colleges; the modes of proceeding to degrees in Arts and Divinity, Law and Medicine; Courses of Reading for the Mathematical Tripos, Classical Tripos, Moral Sciences Tripos, and Natural Science Tripos, and Law Tripos; Medical Study as pursued in the University; examination for the Civil Service in India, and such information as has not usually been given in other guides.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to follow in the popular track, and to appear as a lecturer, in the manner of Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Mark Lemon, and others. Mr. Jerrold has already frequently addressed the public, in his own person, upon political and other subjects, but in the way of an "entertainment" he will be new. The subject which he has selected is an admirable one. It is divided into two parts: the first, "Pictures of the English, drawn by the French;" the second, "Pictures of the French, drawn by the English." It will not be accompanied by scenery, we believe, but simply by such illustrations as may be necessary to the discourse. Mr. Jerrold is now in Paris, gathering fresh materials, and we expect soon to hear of the result, which promises well.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans publish this day Mr. George Hogarth's work on the Philharmonic Society, being a history of that institution from its foundation in 1813 to the present year.

Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester, announces the "Life and Writings of Tim Bobbin, the renowned Lancashire Poet." It is true that this author is quite unknown out of that locality, but to Lancashire he is what Burns was to Ayrshire.

The public will be glad to hear that Mr. Charles Dickens commences his new series of "Readings" with a selection from "David Copperfield," and the inevitable never-to-be-forgotten party of Mr. Bob Sawyer from "Pickwick."

Mr. Henry Lincoln, a gentleman well known in literature and the London press, will shortly deliver two lectures in town, on the "Operatic Overture," from its origin to the present time. The lectures will be illustrated by a selection of overtures, in chronological order, performed as duets on two pianos, showing the progress and development of the operatic overture from Tully to Meyerbeer.

The Pope has announced his willingness to contribute to the forthcoming Exhibition, by sending his missal and crucifix. Further contributions are also to be sent from Cardinal Antonelli, who forwards his magnificent collection of breviaries, which are perfect specimens of ecclesiastical workmanship. Amongst the chief works sent by the Vatican manufactory is the celebrated copy of Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola," the execution of which has occupied a number of workmen for nearly ten years.

On Monday, March 3rd, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson dispose of an extremely curious collection of English and foreign books. Many of the lots are most remarkable, and will no doubt attract considerable attention. Lot 164 deserves mention—"Pecoleto (Juan de la Concepcion) Historia General de Philipinas." This very ample and highly curious history of the Philippine Islands is printed in part upon native paper. The work is scarcely known in Europe, and is hardly to be met with in any library, public or private. Lot 187 is also interesting, being a volume of Shenstone's poems, "written upon various occasions for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the amusement of a few friends prejudiced in his favour." This copy, which is very rare, was the first publication of the poet, who printed only a few copies for circulation amongst his private friends. When his fame was established he took the greatest pains to suppress the volume, destroying every copy that fell into his hands, either by purchase or entreaty, from those friends to whom they had been presented. This copy was priced in the "Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica" at £15.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following:—The Minister of the Interior has ordered that henceforth all English newspapers shall be distributed immediately on their arrival, without any previous examination. Two or three journals only, little known in France even by name, and of no credit in England, are excluded from this liberal measure, because those journals trade upon defamation, and only speak of France and the Government she has selected to insult and calumniate both. They are journals of scandal, not of discussion; all true friends of liberty in France will applaud this measure taken by Count de Persigny. They will also remember with satisfaction that the Minister who now establishes the free circulation of ideas between the two countries has already inaugurated the free circulation of individuals by the suppression of passports.

It is said that De la Guéronnière is about to publish a new review, which is to appear on the 1st and 15th of every month, very much resembling the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The caution-money of a new paper, called the *Esprit Public*, has been paid in Paris by M. Hip. Castille, the author of short biographies of celebrated contemporaries.

#### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wallace's new comic opera, "The Maid of Zurich," is in active rehearsal, there seems to be great doubt as to its production this season, the Royal English Opera having only a few weeks more before it. The performances will terminate about the third week in March, when the theatre will be delivered up to Mr. Gye, who intends to commence the Italian Opera campaign on the 1st of April. Under these circumstances we think it hardly advisable, either on the part of the managers or the composer, to bring out a new work at so short a notice, and for so limited a time. The question will, however, be settled in a few days.

There is no truth in the report of Mademoiselle Tietjens being engaged for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; neither is it at all certain, from all that we hear, that Her Majesty's Theatre will open with Italian opera during the forthcoming season. What has become of Mr. Lumley, M. Bagier, and Madlle. Sarcini?

If Her Majesty's golden opportunity first-rate Italian Society have her services and the hear of other regard to the

The next p to works of

During the in aid of the have given the concerts, on l prompted by expressly for wegian "virtu subject for mu fiddle-strings. themes for the

M. Vieuxter the principal t expected.

Richard Wa up his abode comic opera is

A new opera is about to be brought out at brated poet, l once solid and respect to orch intimate friend —Anton Rubin wise composed sented at Weim Herr Rubinstein barg. He per quartet "seanc Henri Wieniaw

Gounod's "F now of its prod Germans do not French compos text by MM. Th "Nibelungen," a is intended for t talk of building eighteen years the Italian Oper by Grisar, has be however, merely "Lady Melvil," an opera for the

So great is the "La Reine de S actually has hit feuilletons, in ord the performance,

#### LIST

Aide (Hamilton). 6 vols. Post 8vo. cl. Albi's (Achille). 12mo. cloth. 1s. Burn (Scott). The Book for Amateur Bentham (Lady). L ham. Post 8vo. cl. Blanch (W. H.). T Facts. An Annual Carmichael (Sir J.) of the War in Cana Chateau Frisac. Po Cosens (J.). The Na Non-Jurors and oth the Oath to his late Day (S. P.). Down man's Experience. cloth. £1. 1s. Drews (The Rev. W. tie on Conic Sectio Dinners and Dinner Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. Dickson (Dr. S.). F New edition. 5s. Ellis (A. A.). Benthil ss. 6d. Frome's Trigonometri tion. 12s. Footsteps of our 7s. 9d. Guthrie (T.). The W cloth. 5s. Hunter (Rev. J.). L 8vo. cloth. 5s. Hodder (Edwin). M Life. Post 8vo. cl. Illustrations of Puerp 3s. 6d. Eavanagh (Julia). A 8vo. cloth. 5s. Kennedy (Capt. H.) chiefly from the Ch Life of Madame De la Marryatt's Novels. fol. 1s. Maxwell (W. H.). Wellington. Vol. I



If Her Majesty's Theatre is ever to rise again, the year 1862 would surely be the golden opportunity, since, if not for three, there will be, at all events, room for two first-rate Italian companies. Meanwhile the directors of the Philharmonic Society have availed themselves of Madlle. Tietjens's non-engagement, to secure her services for four out of eight concerts, viz.: for three subscription concerts, and the Jubilee, which will, in all probability, be held at St. James's Hall. We hear of other spirited measures on the part of the Philharmonic directors, with regard to the production of new works. Better late than never.

The next performance of pianoforte music given by Herr Pauer will be devoted to works of English composers.

During the past week two grand concerts have taken place at St. James's Hall in aid of the Hartley Colliery Funds. Most of the principal artists now in town have given their valuable and gratuitous services. We are glad to state that the concerts, on both occasions, were very well attended. M. Ole Bull has even been prompted by his generosity to compose a grand descriptive fantasia for the violin expressly for this concert. While appreciating the honest intentions of the Norwegian "virtuoso," we cannot but think that so awful a calamity is scarcely a fit subject for musical illustration, and ought certainly not to be described on four fiddle-strings. We hope M. Ole Bull will apply his inventive faculties to happier themes for the future.

M. Vieuxtemps will shortly visit Holland, and appear at several concerts in the principal towns of the lower countries. Alexandre Dreyshock is likewise expected.

Richard Wagner, of whom people talk so much and know so little, has taken up his abode at Biebrich, on the Rhine. The story of his having composed a comic opera is a myth.

A new opera, by a German composer of repute, Herr Albert, "König Enzo," is about to be produced at Stuttgart.—Herr Hiller's "Catacomben" has been brought out at Wiesbaden with complete success. The words are by the celebrated poet, Moritz Hartmann. The music, according to all accounts, is at once solid and pleasing, and testifies to the great ability of the composer with respect to orchestration and dramatic invention.—Herr Hiller, who was the most intimate friend of the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, is residing at Cologne.—Anton Rubinstein, the celebrated pianist and composer, has, it appears, likewise composed an opera, entitled "Die Kinder der Haide," which will be represented at Weimar upon the anniversary of the birthday of the Princess Paulowna. Herr Rubinstein is a Russian by birth, and at present the "lion" of St. Petersburg. He performed recently a trio of his own compositions at one of the quartet "séances" given in the Russian capital by the celebrated violinist, Henri Wieniawski.

Gounod's "Faust" goes the round of all the theatres in Germany. We read now of its production at Vienna, where it met with great success, although the Germans do not like their "Goethe" set to music by a Frenchman. Another French composer, however, M. Ernest Reyer, has, it seems, an opera in hand, text by MM. Théophile Gautier and Michel Carré, the subject taken from Goethe's "Nibelungen," an idea the German critics begin already to scout. The opera is intended for the inauguration of the new Opera House in Paris. There is also talk of building a new House on the Boulevard Malesherbes, a lease of eighteen years having been granted to M. Calzado, the present director of the Italian Opera, at the "Salle Ventadour." Le Joallier de St. James, music by Grisar, has been given at the Opéra Comique, with success. The opera is, however, merely a revival, having been represented in 1838 under the title of "Lady Melvil." M. Félicien David, the author of the "Désert," is also writing an opera for the Opéra Comique. "Quel embarras de richesses!"

So great is the excitement in Paris about the first representation of M. Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," that M. Fiorentino, the dramatic critic of the *Moniteur*, actually has hit upon the idea of relating the plot beforehand, in one of his feuilletons, in order to save the people the trouble of reading the book during the performance, so much will there be to see and hear. What next?

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM FEBRUARY 21st TO FEBRUARY 27th.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Aide (Hamilton). Carr of Carlyon. Three vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d.  | Marsh (G.). The Student's Manual of the English Language. 9s. 6d.   |
| Albion (A.). French Pronunciation. 12mo. cloth. 1s.  | Photographs of Paris Life. Post 8vo. cloth. Second edition. 5s.   |
| Barn (Scott). The Lessons of my Farm. A Book for Amateur Agriculturists. 6s.   | Philips (S.). Caleb Stukesley. 12mo. boards. 2s.  |
| Bentham (Lady). Life of Sir Samuel Bentham. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.  | Pym (Edith). Tales for my Grandchildren. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  |
| Blanch (W. H.). The Volunteer's Book of Facts. An Annual Record. 2s.   | Punch. Vol. XIII. 5s.   |
| Carmichael (Sir J.). Sir J. C. Smyth's Précis of the War in Canada. 8vo. 7s. 6d.                                     | Quincey's (De) Works. Vol. I. New edition. Confessions of an English Opium Eater. 4s. 6d.                                   |
| Chateau Frisac. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.   | Vol. II. Recollections of the Lakes. 4s. 6d.  |
| Covens (J.). The Names of Roman Catholic Non-Jurors and others who refused to take the Oath to his late Majesty. 5s. | Raverty (Capt.). Poetry of the Afghans. 8vo. cloth. 16s.  |
| Day (S. P.). Down South; or, an Englishman's Experience. Two vols. Crown 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s.                         | Savile (Rev. B. W.). Revelation and Science. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.   |
| Drews (The Rev. W. H.). Geometrical Treatise on Conic Sections. 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d.                                  | Social Science Transactions for 1861. 8vo. 12s.   |
| Dinners and Dinner Parties. Second edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.   | Shaffer (Capt. T. P.). War in America. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.  |
| Dickson (Dr. S.). Fallacies of the Faculty. New edition. 5s.   | Suggestions for a Church of Unity. Post 8vo. 2s.  |
| Ellis (A. A.). Benthii Critica Sacra. 8vo. cloth. 5s. 6d.  | Trollope (A.). La Beata. Crown 8vo. 5s.   |
| Frome's Trigonometrical Survey. Third edition. 12s.  | Taylor (Rev. W. M.). Life Truths. Post 8vo. 4s.   |
| Footsteps of our Lord. Fifth edition. 7s. 6d.  | Tannhäuser. Fourth edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.   |
| Guthrie (T.). The Way to Life. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.   | The Campaign in Holland in 1799, by a Subaltern. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d.   |
| Hunter (Rev. J.). Life of Oliver Heywood. 8vo. cloth. 5s.  | Walford (E.). Men of the Time. Post 8vo. cloth. New edition. 10s. 6d.   |
| Hodder (Edwin). Memories of New Zealand Life. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. 6d.   | Wildes (W. R.). On the Malformation and Congenital Disease of the Organ of Sight. 7s. 6d.                                   |
| Illustrations of Puerperal Diseases. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.   | Wallace (Lady Maxwell). Will-o'-the-Wisp. 5s.   |
| Kavanagh (Julia). Adèle. One vol. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.  | Wilson (H. H.). Works of the late. Vol. I. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.   |
| Kennedy (Capt. H. A.). Waifs and Strays, chiefly from the Chess-board. 4s.   | Worthington (Henry). The Church Catechism. 1s.  |
| Life of Madame De la Mothe Guyon. 7s. 6d.  | Waverley Novels. Vol. III. The Anti-quary. 1s.  |
| Maryat's Novels. Vol. II. Jacob Faithful. 1s.  | Young (Sir G.). On the History of Greek History from the Earliest Time to the End of the Reign of James I. 8vo. boards. 2s. |
| Maxwell (W. H.). Life of the Duke of Wellington. Vol. I. 8vo. cloth. 9s.   |   |

### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

#### LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY.**  
**BRITISH ARCHITECTS**—Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M.  
**ENTOMOLOGICAL**—12, Bedford-row, at 8 P.M.  
**MEDICAL**—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, 8 P.M. General Meeting at 7 P.M. "Further Researches on the Therapeutic Properties of the Peroxide of Hydrogen." By Dr. Richardson.
- TUESDAY.**  
**ETHNOLOGICAL**—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Shell-Mounds of the Malay Peninsula." By Geo. W. Earl, Esq. 2. "On the Remains of the Human Crania at Hythe." By Dr. R. Knox. 3. "On the Language of Central America." By E. B. Tylor, Esq.  
**CIVIL ENGINEERS**—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. 1. "Description of the Loch Ken Viaduct, Portpatrick Railway." By Mr. E. L. Blythe. 2. "Description of the Centre Pier of the Bridge across the River Tamar at Saltash, and of the means employed in its Construction." By Mr. R. P. Brereton.  
**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On the Physiology of the Senses." By Mr. J. Marshall.  
**STATISTICAL**—12, James Square, at 8 P.M. "On the Resources of Popular Education in England and Wales, Present and Future." By Horace Mann, Esq.  
**PATHOLOGICAL**—53, Berner's Street, at 8 P.M.  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC**—King's College, at 8 P.M.
- WEDNESDAY.**  
**GEOLOGICAL**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Glacial Origin of certain Lakes in Switzerland, Wales, Scotland, &c." By Professor Ramsay, Pres. G.S. 2. "On the Permian Beds of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Dumfriesshire." By Professor R. Harkness.  
**SOCIETY OF ARTS**—John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.  
**PHARMACEUTICAL**—17, Bloomsbury Square, at 8 P.M.
- THURSDAY.**  
**ROYAL**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M.  
**CHEMICAL**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M.  
**LINNEAN**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. "On the Choroid Gland and Cones of the Retina of the Cod." By Dr. Cobbold.  
**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Albemarle Street, at 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall "On Heat."  
**ANTIQUARIES**—Somerset House.  
**ARTISTS AND AMATEURS**—Willis's Rooms, at 8 P.M.
- FRIDAY.**  
**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Albemarle Street, at 8 P.M. "On the Distribution of the Northern Plants as influenced by Climatal and Geographical Changes." By Professor Oliver.  
**ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**—20, Suffolk Street, at 4 P.M.
- SATURDAY.**  
**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Albemarle Street, at 3 P.M. Mr. H. F. Chorley "On National Music."  
**ASIATIC**—5, New Burlington Street, at 3 P.M.  
**BOTANIC**—Inner Circle, Regent's Park, at 3½ P.M.

### THE NEW VOLUME.

Vol. III. of THE LONDON REVIEW, July to December, 1861, is now Ready, bound in Cloth, price 16s.  
 Covers for Binding the Volumes, 2s. each. Reading Folios, 1s. 6d. each.  
 The above may be obtained through all Booksellers and News-agents.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON.  
 LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.  
 FOURTH WEEK OF THE TRIUMPHANTLY SUCCESSFUL NEW ROMANTIC OPERA, BY BENEDICT.  
 Miss LOUISA PYNE, having recovered from her temporary indisposition, WILL APPEAR EVERY EVENING.  
 LAST NIGHTS OF THE PANTOMIME.

On MONDAY, March 3rd, and during the week (Wednesday excepted) will be presented, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd times, the New Romantic Opera in three acts, entitled,  
 THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

The Libretto by John Oxenford and Dion Boucicault, and the Music by Jules Benedict.  
 Danny Man, Mr. Santley; Hardress Cregan, Mr. Henry Haigh; Mr. Corrigan, Mr. E. Dussek; Father Tom, Mr. Patey; Mr. O'Moore, Mr. C. Lyall; Mr. Hyland Creagh, Mr. Wallworth; Myles-na-Coppaleen, Mr. W. Harrison.  
 Anne Chute, Miss Jessie McLean; Mrs. Cregan, Miss Susan Pyne; Sheelah, Miss Topham; and Eily O'Connor (the Lily of Killarney, or the Colleen Bawn), Miss Louisa Pyne.  
 Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

After which, the Burlesque Opening of the Great Pantomime, entitled "GULLIVER."  
 Terminating with the Grand TRANSFORMATION SCENE.  
 Gulliver, Mr. W. H. Payne; Principal Danseuse, Mdle. Lamoureux.  
 The Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. Places booked without charge.  
 WEDNESDAY, March the 5th, being ASH-WEDNESDAY, there will be NO PERFORMANCE.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Enormous Success of Mr. SOTHERN'S Lord Dundreary. The Reading of "Brother Sam's" Letter still nightly encored.—MONDAY, March 3, and during the week (except Wednesday, when the theatre will be closed, being Ash Wednesday). To commence at Seven, with the WOLF AND THE LAMB. Mr. Howe, Mr. Wm. Farren, and Miss Oliver. After which, at a quarter to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Chippendale, Mrs. C. Young, &c. Concluding with the LADIES' CLUB. Mr. Compton, Mrs. Wilkins, &c.

**THE DANTE GALLERY.**—ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Every Morning at ½ past 2, and every Evening at 8 o'clock. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings, the Lecture will be in Italian, by Signor A. Gentilucci. Every other day and every evening the Lecture will be in English, by Mr. A. Matthison. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s. For Italian Lecture, double prices.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE, Leicester-square.**—Open at Seven o'clock.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

On MONDAY, and during the Week, the WONDROUS LEOTARD will give an entirely NEW PERFORMANCE, surpassing in daring and brilliancy anything he has ever yet achieved. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at half-past Nine; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at half-past Eleven. Operatic Selections and other Entertainments.  
 GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES each WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Open at half-past One; commence at Two. Carriages at Four. Musical Director, Mr. Thomas Bartleman.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED, WITH MR. JOHN PARRY,** give their "POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT" EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight; THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at Three, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT STREET. Unreserved Seats, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stall-chairs, 5s., secured in advance, without charge, at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale, and Wood's, 201, Regent-street. MRS. GERMAN REED as Dolly Chickbiddy (song, "Mamma won't bring me out"). Mr. JOHN PARRY will relate musically the vicissitudes of a "COLLEEN BAWN." Mr. MARK LEMON "ABOUT LONDON." MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY MORNINGS, at Three o'clock; SATURDAY EVENING at Eight. Stalls secured in advance at the Gallery.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—MISS MARTIN has the honour to announce her GRAND EVENING CONCERT, on TUESDAY, MARCH 4, at Eight. Vocalists:—Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Miss M. Bradshaw; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Walton Smith, Mr. A. T. Mattacks, Mr. Allan Irving. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Miss Fanny Howell; Flute, Mr. H. S. Pratten; Violin, Mr. W. Watson; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward. Conductors:—Mr. E. J. Hopkins and Mr. Aylward. Sofa-stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Ticket-office, 28, Piccadilly; Addison, Hollier, & Lucas's, 210, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 45, Cheapside; Purday's, St. Paul's-churchyard; and of the Manager, Thomas Headland, 9, Heathcote-street, W.C.



# THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA

INDIA OFFICE, 21st February, 1862.  
That sealed TENDERS will be received at the Chief Cashier's Office at the Bank of England up to ONE o'clock on the 28th INSTANT (in lieu of the 1st of March, as specified in the Advertisement dated the 22nd January last), and on the 1st day of APRIL next, for BILLS OF EXCHANGE, payable on demand, to be drawn, in the months of MARCH and APRIL, on the several Governments in India, at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, for sums not to exceed Rupees 40,00,000 in each month, of which not more than Rupees 10,00,000 in each month will be drawn on the Government of Madras, and the same sum on that of Bombay.

Power is reserved to issue Bills for any smaller amount than Rupees 40,00,000 in the month of MARCH, and to carry over the difference to the succeeding month.

No Tender is to be for a sum less than Rupees 10,000, and a farthing per Rupee is to be the smallest fraction tendered.

Each Tender must specify the rate of Exchange at which the applicant is prepared to purchase a Bill, or any number of Bills, and the lowest amount of any one Bill is to be Rupees 5,000.

The Secretary of State will not be bound to accept any Tender, and reserves the right of accepting the whole or any portion of a Tender.

In the event of two or more Tenders being equal, and the amount remaining to be allotted not being sufficient to supply both or all, the Bank will be instructed to allot ratably.

On the day following the receipt of the Tenders at the Bank, the parties will be informed whether their Tenders have or have not been accepted.

If accepted, the amount of payment must be lodged at the Bank on or before the 15th day of each of the said months of MARCH and APRIL.

These applicants whose Tenders shall have been accepted, will be furnished with a Form to be filled up with the particulars of the Bills required, and the Bills themselves, drawn in Duplicate, will be delivered on the day following the payment.

THOMAS GEORGE BARING.

## ACCIDENTS ARE UNAVOIDABLE!!

Every one should therefore Provide against them. The RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY grant Policies for sums from £100 to £1,000, Assuring against Accidents of all kinds. An Annual payment of £3, secures £1,000 in case of Death by Accident, or a Weekly Allowance of £6 to the Assured while laid up by Injury.

Apply for Forms of Proposal, or any information, to the Provincial Agents, the Booking Clerks at the Railway Stations, or to the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. £102,817 have been paid by this Company as compensation for Fifty-six fatal cases, and 5,041 cases of personal injury.

The Sole Company privileged to issue Railway Journey Insurance Tickets, costing 1d., 2d., or 3d., at all the principal Stations.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 1849.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

64, Cornhill, E.C.

## SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

TRUSTEES.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.  
Sir Claude Scott, Bart.  
Henry Pownall, Esq.

DIRECTORS.  
Chairman—The Lord Arthur Lennox.  
Deputy Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.  
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.  
T. M. B. Batard, Esq.  
Lieut.-Col. Bathurst.  
John Gardiner, Esq.  
J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.  
Charles Osborne, Esq.

BANKERS.  
Sir Claude Scott, Bart., & Co.  
Founded in 1845.

To ample security, this Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management. The Bonuses hitherto declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges are made beyond the premium. Medical Fees are paid by the Office, in connection with Policies effected with the Company.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

ENDOWMENTS FOR CHILDREN are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

Every information will be readily afforded on application to the Secretary or Agents.

### EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.

"The Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £167,259 were assured, producing in New Premiums, £5,619. 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last had reached £40,562. 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

In 1858 the Excess was	£8,260	7	4
1859       "       "	12,086	9	11
1860       "       "	18,557	0	6

"It will be seen that the amount added to the Funds of the Company during the past year shows a surplus of a very satisfactory character, notwithstanding the payment of £14,184. 14s. 6d. for claims consequent on the Death of Members.

"Since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the Proprietors, the Royal Assent has been given to a Special Act of Parliament, conferring additional powers on the Company.

"As the close of the present year will bring us to the period prescribed for the Valuation of the Business, with a view to the declaration of a Bonus, the Directors very earnestly invite the co-operation of the Proprietors, and all others connected with, or interested in the Office, to assist their efforts in making the present the most successful year of the Company's existence, in order that, individually and collectively, all interests may be advanced."

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

## UNITY FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

Unity-buildings, 8, Cannon-street, City.

Income from fire premiums in 1860..... £70,656 16 0

Every description of risks insured at tariff rates.

CORNELIUS WALFORD, Manager.

## UNITY GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Unity-buildings, 8, Cannon-street, City.

Income from life premiums in 1860..... £24,309 8 9

Loans granted. Good bonuses. Moderate premiums.

CORNELIUS WALFORD, Manager.

## UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

The Hon. FRANCIS SCOTT, Chairman.

CHARLES BEAUVICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Fourth Division of Profits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Parties desirous of participating in the fourth division of profits to be declared on policies effected prior to the 31st of December, 1861, should make immediate application. There have already been three divisions of profits, and the bonuses divided have averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured, or from 30 to 100 per cent. on the premiums paid, without the risk of co-partnership.

To show more clearly what these bonuses amount to, the three following cases are given as examples:—

Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Amount payable up to Dec. 1854.
£5,000	£1,987 10	£6,987 10
1,000	397 10	1,397 10
100	39 15	139 15

Notwithstanding these large additions, the premiums are on the lowest scale compatible with security; in addition to which advantages one half of the premiums may, if desired, for the term of five years, remain unpaid at 5 per cent. interest, without security or deposit of the policy.

The assets of the Company at the 31st December, 1859, amounted to £690,140. 19s., all of which had been invested in Government and other approved securities.

No charge for Volunteer Military Corps while serving in the United Kingdom.

Policy stamps paid by the office.

For prospectuses, &c., apply to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

By order,

E. L. BOYD, Resident Director.

## THE LIBRARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

NO APPLICATION FOR SHARES carrying the privileges named in the Prospectus of this Company will be RECEIVED after MONDAY NEXT, the 3rd of MARCH.

By Order,

FRANK FOWLER, Secretary.

Offices—Parliament Chambers, Cannon-row, S.W.

## DEPOT FOR FOREIGN LITERATURE, No. 270, STRAND, LONDON.

D. NUTT begs respectfully to call the attention of the Public to his Establishment for the Sale of Foreign Books, both old and new, and in every branch of Literature and Science. His Stock (which in some departments is the most extensive in England) is being continually augmented by weekly and semi-weekly importations from France and Germany, and by frequent arrivals from other parts of the Continent.

All Orders for Books not in stock can be executed within the shortest possible time, and Periodicals and Newspapers supplied by post or otherwise, with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

The following catalogues of Modern Books have recently been published, and may be had gratis for one postage stamp:—

Part I.—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Literature.  
II.—German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Russian, and Northern Literature.

III.—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Oriental Literature.

IV.—List of Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals, divided into Classes, with amount of Annual Subscriptions.

A Catalogue of Second-hand Books in every Department of Foreign Literature can likewise be had gratis for two stamps.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Boxes of New and Choice Books, English and Foreign, are forwarded continually from this extensive Library to nearly every Town and Village in the Kingdom. Term of Subscription, Three Guineas per Annum and upwards, according to the number of Volumes required. Prospectuses will be sent postage free on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford-street, London; Cross-street, Manchester; and New-street, Birmingham.

## COLLARD AND COLLARD'S NEW

WEST-END ESTABLISHMENT, 16, GROSVENOR STREET, BOND-STREET, where all communications are to be addressed. PIANOFORTES of all Classes for Sale and Hire.—City Branch, 26, Cheapside, E.C.

## LIST OF THE LIFE-BOAT STATIONS

OF THE

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

### ENGLAND.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND—

1 Berwick-on-Tweed.  
North Sunderland.  
Boulmer.  
Alnmouth.  
5 Hauxley.  
Newbiggin.  
Cullercoats.  
Tynemouth.

#### DURHAM—

Whitburn.  
10 Seaton Carew.

#### YORKSHIRE—

Middlesborough.  
Redcar.  
Saltburn.  
Whitby.  
15 Scarborough.  
Filey.  
Bridlington.  
Hornsea.

#### NORFOLK—

Blakeney.  
20 Cromer.  
Mundesley.  
Bacton.  
Palling.  
Winterton.  
25 Caistor.

Yarmouth, No. 1.

" No. 2.

#### SUFFOLK—

Lowestoft.  
Pakefield.  
30 Southwold.  
Thorpeness, No. 1.

" No. 2.

#### KENT—

Aldborough.  
Kingsgate.  
35 Margate.  
Walmer.

### Dover.

#### Dungeness.

Camber.  
40 Rye.  
Hastings.  
Eastbourne.  
Newhaven.  
Brighton.  
45 Selsey.

#### ISLE OF WIGHT—

Brighthelm Grange.  
Brooke.

#### GUERNSEY—

St. Sampson's.

#### DORSET—

Lyme Regis.

#### SOUTH DEVON—

50 Exmouth.

Teignmouth.

Plymouth.

#### CORNWALL—

Fowey.

Lizard.

55 Penzance.

Sennen Cove.

St. Ives.

Newquay.

Padstow.

60 Bude Haven.

#### NORTH DEVON—

Appledore.

Braunton.

### WALES.

#### GLAMORGANSHIRE—

Penarth.

Porthcawl.

#### CARMARTHENSHIRE—

65 Llanelly.

Carmarthen Bay.

#### PEMBROKESHIRE—

Tenby.

Fishguard.

### CARDIGANSHIRE—

Cardigan.

70 Aberystwith.

### MERIONETHSHIRE—

Aberdovey.

Barmouth.

### CARNARVONSHIRE—

Portmadoc.

Orme's Head.

### ANGLESEY—

75 Llanddwyn.

Rhoscolyn.

Holyhead.

Cemlyn.

Moelfre.

80 Penmon.

### FLINTSHIRE—

Rhyl (Tubular).

### LANCASHIRE—

Southport.

Lytham.

Fleetwood.

### CUMBERLAND—

85 Silloth.

### ISLE OF MAN—

Castletown.

### SCOTLAND.

#### KIRKCUDBRIGHT—

Kirkcudbright.

#### AYRSHIRE—

Ayr.

Irvine.

#### ARGYLSHIRE—

90 Cantire.

#### CAITHNESS-SHIRE—

Thurso.

#### ELGINSHIRE—

Lossiemouth.

#### BANFFSHIRE—

Buckie.

Banff.

### ABERDEENSHIRE—

95 Fraserburgh.

### FORMER—

Buddon Ness.

Dundee.

### FIFE-SHIRE—

St. Andrew's.

### HADDINGTONSHIRE—

North Berwick.

### IRELAND.

#### CO. ANTRIM—

100 Portrush.

#### CO. DOW—

Groomsport.

Tyrella.

Newcastle.

#### CO. LOUTH—

Dundalk.

105 Drogheda.

#### CO. DUBLIN—

Skerries.

Howth.

Pool Beg.

Kingstown.

#### CO. WICKLOW—

110 Wicklow.

Arklow.

#### CO. WEXFORD—

Cahore.

Wexford, No. 1.

Rosslare Fort, No. 2.

115 Carnore.

#### CO. WATERFORD—

Tramore.

Dungarvan.

Ardmore.

#### CO. CORK—

Youghal.

120 Ballycotton.

#### CO. MAYO—

121 Westport.

## THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM THE GENERAL RULES OF MANAGEMENT.

"Each Life-boat to have a Coxswain Superintendent, with a fixed Annual Salary of £8.

"The Life-boat to be regularly taken afloat for exercise once every quarter, fully manned and equipped, so that the Crew may be familiar with her qualities and proper management. On every occasion of exercise, the men to be paid 5s. each in stormy weather, and 3s. each in fine weather; and on every occasion of going off to a Wreck to save Life, each of the Crew to receive 10s. by day and £1 by night, and equal shares of any Local Subscriptions which may be raised to reward any special act of gallantry or exertion.

"The Crew are provided with Life-belts. The Coxswain is required to keep a list of all the Life-boat Stores, which are to be examined once a quarter by the Local Committee, in order to their being repaired, or re-placed, if in the least degree in a doubtful condition.

"The Life-boat to be kept on her Carriage, in the Boat-house, with all her gear in her ready for use. Signals are agreed upon for calling the Life-boats' Crews together; and immediately on intimation of a Wreck, or Vessel in distress, the Coxswain is to muster his Crew, launch his Boat, and proceed to her assistance.

"The Local Committee to make quarterly inspection, and Report to the Institution as to the behaviour of the Boat during exercise, pointing out any defect that may be remedied, and offering any suggestion that may conduce to the efficiency of the service."



## FAMILY MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY respectfully announce that GREAT SAVING may be made by PURCHASING MOURNING at their Establishment. The Stock of Family Mourning is the largest in Europe. Mourning Costume of every description is kept Ready Made, and can be forwarded in Town or Country at a moment's notice. The most Reasonable Prices are charged, and the Wear of every Article guaranteed.

LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 247, 249, and 251, REGENT STREET.

JAY'S.

## FAMILY MOURNING.

PETER ROBINSON'S

FAMILY AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE

Is now (since its extensive alterations) the LARGEST IN LONDON. Families will effect a great saving by forwarding their orders to THIS ESTABLISHMENT, where the BEST MOURNING may be purchased at the most reasonable prices, and the wear of the article is guaranteed.

DRESSES, MANTLES, BONNETS, and MOURNING COSTUME of every description, is kept ready-made, and can be forwarded, in town or country, immediately on receipt of order.

DRESS-MAKING TO ANY EXTENT ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

PETER ROBINSON'S GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.

## MR. CLAUDET'S CARTES DE VISITE.

MR. CLAUDET, Photographer to the Queen, cautions the public that some shops are selling spurious imitations of his Carte de Visite Portraits. Although the imperfection of them is manifest, these counterfeit productions are capable of deceiving persons who do not examine the photographs attentively. To prevent this deception Mr. Claudet begs leave to observe that all the Cartes de Visite which come from his establishment are stamped with his name on the back.

107, REGENT STREET,

THREE DOORS FROM VIGO STREET, IN THE QUADRANT.

Adopted by the Governments of Great Britain, Spain, Denmark, Russia, Brazil, East and West Indies, and the British Colonies.

## EASTON'S PATENT BOILER FLUID,

FOR REMOVING AND PREVENTING

INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS,

LAND AND MARINE.

P. S. EASTON AND G. SPRINGFIELD,

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

37, 38, &amp; 39, WAPPING WALL, LONDON, E.

**FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.**—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of Fenders, Stoves, Ranges, Chimney-pieces, Fire-irons, and General Ironmongery as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, 3l. 15s. to 33l. 10s.; Bronzed Fenders, with standards, 7s. to 5l. 12s.; Steel Fenders, 3l. 3s. to 11l.; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from 3l. 3s. to 18l.; Chimney-pieces, from 1l. 8s. to 100l.; Fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to 4l. 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth plates.

**CUTLERY** warranted.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives Per Dozen.	Dessert Knives Per Dozen.	Carvers Per Pair.
3½-inch Ivory Handles.....	12 6	10 0	4 3
3½-inch Fine Ivory Handles.....	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles.....	18 0	14 0	4 6
4-inch Fine Ivory Handles.....	24 0	17 0	7 3
4-inch Finest African Ivory Handles.....	32 0	26 0	11 0
Ditto with Silver Ferules.....	40 0	33 0	12 6
Ditto, Carved Handles, Silver Ferules.....	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel Electro Silver Handles, any Pattern.....	25 0	19 0	17 6
Silver Handles, of any Pattern.....	84 0	54 0	21 0
<b>BONE AND HORN HANDLES.</b>			
<b>KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZEN.</b>			
White Bone Handles.....	11 0	8 6	21 6
Ditto Bone Handles.....	21 0	17 0	4 6
Black Horn Rimmed Shoulders.....	17 0	14 0	4 0
Ditto Very Strong Riveted Handles.....	12 0	9 0	3 0

The largest stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the New Plated Fish Carvers.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE** may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 600 illustrations of his illimitable Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gaseliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron & Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom and Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty Large Show Rooms, at 39, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-mews, London.

**WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT?** is a thought often occurring to literary men, public characters, and persons of benevolent intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry may be obtained. A SPECIMEN BOOK OF TYPES, and information for authors, sent on application, by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13, MARK LANE, LONDON.

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**, used in the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.—Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

WOTHERSPOON &amp; CO., Glasgow and London.

**P. & S. BEYFUS HAVE OPENED** P. ADDITIONAL and MOST EXTENSIVE PREMISES No. 144, OXFORD STREET, (nearly opposite Bond-street), In conjunction with their City Premises, 91 to 95, CITY ROAD.

THOSE ABOUT TO FURNISH are respectively solicited to inspect their large and varied Stock of first-class Furniture, at both Establishments.

GOODS CARRIAGE FREE TO ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM.

Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post-free.

**REVOLVING SAFETY SHUTTERS FOR PRIVATE HOUSES**, defying the burglar to open them, at greatly reduced prices; manufactured in one sheet of steel, at 3s. 6d. per foot, super.; in iron, 3s. per foot.

The Builder says,—"Messrs. Clark & Co., of 15, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, have recently introduced a New Self-coiling Revolving Shutter, for which they have obtained Royal Letters Patent, which, in addition to being one-half the expense, has the advantage of being remarkably simple, and consequently less liable to get out of order. All the complicated gearing apparatus is dispensed with; there are neither wheels, shafts, rollers, cords, nor weights to become deranged."

"We are disposed to think they will be largely used, both for shop-fronts and private houses. Much of the difficulty now often found in providing shutters for large bow windows may be obviated by their use without extra cost."

Prospectuses, with full-sized sections, sent post free, with numerous testimonials.

CLARK &amp; CO., ENGINEERS,

15, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London.

**RIDDELL'S PATENT SLOW-COMBUSTION COTTAGE BOILER**, for Heating Conservatories, Entrance Halls, Baths, &c., by the circulation of hot water. Requires no brickwork setting, will keep in action from twelve to eighteen hours without attention, at the expense of about threepence per day; is perfectly safe, requires no additional building, and may be seen in operation daily at the

PATENTEE'S WAREHOUSE,

155, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Price complete, from £3. 10s.

Illustrated Prospectus free, and Estimates prepared for erecting Hot Water Apparatus of any magnitude.

**MORTLOCK'S CHINA WAREHOUSE**, 250, OXFORD-STREET. China Dinner, Dessert, Breakfast, and Tea Services, at a great reduction for CASH, in consequence of the expiration of the Lease.

250, OXFORD-STREET, near Hyde Park.

## DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the medical profession, and universally accepted by the public, as the best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heartburn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and as a mild aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for ladies and children. It is prepared, in a state of perfect purity and uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

## SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza. The first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

## LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS,

RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF

THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING,

AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS,

Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

## SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir JOSEPH OLLIFFE, M.D.,

Physician to the British Embassy at Paris.

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and I have reason to be satisfied with its beneficial and salutary effects."

The late Dr. JONATHAN PEREIRA, F.R.S.

Physician to the London Hospital.

"It was fitting that the author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine. Whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties, I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured."

Dr. BARLOW.

Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital.

"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effects, and believe it to be a very pure Oil well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

Dr. LETHEBY.

Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.

"It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has great therapeutical power; and from my investigations, I have no doubt of its being a pure and unadulterated article."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; capsuled, and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNEES:

ANSAR, HARFORD, &amp; Co., 77, Strand, London, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

## NO MORE MEDICINE.—We find DU

BARRY'S FOOD the safest remedy for chronic constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), consumption, diarrhoea, all gastric disorders, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, irritability, sleeplessness, distension, flatulency, phlegm, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, dysentery, nervous, bilious, and liver disorders, debility, scrofula, atrophy.—Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., Dr. Harvey, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Rud. Wurzer. It saves 50 times its cost in other remedies. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lb., 22s.—Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum & Mason; and at 61, Gracechurch-street; 4, Cheapside; No. 63 and 150, Oxford-street; 330, Strand; 5, Charing-cross; 54, Baker-street; and all grocers and chymists.

## COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT

CONSUMPTION are effectually cured by KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which are daily recommended by the Faculty—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom can be inspected—as the most effectual, safe, speedy, and may be venient remedy, for Cough and all Disorders of the Lungs, Chest, and Throat. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. THOMAS KEATING, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

## COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c. are instantly relieved by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. In consequence of the extraordinary efficacy of this remedy, several unprincipled parties have been induced to vend imitations. Never purchase Chlorodyne except in sealed bottles having the Government stamp, with the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" engraved thereon. A whole sheet of medical testimonials accompany each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

Price in bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., carriage free.



**GUSH AND FERGUSON'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**CARTES DE VISITE, OR ALBUM PORTRAITS.**  
TWENTY-FOUR FOR ONE GUINEA.  
**GALLERY, 179, REGENT-STREET, W.**

**BARR & SUGDEN,**  
SEED MERCHANTS AND FLORISTS,  
12, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

In the Press, and will be published in a few days (SENT FREE AND POST PAID, ON APPLICATION), Illustrated,  
**BARR & SUGDEN'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER GARDEN,**  
Showing how a Rich FLORAL DISPLAY may be maintained from APRIL to NOVEMBER, with a Descriptive Priced List of all the best Flower Seeds in cultivation.

**BARR & SUGDEN'S GUIDE TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN,**  
Showing HOW, WHEN, and what things should be done to secure a regular Supply of the best Vegetables from January to December, with a Priced List of Select Vegetable Seeds.

ALL FLOWER SEEDS SENT POST PAID.  
COLLECTIONS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS, adapted for any Style of Gardening, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s.

ALL VEGETABLE SEEDS amounting to 21s., sent carriage paid, to any Railway Station in the Kingdom.  
COLLECTIONS OF THE BEST VEGETABLE SEEDS, suitable for Small, Medium, and Large Sized Gardens, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 30s., 42s., 50s., and 63s.

**BARR & SUGDEN, SEED MERCHANTS,**  
12, KING-STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

**CHOICE PORT OF 1858 VINTAGE—THE COMET YEAR.**

**HEDGES & BUTLER** have imported a large quantity of this valuable Wine, respecting which it is the general opinion that it will equal the celebrated comet year of 1811. It is increasing in value, and the time must soon arrive when Port of this distinguished vintage will be at double its present price. Messrs. Hedges & Butler are now offering it at 36s., 42s., and 48s. per dozen.

Pure sound Claret, with considerable flavour,  
24s. and 30s. per doz.  
Superior Claret ..... 36s. 42s. 48s. 60s. 72s. "  
Good Dinner Sherry ..... 24s. 30s. "  
Superior Pale, Golden, or Brown  
Sherry ..... 36s. 42s. 48s. "  
Port, from first-class Shippers, 36s. 42s. 48s. 60s. "  
Hock and Moselle ... 30s. 36s. 48s. 60s. to 120s. "  
Sparkling ditto ..... 60s. 66s. 78s. "  
Sparkling Champagne ... 42s. 48s. 60s. 66s. 78s. "

Fine old Sack, rare White Port, Imperial Tokay, Malmsey, Frontignac, Constantia, Vermuth, and other rare Wines.  
Fine Old Pale Cognac Brandy, 60s. and 72s. per dozen.

On receipt of a Post-office Order or reference, any quantity, with a priced List of all other Wines, will be forwarded immediately by

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**  
London, 155, Regent-Street, W.,  
Brighton, 30, King's-road,  
(Originally established A.D. 1667.)

**NEW MUSIC.**

**HAMILTON'S PIANO TUTOR,**  
32nd Edition. 70 pages, from extra-large elegantly engraved plates, 4s. "Imitated by all, equalled by none."—*Birmingham Mercury.*

**HAMILTON'S TUTOR FOR SINGING,** 20th Edition, 5s.  
**CLARKE'S CATECHISM OF MUSIC,** 70th Edition, 1s.  
**HAMILTON'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC,** 66th Edition, 1s.

**THE MARINER'S SONG.** By Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss). Poetry from Home Lyrics. Finely Illustrated, 2s. 6d.

**ECHOES:** Song. By Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss). Poetry by Miss Procter. 2s. 6d.

**THE BROOK:** Song. By Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss). Poetry by Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate. 2s. 6d.

**TOO LATE, TOO LATE:** Sacred Song. By Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss). Poetry from the "Idylls of the King," by Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate. Finely Illustrated, 2s. 6d.

**MOONLIGHT ON THE OCEAN:** A Night Song at Sea. By the Composer of "Shells of Ocean." 2s. Also, by the same composer, "Sailing on the Summer Sea." 2s.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street, and of all Music-sellers.

**A GUINEA FAMILY BIBLE FOR 10s.**—**JOHN FIELD** has now ready a handsome Family Bible, with Notes, References, 40 Engravings, and 10 Maps, bound in antique style, for 10s., published at 21s. A beautiful gift-book, only to be had at **JOHN FIELD'S** Great Bible Warehouse, 65, Regent's-quadrant.

**THREE HUNDRED BIBLE STORIES,** with nearly 300 Bible Pictures; a pictorial Sunday book for the young, handsomely bound, price 4s. 6d., originally published at 12s. Sent post free from **FIELD'S** Great Bible Warehouse, 65, Regent's-quadrant. Every family should have this pretty book.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for MARCH,**  
1862. No. DLVII. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:  
Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel.—Part II.  
Classic or Gothic: the Battle of the Styles.  
Cantoniana: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners.  
Leaves from the Club Books.  
Lord Castlerough.  
Translations of the Odyssey.  
Characteristics of Language.  
David Wingate's Poems and Songs:—  
A Miner's Morning Song.—Fire!—My Little Wife.—The Deen's Fisher.—Spae Craft.—Little Brother.—The Faces in the Fire.—Elegy: not Written in a Country Churchyard.—The Dominie's Oe.—That Gloaming Langsyne.  
**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.**

**FRASER'S MAGAZINE for MARCH, 2s. 6d.,**

CONTAINS:  
Thalatta! Thalatta!—A Study at Sea. By the Author of "Catarina in Venice." Part III.  
The Non-Regulation Provinces of India.  
Concerning the Sorrows of Childhood. By A. K. H. B.  
The City of Victory.  
Sonnet.  
Popol Vuh.  
Percy Bysshe Shelley.—Supplementary Notice. By T. L. Peacock.  
The Twice-Revised Code.  
Barren Honour.—A Tale. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," &c.—Chapters XVII.—XIX. Austria and Hungary.  
**London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand, W.C.**

This Day, Octavo, 12s.,

**THE TRANSACTIONS of the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.**

1861.

1859—16s. 1860—12s.

London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

**THE LEISURE HOUR, No. 531, for Feb. 27th,**  
Price ONE PENNY, contains:—A Life's Secret: Chap. IX. Illustrated by John Gilbert.—Fitted to a Hair.—Sir Hans Sloane.—A Winter March in Canada, with Map.—Charity at Limehouse.—My Adventures in the Far West: Chapters IX. and X.—A French Hymn on the Atonement.—Exhibition Eccentricities.—Varieties.  
**London: 56, Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers.**

**THE SUNDAY AT HOME, No. 409, for Feb. 27th, Price ONE PENNY.** Contains:—From Dawn to Dark in Italy: Chap. XVII. A Daughter of France; Chap. XVIII. The Audience.—The Rev. Henry Townley: VI. The Dying Saint.—Leaves from My Portfolio: II. The Market, continued, with Illustration.—PULPIT IN THE FAMILY: The Grateful Prayer.—PAGES FOR THE YOUNG: The Empress, Cousin Jane, &c.—Religious Intelligence, with Portrait of King of Madagascar.  
**RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row; and sold by all Booksellers.**

Just published, No. 15, price One Penny,

**THE COTTAGER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** With Engraving of the Dinner Hour of the Workmen in the New Exhibition Building, and other Illustrations. CONTENTS:—The International Exhibition—One may do without, Part III.—What the New Baby came for.—The late Prince Consort, with Portrait—James Vincent's Letter to his Mother.—The Fireman's Daughter.—The Voice of the Wind—Why must he Pray?—Wash and be Clean.—The Grace of Jesus—Out of Work—The Power of a Smile—Wise Words.  
**RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row; and sold by all Booksellers.**

Price One Shilling.

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**  
Edited by DAVID MASSON.

No. XXIX. FOR MARCH, 1862.

CONTENTS:

- I.—Universal Information and "The English Cyclopædia." By the Editor.
- II.—A Quiet Nook; or, Vagaries of an Old Bachelor. In Four Chapters. By John Ruffini, Author of "Lorenzo Benoni," "Doctor Antonio," &c. Chap. III.—The Young Lady in Black.
- III.—The History of Lighthouse Illumination. By J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S.
- IV.—The Curse of Rome. By Richard Garnett.
- V.—On the Age of the Sun's Heat. By Professor W. Thomson, Glasgow. Part I.—On the Secular Cooling of the Sun. II.—On the Sun's present Temperature. III.—On the Origin and Total Amount of the Sun's Heat.
- VI.—Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Chap. LI.—In which Charles comes to Life again. LII.—What Lord Saltire and Father Mackworth said when they looked out of window. LIII.—A very Stupid Chapter, but a very important one nevertheless.
- VII.—The Ural Mountains: A New Parlour Game.
- VIII.—The Rise and Progress of Trial by Jury in Britain. By the Rev. W. Barnes, Author of "Poems in the Dorsetshire Dialect," &c.
- IX.—The Shadows. By George MacDonald.
- X.—Stray Notes of Natural History from the Continent. By Cornwall Simeon.
- XI.—Rifle-shooting and Drill: the Crisis of Volunteering.
- XII.—Passing Events: Breaking the Blockade.
- XIII.—Royal Deaths: the Princess and the Prince, 1817—1861. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

\* \* Volume V. will be published on April 1. Volumes I., II., III., and IV., are now ready, handsomely bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d. each.

Sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and at all the Railway Stations.

MACMILLAN & Co., Cambridge; and 23, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London.

Just published, beautifully printed in antique type, on toned paper, price 1s., paper cover, or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth.

**GOLDEN WORDS, No. 1. Part I: THE RICH AND PRECIOUS JEWEL OF GOD'S HOLY WORD.** Part II: PRAYER. Selections from the Works of Bishop Jewell, Bishop Coverdale, Bishop Hooper, Archbishop Sandys, William Tyndale, Thomas Becon, Richard Hooker, John Bradford, Dr. Donne, Bishop Hall, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and Archbishop Leighton.  
**London (377, Strand) and Oxford: JOHN HENRY & JAMES PARKER. Birmingham: HENRY WRIGHT, New-street.**

**SANITARY PAPERS, No. IV. A Report to the Young Men's Sanitary Association on the Diseases resulting from "The Social Evil."** Price Threepence.

London: HENRY DELAFIELD & Co., 18, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

This day, demy 8vo., 15s.,

**AN HISTORICAL SURVEY OF THE ASTRONOMY OF THE ANCIENTS.**  
By Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart., M.P.  
**London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.**

New Work by the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." Post 8vo. Price 9s.

**LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN.**  
A Selection from the Contributions of A. R. H. B. to *Fraser's Magazine*.  
**London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.**

Just published, price 1s.,

**A WORD OF WARNING AGAINST THE AWFUL ERRORS and the IDOLATRY of the CHURCH OF ROME.**

London: JAMES MILLER, 17, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

Just published, post 8vo., with 32 coloured plates, 9s. 6d.

**BRITISH POISONOUS PLANTS**  
Illustrated by JOHN E. SOWERBY.

Described by CHARLES JOHNSON, Botanical Lecturer at Guy's Hospital; and C. PIERPOINT JOHNSON.

Second Edition, containing the principal Poisonous Fungi.  
**JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, Paternoster-row.**

SCOTT BURN'S NEW FARMING BOOK.

Now ready, with numerous Illustrations, fcap., price 6s. cloth (postage 4d.)

**THE LESSONS OF MY FARM:** a Book for Amateur Agriculturists. Being an Introduction to Farm Practice, in the Culture of Crops, the Feeding of Cattle, Management of the Dairy, Poultry, Pigs, and of the Keeping of Farm-work Records.  
By ROBERT SCOTT BURN, Editor of the "Year-Book of Agricultural Facts," one of the Authors of the "Book of Farm Buildings," etc.  
**London: LOCKWOOD & Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.**

**POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS, published by L. HACHETTE & CO., 18, King William-street, Strand.**

Charles XII.....	1s. 6d.
Télémaque.....	1s. 3d.
Louis XIV.....	2s. 6d.
Noel and Chapsal's French Grammar.....	1s. 6d.
Exercises.....	1s. 6d.
Cæsar, with Latin Notes.....	1s. 6d.
Horace, with Latin Notes.....	1s. 6d.
Virgil, with Latin Notes.....	1s. 6d.
Chapsal's Models of French Literature, Prose.....	3s. 6d.
The Same, Poetry.....	3s. 6d.
La Fontaine's Fables.....	1s. 6d.

All strongly bound in boards.

Hachette's Educational Catalogue.  
Catalogue of General French Literature.  
Catalogue alphabetically arranged with Author names and their several works.  
List of Hachette's Greek and Latin Classics.  
List of Hachette's French Railway Library.  
German List.  
Catalogue of School Drawing Materials.

Catalogues supplied by post on receipt of a postage stamp.



## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

## THE ART-JOURNAL FOR MARCH,

Price 2s. 6d.,

Contains Full Reports of the Proceedings connected with the Great International Exhibition up to the latest date, in addition to numerous Papers—some of which are extensively illustrated—on the Arts and Art-manufactures of the country.

The Engravings in this Part are from Mulready's Picture of "The Brother and Sisters," from Turner's "Parting of Hero and Leander," and Rubens's Pictures of "The Elevation of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross."

\* \* The Illustrated Catalogues will commence in the April Number.

J. S. VIRTUE, 26, Ivy-lane.

Just published,

THE BIGLOW PAPERS,  
BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## SECOND SERIES.

Part I. containing

1. BIRDOFREDUM SAWUN, Esq., to MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.
2. MASON and SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

Authorized Edition, square 12mo. sewed, 1s.

Also the First Series of the above, square 12mo., cloth, price 2s. 6d.

London: TRUBNER & CO., 60, Paternoster-row.

## NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

On Wednesday, the 12th March, will be published, commencing with a New Volume of

## All the Year Round,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF A NEW NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

## NO NAME.

On Saturday, 15th March, will be published, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

## THE SIXTH VOLUME

OF

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Containing the Chief Portion of

## A STRANGE STORY,

By the Author of "Rienzi," "My Novel," &c.

"A STRANGE STORY" WAS COMMENCED IN VOLUME THE FIFTH.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND is published in Weekly Numbers, price 2d., in Monthly Parts, and Half-Yearly Volumes, at 26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.;

And by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W., London.

## HOME EDUCATION.

Just published, Seventeenth Edition, fcap. cloth, 3s.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT  
OF EARLY EDUCATION AND NURSERY DISCIPLINE.

"I think I may say, that, of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are,—good or evil, useful or not—by their education."—LOCKE.

London: HATCHARD & Co., 187, Piccadilly.

Just published, 5th Edition, price 2s. 6d., free by post 32 Stamps,

## DISEASES OF THE SKIN:

A Guide to their Treatment and Prevention, illustrated by cases. By THOMAS HUNT, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, 21A, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. "This admirable, we might almost say indispensable little work, comes to us in its fifth edition, enriched with an excellent and most temperate chapter on the Turkish Bath."—*Medical Critic*.

London: T. RICHARDS, 37, Great Queen-street.

## A NEW AND FINAL EDITION OF

## THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA.

With a New Supplementary Volume. Illustrated by more than Six Thousand Original Engravings. Thirty Vols. bound in Seventeen. Price Five Guineas.

The CYCLOPÆDIA and the ORIGINAL SUPPLEMENT being out of print, the Proprietors, to meet the continued demand, have printed a limited edition from the stereotype plates of the twenty-nine volumes. The Second Supplement is entirely new, and embraces every addition to the sum of human knowledge during the last twelve years. The sum of £40,000 has been expended on authorship and engravings alone.

JAMES SANGSTER & Co., 36, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

Now ready, price 5s.; by post, on roller, 5s. 4d.

MAGNA-CHARTA, EMBLAZONED IN GOLD AND COLOURS, an Exact Fac-simile of the Original Document (A.D. 1215), preserved in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons ELABORATELY EMBLAZONED IN GOLD AND COLOURS. Copied by express permission.

London: JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, Piccadilly, W.

In preparation, fcp. 8vo., cloth,  
**Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances;** or, Hints for Enterprise in Neglected Fields. By P. L. SIMMONDS, editor of the "Technologist," author of "Products of the Vegetable Kingdom," &c.  
London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Part I., price 1s.; Part II., 1s. 6d., or together in cloth, 3s., fully illustrated.

**Dr. Lankester on Food: a Course of Lectures** delivered at the South Kensington Museum.

On Water	On Alcohol
On Salt	On Wine, Spirits, and Beer
On Starch and Sugar	On Condiments, Spices, and Flavours
On Oil, Butter, and Fat	On Tea and Coffee
On Flesh-forming Food	On Tobacco and Opium
On Animal Food	

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Fourth edition, crown 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

**Our Social Bees; Pictures of Town and Country,** and other Papers. By ANDREW WYNTER, M.D., author of "Curiosities of Civilization." Containing 45 entertaining and instructive articles, among which will be found:—London Smoke; Mock Auctions; The Suction-post; Our Peck of Dirt; The Artificial Man; Britannia's Smelling-Bottle; The Post-Office; Commercial Grief; Aerated Bread; Needle-making; Preserved Meats; Wenhams Lake Ice; Turkish Baths; Who is Mr. Reuter?; Candle-making; London Stout; Sewing Machines; Physical Antipathies; Ocean Horticulture; Brain Difficulties; Human Hair, &c.  
London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Fifth edition, crown 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

**Curiosities of Civilization.** By Dr. ANDREW WYNTER. Reprinted from the *Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews*. Contents:—The London Commissariat; Food and its Adulterations; Advertisements; The Zoological Gardens; Rats; Woolwich Arsenal; Shipwrecks; Lodging, Food, and Dress of Soldiers; The Electric Telegraph; Fires and Fire Insurance; The Police and the Thieves; Mortality in Trades and Professions; Lunatic Asylums.  
London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Editions for 1862.—Ready shortly,

## The Shilling Peerage.

Hardwicke's Shilling Baronetage.

Hardwicke's Shilling Knightage.

Hardwicke's Shilling House of Commons.

Containing the birth, accession, and marriage of each personage, his heir, apparent or presumptive, family name, political bias and patronage, as also a brief notice of the offices which he has hitherto held, his town address and country residences.

Compiled by EDWARD WALFORD, Esq., M.A.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Cloth, gilt edges, price 1s.

## How to Address Titled People, Com-

ppanion to the Writing-desk: or, How to Address, Begin, and End Letters to Titled and Official Personages; together with a table of precedence, copious list of abbreviations, rules for punctuation, instructions in correcting for the press, and other useful information.—London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Fully illustrated; Well printed; Wonderfully Cheap.

## Hardwicke's Elementary Books:—

Chemistry, complete, 6d.	Walkinghame's Arithmetic, complete, 4d.
Three parts, 2d. each.	Two parts, 2d. each.
Mechanics, complete, 4d.	Two parts, 2d. each.
Hydrostatics, complete, 2d.	Bookkeeping, complete, 2d.
Hydraulics, complete, 2d.	Mavor's Spelling, 4d.
Murray's Grammar, complete, 2d.	Two parts, 2d. each.
Mackenzie's Tables, 2d.	Phrenology, 2d.
	Shorthand, 2d.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly, and all Booksellers.

Now ready,

## Mangnall's Questions, Complete, 1s.

Carefully revised and brought up to the present time. It is well printed and strongly bound. A sample copy sent on receipt of 12 stamps. Also,

Murray's Grammar, complete, 2d.	Bookkeeping, complete, 2d.
Walkinghame's Arithmetic, complete, 4d.	Mavor's Spelling, 4d.
Two parts, 2d. each.	Two parts, 2d. each.
Shorthand, 2d.	Phrenology, 2d.

London: R. HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

Fcp. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., fully illustrated,

## Old Bones; or, Notes for Young

Naturalists. By the Rev. W. S. SYMONDS, Rector of Pendock. A small Manual of Palæontology.

"Although modest in its plan, it is a very superior work, broad, exact, sufficiently explained by well-chosen examples, and amply illustrated."—*Daily News*.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Royal 32mo., cloth, price 1s.

## Hardwicke's Handy-Book of London:

an Easy and Comprehensive Guide to Everywhere worth Seeing and Hearing. Contents:—Bazaars, Ball Rooms, Cathedrals, Dining Rooms, Exhibitions, Mansions of the Nobility, Markets, Money Order Offices, Monuments and Statues, Museums, Music Halls and Concert Rooms, Out-door Amusements, Omnibuses, Palaces, Parks, Passport Offices, Picture Galleries, Regulations, Popular Entertainments, Police Courts, Prisons, Railway Stations, Steamboats, Theatres, Telegraph Offices, &c.—HARDWICKE, Piccadilly.

Crown 8vo. cloth, price 7s. 6d., with Illustrations from Nature, by Tuffen West.

## On Diseases of the Kidney and Dropsy.

By S. J. GOODFELLOW, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the Middlesex Hospital, and joint Lecturer on Medicine at the Middlesex Hospital Medical College.—"A whole profession is elevated when such creditable works are produced by any of its members."—*Dobell's Lectures*.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Just published, fcp. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.,

**The Poet of the Age; a Satirical Poem,** with Introductory Remarks on the Decline of Poetry, and Critical Notes.—London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Second edition, pp. 98, price 1s.

## Essays and Reviews: a Protest against

the Attempt of the Bishops and of Convocation to narrow the range of Theological Speculation. A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Williams, with a new preface and appendices, containing extracts from each of the seven Essays, exhibiting the general character and spirit of the work. By the Rev. R. B. KENNARD, M.A., Oxon. Rector of Marshfield, Dorset.

London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

Just published, 8vo., sewed, 104 pp. price 1s. 6d.,

**Southern Secession: a Letter** addressed to Capt. M. T. Maury, Confederate Navy, on his Letter to Admiral Fitzroy. By JOHN WELSFORD COWELL, Esq.  
London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.



## ANSWERS TO ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 8vo., price 8s. 6d. cloth,

SEVEN ANSWERS  
TO THE  
SEVEN ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,

BY

JOHN NASH GRIFFIN, M.A.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

Formerly Senior Moderator and University Gold Medallist in Mathematics and Medallist in Ethics and Logic; Incumbent of St. Mary's, Spring Grove, Middlesex.

WITH INTRODUCTION,  
BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,  
LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We strongly recommend Mr. Griffin's 'Seven Answers' as a very able and conclusive refutation of the 'Seven Essays,' exhibiting considerable powers of argument, and still deeper acquaintance with Holy Scripture. His style is clear and forcible, and sometimes eloquent. It is a book which may be safely put into the hands of those who desire to see the errors of the Essayists fairly stated and satisfactorily answered by a clergyman who shows himself to be at once a scholar and a Christian."—*Record*.

"Mr. Griffin well deserves a hearing. Many of us admired one or other of these 'Essays,' in the reading-room or the railway-carriage, when we happened to take up the able journal in which they appeared; and now, in their collected form, we find that they do not suffer from re-perusal in the study. \* \* \* In substance they are clear, argumentative, and thoroughly orthodox."—*Freeman*.

"Taking the 'Essays' as a whole, we think them equal in literary merit to the seven they controvert, while in many respects they are far superior. Our author has done his work earnestly, diligently, faithfully, and courageously. He writes

throughout as a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar. With such defenders we have no reason to fear for the ancient faith."—*Clerical Journal*.

"Written with less academical learning, and perhaps logical power, than many portions of the volume of 'Replies,' they are more calculated for popular reading; and, on the whole, we consider, not inferior in cogency to their more stately and pretentious competitors, from the joint learning of our two English Universities."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Suffice it to say that the author of the reply has handled all the points at issue with critical acumen and logical ability. The work is fresh and healthy in tone, is written with trenchant vigour, and is well calculated to upset the insidious speculations of those Seven Essayists who have proved traitors to the Master whom they vowed to serve. To those lovers of polemics who can only subsist on 'strong food,' it will prove of great value, as it may re-establish the belief of many in whose minds it had been roughly shaken by the bold assertions of the essayists, who, it will be remembered, all occupy or occupied high and distinguished positions in the English Church."—*Glasgow Daily Herald*.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, &amp; CO., 14, LUDGATE HILL.

NEW SERIAL BY CHARLES LEVER.  
To be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts, each Part to contain  
Two Illustrations by "Phiz."

This Day is published, Part II. of  
**BARRINGTON.**

By CHARLES LEVER,  
Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," &c.  
With Illustrations by "Phiz."

NEW NOVEL.  
In 3 vols. post 8vo.,  
**OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.**

A Novel.  
By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"The story told is an extremely interesting one; a story that will certainly be read through, and in some parts more than once, by any one who begins it. The plan does not reveal itself to the guesses of the sagacious reader until he comes face to face with the solution at the author's own appointed time."—*Athenaeum*.

"Decidedly this is one of the best novels of the season. The first chapters of 'Olive Blake' at once prove that Mr. Jeaffreson has in him the right spirit of an artist."—*Examiner*.

In 1 vol., fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
**TANNHAUSER;**  
Or, the Battle of the Bards.  
A Poem.

By NEVILLE TEMPLE and EDWARD TREVOR.  
[Fourth Edition.]

In 2 vols., post 8vo., price 16s.  
**A HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY  
OF AMERICA.**

From Columbus to Franklin.  
By J. G. KOHL. Translated by Major R. R. NOEL.

"Mr. Kohl's descriptive power is well known to the reading public, and this work shows that he can exercise it in the higher domain of history with as much facility as he did in his picturesque travels. The book is a very complete synopsis of American discovery from the earliest to the latest time."—*Daily News*.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

In 1 vol., crown octavo,  
**TROUBLOUS TIMES;** or, Leaves from the  
Note-Book of the Rev. Mr. John Hicks, an ejected Non-conformist Minister, 1670-1.

Transcribed by JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

With an Introduction by the Rev. CHARLES STANFORD, Author  
of "Joseph Alleine: his Companions and Times," &c.

London: JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

PUBLIC OPINION,  
THE  
ENGLISH GALIGNANI.

A JOURNAL for Statesmen and Politicians, Editors, and Authors, the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, Merchants and Manufacturers, and all who take an interest in Political, Social, and Commercial Progress throughout the World. PUBLIC OPINION gives the Opinions of the Press at Home and Abroad, on all the Important Topics of the Week; together with a Complete Summary of Current Events, and a Selection of Articles of a literary and popular character: it is, in short, what its title implies—The Mirror of Public Opinion on Politics, Society, Commerce, Literature, &c. &c.

## CONTENTS:—MARCH 1, 1862.

## HOME.

## VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAYS AND THE WAR OFFICE:

Times.  
Morning Herald.  
Morning Post.  
Daily Telegraph, &c.

## SIR R. PEEL AND THE O'DONOGHUE:

Times.  
Morning Star.  
Morning Herald.  
Daily News.  
Daily Telegraph, Morning Chronicle, &c.

## THE BENCHERS AND MR. D. SEYMOUR:

Times.  
Morning Herald.  
Daily News, Morning Star, &c.

## OUR NAVY ESTIMATES:

Times, Morning Herald, &c.

## FRANCE.

## PRINCE NAPOLEON'S SPEECH:

La Patrie.  
La Presse, Le Journal des Débats, &c.

## THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO GENERAL MONTAUBAN:

BAN:  
Le Constitutionnel, &c.

## GERMANY.

## PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA:

Le Constitutionnel.  
L'Opinion Nationale.  
Austrian Gazette.  
La Presse, Czas, &c.

## THE DUTY OF PRUSSIA:

L'Espero.  
La Presse, Le Nord, &c.

## ITALY.

## THE ROMAN QUESTION:

La Presse.  
L'Esprit Public, &c.

## THE POLICY OF THE CATHOLIC POWERS:

L'Opinion.

## ANTI-CONSTITUTIONAL INTRIGUES:

Spectator.

## MEXICO.

## THE ALLIES AND THE FUTURE MONARCH:

L'Espero.  
La Epoca.

## TURKEY.

## PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS AND REFORMS:

ترجمان احوال—*Terjuman Akhwal* (The Imparted Events).  
ὁ Ἀλλελογ τῶν Βυζαντινῶν Δαῶν.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CLEVER MEN:

London Review.

## PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

## AMERICAN HUMOUR:

Spectator.

## THE PROGRESS OF MODERN SOCIETY:

English Churchman.

## TEACHERS FOR THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN:

Le Charivari.

## LITERARY NOTICES:

Press, Athenaeum.

## ART-CRITICS CONTRASTED:

Times, Daily News, Morning Star, &c.

## DIGEST OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

## THE RELIGIOUS HERESIES OF THE WORKING

CLASSES:

Westminster Review.

To English Residents abroad PUBLIC OPINION is invaluable.  
EVERY SATURDAY—THREEPENCE.

OFFICE—3, SAVOY-STREET, STRAND.



## B R A Z I L.

# THE DON PEDRO NORTH DEL REY GOLD MINING COMPANY. (LIMITED).

*The Liability of the Shareholders is limited to the Amount of their Shares, the Company being registered under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, with Limited Liability.*

**CAPITAL, £100,000, in 100,000 Shares of £1 each.**

Deposit, 10s. per share; 5s. on application, 5s. on allotment.

*The remainder will be called up at intervals of not less than three months, and not exceeding 5s. per share.*

## D I R E C T O R S.

**Chairman**—HENRY HAYMEN, Esq. (Director of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Company), Clarendon-road, Kensington.

JOHN WORMALD, Esq., (late of Rio Janeiro), Brockworth Manor, Gloucestershire.

W. F. DROUGHT STEPHENS, Esq., Cleveland-gardens, Hyde Park.

ROBERT HESKETH, Esq. (late her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Rio de Janeiro), Southampton.

WILLIAM F. FOSTER, Esq., 16, Montagu-square.

EDMUND EDWARDS, Esq., C. E. (Director of the Pachuca Silver Mining Company) Beaufort-buildings.

**Agents in Brazil**—Messrs. JOHN MOORE & Co., Rio Janeiro (Messrs. J. Bramley-Moore & Co., Liverpool).

**Auditors (Official)**—G. H. JAY, Esq., (Messrs. Quilter, Ball, Jay, & Co.); JOSEPH TULLY, Esq. (late of Rio Janeiro), City Club.

**Bankers**—Messrs. MASTERMAN, PETERS, MILDRED, MASTERMAN, & Co., 35, Nicholas-lane.

**Broker**—JOHN POWER, Esq., 1, Royal Exchange-buildings.

**Solicitors**—Messrs. KIMBERLEY & POPE, 26, Old Broad-street.

**Secretary**—JOHN E. DAWSON, Esq.

**TEMPORARY OFFICES**—82 and 83, GRESHAM HOUSE, OLD BROAD-STREET.

Detailed Prospectus can be obtained at the offices from the Company, containing extracts from the Reports of Captain William Treloar, late Manager to the St. John Del Rey, and now Chief Engineer to the East Del Rey Company; Captain William Verran, late Chief Mining Agent to the St. John Del Rey; Captain Joel Hitchens, and Mr. William Halfeld.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Daily News* says:—"A favourable feature of this undertaking consists in the manner in which the purchase-money has been arranged. The Company, upon taking possession, are to pay down £3,000 for the plant, stamping machinery, and buildings, which include houses for the residence of the manager and mining staff. £8,000 is to be taken in shares, and to show their confidence in the concern, the owners have agreed to take this amount in 16,000 shares with 10s. paid, thus making themselves responsible for any calls beyond 10s. per share. The remainder of the purchase-money, namely, £13,000, is not to be handed over until the shareholders have received a dividend of 10 per cent. on the paid-up capital. The property is about seven miles long by three broad. It is anticipated that the works already commenced 'can be made profitably productive in a few months.' Reports from various competent authorities speak very highly of the capabilities of the property. Messrs. Moore & Co., the correspondents of Messrs. Bramley Moore & Co., of Liverpool, are the agents of the company in Brazil."

*Morning Chronicle*.—"The estate is freehold, situate in the centre of a populous district, near the mines of the St. John Del Rey Company, so long celebrated for their immense returns of gold, and the large dividends accruing to its shareholders. The property of this Company is about seven miles long by three miles broad; within which area it contains several ascertained sources of auriferous wealth. Besides its great mineral wealth, the Company will possess abundance of timber for all purposes, a plentiful supply of water, rich and extensive land for agricultural produce, and buildings already erected for the accommodation of the Company's mining establishment, European and native. The estate presents also every facility for mining operations. The agreement for the purchase of the property has been effected upon very favourable terms. The works already commenced, which can be made profitably productive in a few months, will be resumed without delay. A competent and experienced mining staff will be despatched to Brazil as soon as an adequate capital has been subscribed."

*Globe*.—"The object of the Company is to purchase and work the gold mines of Bracutu in the Brazils. The estate is freehold, and situate in the centre of a populous district, near several towns of importance, and in close proximity to

the mines of St. John del Rey Company, so long celebrated for their immense returns of gold, and the large dividends paid to the shareholders. Besides mineral wealth, this new Company will possess abundance of timber, and a plentiful supply of water. The conditions of the transfer of the property are very favourable. The Company are to pay £3,000 for the plant, machinery, buildings, and houses for the residence of the manager and mining staff; £8,000 in shares, and the present owners, having every confidence in the success of the undertaking, have agreed to take this amount in 16,000 shares, with 10s. paid, thereby rendering themselves equally liable with the shareholders; while the remainder of the purchase money, viz., £13,000, will not be paid until the shareholders have received a dividend of 10 per cent. on the paid-up capital."

*Railway Times*.—"The purpose of this enterprise, with a subscription of £100,000 in shares of £1 each, is to work some gold mines situated in the Brazilian province of Minas Geraes, immediately adjoining those of the St. John del Rey. A favourable feature of the undertaking consists in the manner in which the purchase-money is arranged. The Company upon taking possession are to pay £3,000 for plant, stamping machinery, and building, which include houses for manager and mining staff. A further sum of £8,000 is to be taken in shares; and to show their confidence in the concern, the owners take this amount in 16,000 shares with 10s. paid, thus making themselves responsible for any calls beyond 10s. per share. The remainder of the purchase-money—namely—£13,000—is not to be paid until shareholders have received a dividend of 10 per cent. The property is about seven miles by three, and it is anticipated that the works 'can be made profitably productive in a few months.' Reports from various competent authorities speak highly of the capabilities of the property, while Messrs. Moore & Co., correspondents of Messrs. Bramley-Moore & Co., of Liverpool, are agents of the Company in Brazil. Under auspices and by medium of arrangements such as these the inquirer will no doubt peruse the information contained in the prospectus with more than ordinary confidence in its accuracy, as well as with a consciousness of the necessity of being early in application for allotment."



# JAMES L. DENMAN, WINE MERCHANT, 65, FENCHURCH-STREET, E.C.,

INTRODUCES FOR THE FIRST TIME INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM, PURE

## GREEK WINES

*Of high character and reputation, which, for Purity of Flavour and Soundness of Body, are unsurpassed.*

SANTORIN.—A stout red wine, with Port-wine flavour, resembling Claret, but without any acidity ...	Bottles included. per doz. 20s.	ST. ELIE.—A very superior light dry wine, with Sauterne flavour and character, with entire freedom from acidity—highly recommended. <i>Incomparable at the price.</i> ...	Bottles included. per doz. 24s.
THERA.—A stout white wine, with Sercial Madeira flavour ...	20s.	AMBROSIA.—A most luscious wine, equal to Constantia ...	30s.
CORINTHE.—A full-bodied wine, with Still Champagne character and bouquet ...	24s.	LACHRYMA CHRISTI.—A luscious, yet dry red wine, equal to Tokay ...	42s.
Do. Sparkling ...	30s.	VISANTO.—A most delicious sweet wine, equal to the Com-mandery of Cyprus ...	48s.
CALLISTE.—Resembling, and equal to, Bucellas ...	24s.		
CHIO MASTICA RAKI ...			6s. per Bottle.

## HUNGARIAN WINES.

*VISONTAERE ...	Bottles included. per doz. 20s.	DIOSZEGHER BAKSTON AUSLESE ...	Bottles included. per doz. 32s.
*ADLERBERGER OFNER ...	24s.	MENESER AUSBRUCH ...	42s.
*ERLAURE ...	28s.	TOKAY-IMPERIAL ...	72s.
BADACSONYER ...	24s.	Do. do. (DU KRONE ...	96s.
SOMLAUER AUSLESE ...	28s.		Pints, 4s. per two dozen extra.

\* These Wines possess all the characteristics of the finer sorts of French Claret, and contain great body without their acidity. The very general approval these wines have given has elicited the following confirmation:—"The Wines of Hungary are so good as to be almost priceless."—*Times*, Oct. 29, 1861.

## FRENCH WINES.

EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE ...	Bottles included. per doz. 30s.	VIN ORDINAIRE, MEDOC, 1858 ...	Bottles included. per doz. 14s.
" " Superior ...	36s.	ST. EMILION ...	20s.
CHATEAU D'AY ...	47s.	ST. ESTEPHE ...	24s.
" " finest 1857 (extra quality) ...	53s.	ST. JULIEN ...	30s.
MOET'S ...	65s.		
FLEUR DE SILLERY ...	54s.		
CREME DE BOUZY ...	72s.		

The above in Pints, 4s. per two dozen extra.

For other growths, see Priced List.

PORT.			SHERRY.		
	Octave, 14 galls. equal to 7 dozen.	Qr. Cask, 28 galls. equal to 14 dozen.		Octave, 14 galls. equal to 7 doz.	Qr. Cask, 28 galls. equal to 14 doz.
RED LISBON ...	per doz. 22s.	£7 0 0	£13 7 0	SHERRY ...	per doz. 18s.
GENUINE ALTO-DOURO, stout and useful ...	21s.	7 14 0	14 14 0	Do. ...	22s.
VINTAGE 1858—rich, full-flavoured, excellent for bottling or present use ...	30s.	9 16 0	18 14 0	EXCELLENT ...	24s.
Do. 1851—soft, matured, with character ...	34s.	11 6 0	21 6 0	Do. ...	30s.
Do. 1854—dry, light, and elegant ...	36s.	11 18 0	22 12 0	Do. ...	34s.
Do. 1847—rich, with great body ...	38s.	12 12 0	23 19 0	Do. ...	38s.
				AMONTILLADO ...	40s.

Crusted Ports from 36s. per doz.

For other qualities, see Priced List.

## VINO VERMUTH.

Highly valued for its refreshing and restorative properties, and perfect freedom from any acidity. This Wine is an excellent stomachic, was formerly in great favour and request, and is the only Liqueur that has successfully maintained its ancient reputation.

Price 26s. per Dozen, in Original Bottles and Cases as Imported.

## SAMPLES OF WINES AND SPIRITS FORWARDED.

DETAILED PRICED LIST OF TWENTY-FOUR PAGES POST FREE.

Cross Cheques, "Bank of London." Post-office Orders payable at General Post-office.

All Wines in Casks Carriage Free to any Railway Station in England.

JAMES L. DENMAN, WINE MERCHANT,  
AND SOLE CONSIGNEE TO THE SOCIETE VINICOLE DE L'ILE DE SANTORIN, GREECE  
65, FENCHURCH-STREET, E.C., LONDON.